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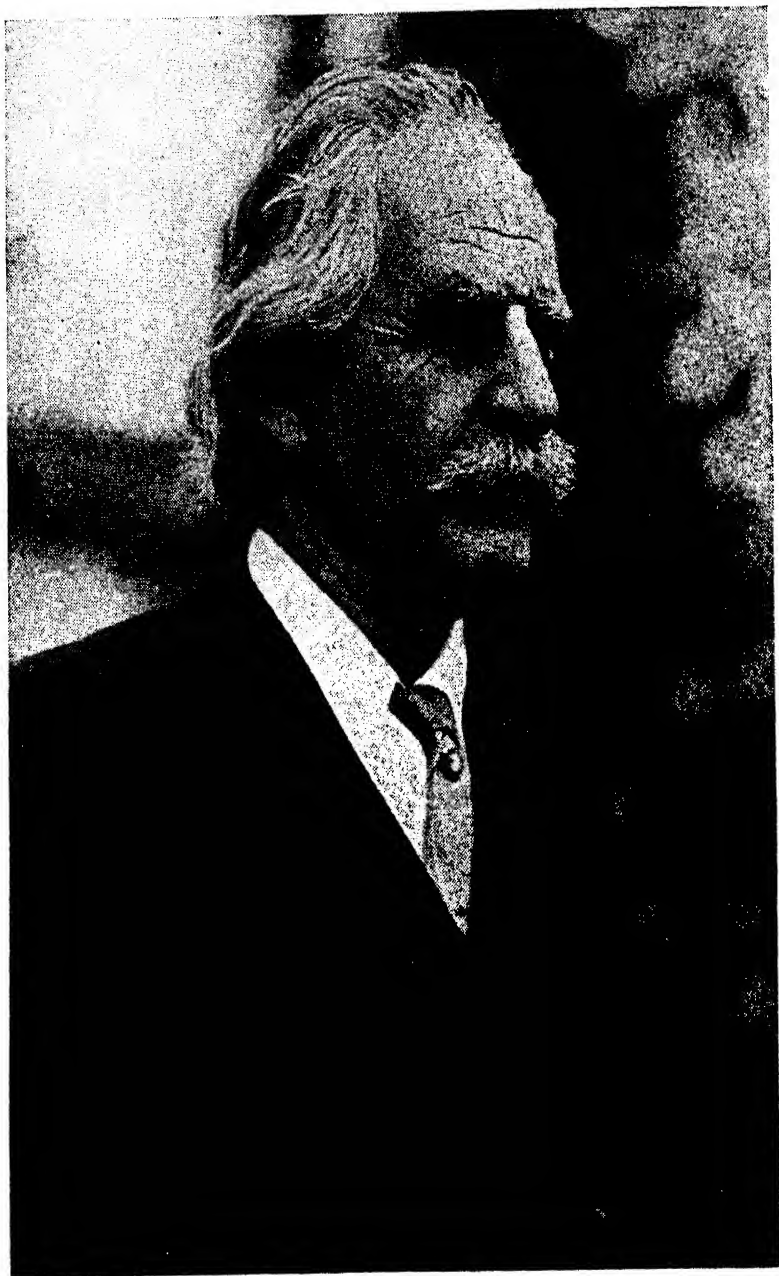
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THE MYSTERY OF
THE BURIED CROSSES



HAMLIN GARLAND

THE MYSTERY OF THE BURIED CROSSES

A NARRATIVE OF PSYCHIC EXPLORATION

By

HAMLIN GARLAND

Author of "Forty Years of Psychic Research,"

"A Son of the Middle Border,"

"The Tyranny of the Dark,"

etc.

"We know that clairvoyants may detect hidden
things at great distances."

—DR. ALEXIS CARRELL: *Man The Unknown*

ILLUSTRATED WITH
PHOTOGRAPHS AND ENDPAPERS

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Author's Note

WITH intent to present an impartial attitude throughout this narrative of experiment, the author names his characters without the use of quotation marks — the customary signs of doubt. The reader is left to the expression of his own judgment in each individual case.

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Hamlin Garland

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THE MYSTERY OF
THE BURIED CROSSES

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Chapter I

The Problem

AFTER more than half a lifetime of almost continuous consideration of occult phenomena, I published in 1936 the results of my experiments in a volume called *Forty Years of Psychic Research*, believing it to be my final contribution to this science; but in 1937, less than a year afterward, I found myself involved in the most amazing psychic problem I had ever confronted. I shall begin by stating the way in which this problem took possession of me.

Shortly after the delivery of an address to a Los Angeles society some four years ago, I received a letter from a man named Parent, who said, "I wish to bring to your attention some very strange happenings in the life of my wife. She has discovered many hidden objects and she has taken many spirit photographs which I would like to have you see."

This statement appealed to me so strongly that I replied, asking him to send me some of the spirit pictures. This he did, and I was at once keenly interested in them. They were entirely different from any photographs I had ever seen. Although they were all small and printed on cheap paper, each print presented a group of tiny figures several of them were Indians standing among the chairs and tables of a cottage sitting room. Others represented mission priests in long robes and hoods. None were the usual, two-dimensional ectoplasmic forms. They seemed solid. Their faces were well modeled and their forms threw shadows. They were as real as the furniture around them.

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With increased interest I wrote at once to the owner, asking permission to examine others in his collection.

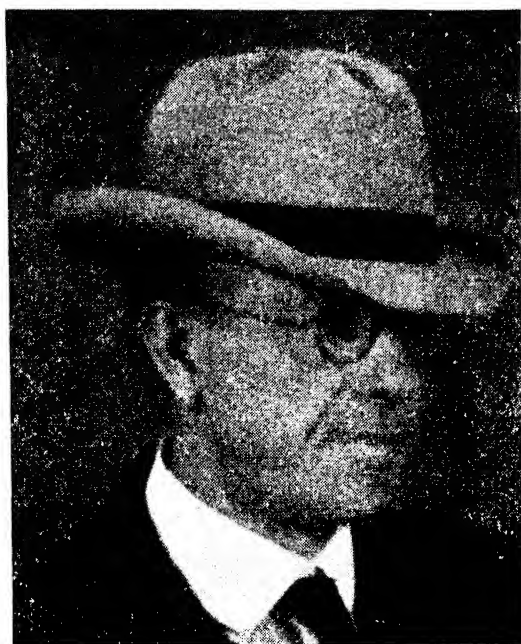
"Come to my home," he replied, "and I will show you all I have."

Curious to learn more about the production of these singular portraits, I went to call on him. I found him living in a two-room apartment of threadbare aspect. He was a small man of quiet manner and his speech, while slightly ungrammatical, was ready and lucid. He was evidently a clerk or a salesman of some kind.

He explained that his wife (who had been dead five years) was strangely gifted from her birth. "As a child she was able to foretell events, and as a grown woman she became a clairvoyant and practiced in St. Louis. She came to Redlands, California, in 1903. We were married there. It was not until 1914, just as she was recovering from a severe illness, that she began to have what she called 'visions' — you would call them trances — and in these visions the spirits of the dead came to her and became her guides."

At this point he brought out a valise filled with notebooks and several bundles of typewritten manuscript. "These are the records," he said, "made at the time of those experiences. In 1915, guided, so she told us, by the spirits of the mission fathers and several of their Indian converts, who came to her in her sleep, she began to locate the burial places of certain treasures which had been hidden by the Indians more than a hundred years before. These places we found. In these books and papers are the detailed reports which I wrote out after each of our trips. Guided by the padres and Indians, we recovered nearly fifteen hundred crosses which the Indians had buried when the missions were threatened by the Mexicans."

The Problem



G. C. PARENT

He showed me several pictures of cases in which these crosses lay, but I gave little attention to them at the moment. My interest was centered upon his collection of "spirit" photographs. At his suggestion, I took several more of the photographs with me, feeling that I had happened upon something which was at least a remarkable case of clairvoyant mediumship.

In my study, with the photographs laid out before me, I went over them one by one with a magnifying glass, attempting to discover the method of their production. They were all small prints, taken by a cheap camera and printed on poor paper. Most of them were faded, and none of them gave evidence of professional skill.

The Mystery of the Buried Crosses

The figures appeared to have been photographed as they stood amid the humble furnishings of the Parent home. All were diminutive. Some were only a few inches in height, others were about one-quarter life size. Among them were several snapshots of William T. Stead, whom I had known in London and who, I am quite sure, would not have posed in the absurd costume and with the awkward gestures of the picture. Some of the Indian heads were so well modeled that I recognized them as plains chieftains — Ute, Sioux and Omaha.

Unable to pass judgment upon them, I returned them to Parent, who said, "I want you to write a book about them and about the crosses. I can't make people believe in them; you can. I can't write, and if I did no one would read it. I assure you that my wife took these pictures in our own home with her own little camera."

I asked to see the crosses, but he explained that they were stored in another part of the city. "If you will write about them, I'll take you to see them."

I explained that I was in the middle of a book for which I had contracted and that I could not take on another book at this time. "After I have finished this volume, I shall have some leisure, and then I may consider the story of your explorations."

I fully intended to do this, but nearly two years went by without further word from him. His story remained in my mind, however, and at last, with a few weeks of leisure at my command, I went to call on him. I was too late! He had passed into the "fourth dimension," and I could find no one who knew what had become of his photographs and manuscripts.

With a feeling of remorse for having neglected him I set out to discover his collection, and after several months of inquiry I learned that it had passed into the possession of a rela-

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tive — a certain Mrs. Louise Stack, of Moorpark, California. In October, 1936, I drove over to her home, which was about forty miles from Los Angeles.

I found her a gray-haired woman of familiar Western pioneer type, and the cottage in which she lived was small and poor. On hearing my name she exclaimed, "I know about you. Gregory wanted you to make a book about his crosses. He spoke of it several times just before he died."

This added to my regret. "I am sorry I did not see him again. I cannot promise to write his story even now, but I should like to make a closer study of his records."

"I have his books and papers here, and I will turn them all over to you if you want them."

Thereupon she brought out several small boxes of notebooks and photographs and handed them to me. "Take them. He wanted you to have them. The crosses are all stored in Los Angeles. You should have them also. If you'd like to have them I will come over and show you where they are."

On the following day she came to luncheon with me and afterward led me to a lot on North Main Street and to a small carpenter shop, where I was shown seventeen glass-topped cases filled with crosses and crucifixes, all neatly arranged. I estimated that these boxes contained some twelve or fifteen hundred specimens, and upon Mrs. Stack's order, I then and there became their custodian.

Not knowing what to do with them, I asked my friend, Dr. Hodge, of the Southwest Museum, to house them till I could find a place for them. To this he consented, and the day following we transported them to the basement of the Museum. All the papers, plates and photographs I brought to my study.

I gave first attention to the photographs. With intent to make careful inspection of them, I mounted them in a book,

The Mystery of the Buried Crosses

being careful to copy the dates and explanations which Parent had written on the back of each print. In this way I was able to trace the beginning and the end of this "phase" of his wife's mediumship.

It began in 1916 and ended in 1918. On the earlier films the forms were tiny and without detailed features, but week by week they grew in size and definition, and in 1917 became almost lifelike in expression.

On some of them Parent had written, "These were taken in the presence of visitors." On others, "These were secured in the home of a neighbor, with nothing before the camera but a sheet." Two he described as "portraits of 'dead souls,' the wives or husbands of our friends." "This is the spirit picture of one of our neighbors — a butcher," appeared on the back of one of the prints.

Forms representing Indians came into the picture almost at once. Some of these figures resembled Sioux or Cheyenne warriors with plumes and blankets; others who wore only breech-clouts with mountain lions' tails depending from their belts were coastal Indians. Some of these figures were only a few inches tall, others were nearly three feet in height. Many were absurdly grotesque of countenance.

Seeking to know more of this medium's story, I turned to the records which had been handed over to me. On examination I found them to consist of twenty-two notebooks or journals, closely written on both sides of each leaf in Parent's handwriting, carefully dated and numbered. Accompanying these notebooks were two huge bundles of typewritten manuscript in which Parent had attempted a detailed biography of his wife and a history of their discoveries. Part of this story was written as if by the medium herself and part as if coming from her biographer. It was based upon the journals and was

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quite as authentic in tone. It dealt with all their experiments and discoveries, and made an almost pathetic appeal for the reader's sympathy and belief. It ended about midway of their campaign of exploration.

Other valuable data were contained in scattered manuscript in which Parent had listed all the places in which "finds" had been made, together with the number and character of the items — and running through all these records were careful references to the notebook in which a more detailed account could be found. Even the pages were numbered.

Parent went further. On type written sheets in another bundle, he had set down with scrupulous candor all their failures and the promises by the "dead souls" which had never been fulfilled. Several pages were devoted to the hasty scribbles in which he had tried to record the communications of the medium while in trance.

In short, this little grocer's clerk, in his bungling and tedious way, had honestly tried to make a scientific statement of his experiences as the husband of a woman who walked with spirits and who had proven her faculty of clairvoyance not only by locating long-buried treasure belonging to the Indians, but by indicating the location of caches of gold coin and bundles of currency lost or hidden by miners fifty years ago.

Obscure, illiterate and poor, for nine years he persisted in his search with tireless devotion. With him it was a sacred duty. There was no evidence in this story that he ever tried to market his collection, although he several times expressed a wish that it might go to a museum and be used to spread a belief in the return of the dead.

At times he complains, "No one aids us but the 'dead souls' who lead us where we find buried money. They say, 'We do this to help you carry on your work.' " Although he carefully

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listed these monies and tells how they were recovered from rusty tin cans, rotted pocketbooks and other containers buried in the beds of streams, in the gravel and among the rocks, he puts the number of dollars into a grocer's code. In a sense, these discoveries were more convincing than the finding of the Indian relics, for no one could reasonably accuse him of planting gold and silver coins or bank notes.

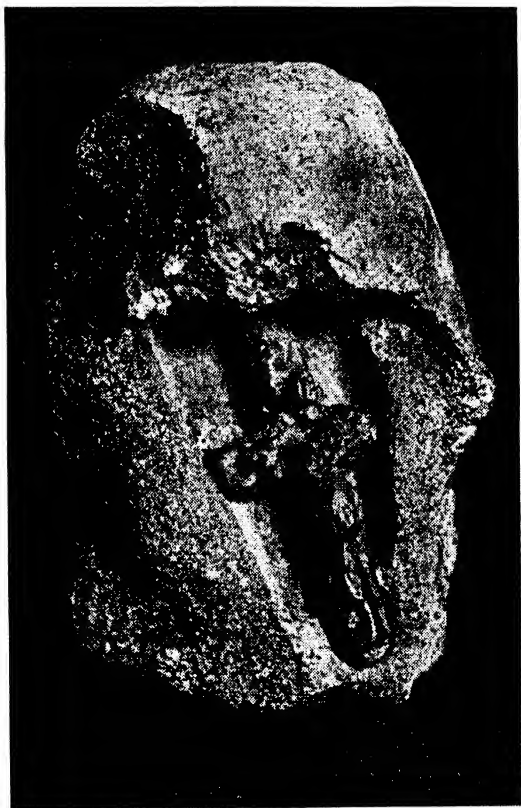
The process of finding the money was similar to that of finding the crosses. The "dead souls" came to Mrs. Parent in her "visions" and told her exactly where she would find these caches. She was led to them by the same inexplicable power. In this way she found thousands of dollars in cans and bottles and oilcloth wrappers. Parent states that she found enough money to provide for a living and to build their house. The two activities must therefore be considered together.

According to these records, his wife began to see and converse with the dead in 1914. He records this: "It was while recovering from a severe illness that she was visited by her dead mother, who told her that if she would look over the doors of her apartment she would find a gold coin. We both considered this merely a dream, for our apartment had just been thoroughly cleaned. Nevertheless, we looked, and sure enough, over a door leading to the porch we found a ten-dollar gold piece."

To the Parents, who were very poor, this was a prodigious event. It convinced them both of the reality of her vision.

"Early in 1915," Parent goes on to say, "certain 'dead souls,' padres from San Juan Capistrano Mission, came to Violet in a vision and said to her, 'When our mission was threatened by hostile forces we advised our people to hide their trinkets in balls of adobe, for these when dried would be indistinguishable from common rocks. This they did and now they are eager to

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One of the small "sacred rocks," showing cross in place. Said to be a sacrificial offering.

have these 'sacred rocks' recovered. We will show you where to find them.' "

He states that he had no car and that he was free from work only on Sundays. In his need he turned to certain of his neighbors, who became interested in his plan and were willing to provide transportation. Each trip, therefore, was in the nature of a Sunday excursion to the places indicated by the "dead souls."

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In their search, the Parents and their fellow explorers were especially aided by the information given by the spirit of a chieftain who explained that in making these "sacred rocks" they had mixed with the adobe an oil of their own discovery which helped to harden the material. "The smell of this oil will enable you to pick out our rocks from the common rocks," he said.

Parent's journal goes on to say: "Having collected ten or fifteen of these balls of adobe under Violet's guidance, we brought them to my home and left them for the spirits to examine during the night. This they did, so Violet told us. They smelled of the rocks and laid aside certain ones and on the following Sunday all our friends who had taken part in the gathering of these rocks came to our house to witness the opening of them.

"Before doing this, however, I prepared an affidavit declaring that the rocks were in the same condition as when found. After all had signed this, I read a detailed list of what the rocks contained and afterward we broke the rocks one by one with a hammer and finally all signed another paper which stated that the contents of the rocks tallied exactly with what Violet had foretold." (These papers are in my files and some of the signers are alive.)

From the gathering of these balls of adobe from the hillsides or in the beds of streams, the medium passed to the naming of places where metal tablets and other relics could be found. According to Parent's notes, the field of his explorations widened till it included many distant missions. Father Serra, Father Lasuen and other priests of a century gone came to her night after night and told her — or showed her — where the treasures of their neophytes had been buried.

These spirits not only told her how to reach the burial places

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— they led her to them. Her visions were so vivid that she was able to take her exploring parties with unerring precision to the exact location where the artifacts lay hidden.

The journals declare that as Violet approached the designated canyon or hill a “strange chill” warned her to stop and look around. “Sometimes this chill was accompanied by nausea — she was nearly always sick,” her husband writes, and some of those with whom I talked corroborated this statement.

“The crosses did not lie in a heap,” they said; “on the contrary, they were scattered so widely that we spent long hours digging them from the ground. Picks, hoes and even crow-bars were called into action. Often the places Violet indicated were steep, rocky hillsides. Sometimes she led us to the boulder-filled bed of a narrow canyon — and always she foretold exactly what we would discover. She would say, ‘We will find thirty crosses here’ — and insisted on prolonging the search until this precise number was recovered.”

Mrs. Parent herself dug up very few of the crosses. “She left that to us. She was not able to climb the steep hillsides and she was afraid of rattlesnakes,” several of her party explained.

In reading this chronicle, I copied out the names and addresses of those who accompanied her, in order that I might find and interview them, realizing that without their confirmation these journals were valueless.

Having finished the story, I set about confirming it. Most of the men and women mentioned in the journals as witnesses were residents of Redlands, a town some seventy miles from my home, and I anticipated no trouble in locating them.

I soon found, however, that several of those who were elderly at the time had died. Others had moved away and no one knew their addresses. Nevertheless I persevered, and in the end I met and interviewed fifteen of those whose names were most

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frequently mentioned in the journals. All of them confirmed Parent's reports. They were intelligent and worthy citizens and their testimony was most valuable.

Among the most convincing witnesses were two men who had been lads of seventeen or eighteen at the time when they shared the Parent trips. One of them said, "I helped to dig those crosses from the ground. In one instance, I dug up one which was buried two feet deep under a fallen tree." The other said, "I helped to overturn big boulders under which we found crosses. I picked up one of those sacred rocks myself and saw it broken open."

Another man, a druggist and my neighbor, declared that he had photographed these boulders before and after they were overturned. These photographs he turned over to me.

Another citizen, a businessman, said to me, "I was inclined to be skeptical till one day, as Mrs. Parent and I were standing beside a big boulder, she remarked, 'Father Serra tells me that there are crosses under this rock.' I called for help and two of us with crowbars rolled the rock away and there lay three crosses. I don't know how they got there but I am certain Mrs. Parent did not put them there. It required nine years and three thousand miles of motoring to find those crosses. To 'plant' them would have required at least a thousand miles of travel with horse and buggy over rough roads. As for the charge that Mrs. Parent made those relics and carried them on her person — we assert that such concealment was impossible. We always rode crowded together in a small car, and besides, many of the crosses were a foot in length and had been buried a long time — so long that some of them were covered with rust or limestone crystals."

Another witness said, "It took work to find those crosses. After we had finished with a hillside, it looked as if a grading

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crew had been at work. We seldom found them lying together. If 'planted,' they were dug in separately one by one."

Many of this man's photographs — now in my possession — show the men and women of these searching parties clinging to rocky ledges or scrambling up rugged canyons. Most of the crosses, Violet was told, had originally been buried on the hilltops, but heavy rains had washed them down the slopes and covered them with soil. This explains why no bones, pottery or utensils had been discovered in connection with them.

All this confirmatory testimony convinced me that the "planting" had been done fifteen or twenty years earlier and that Gregory Parent had nothing to do with it. "If Mrs. Parent did it she must have had a confederate. She could not have carried it out alone."

In pursuance of my inquiry, I discovered that Violet had come to Redlands from St. Louis as Mrs. Montgomery, and that her first husband was a metal worker who came to California for his health and died soon afterward of tuberculosis.

My scientific friends seized upon this fact and cried, "Aha! There's the guilty party! That metal-working first husband is the joker who planted those crosses for Violet to unearth ten years later."

With this as a clue, I went to Redlands again, seeking evidence, but as Montgomery's death had been thirty years earlier, no one in Redlands remembered even his name. At last, in the records of the city clerk, I found this line: "Samuel Montgomery, came from St. Louis in 1903. Died June 1, 1904. Tuberculosis. Aged 28 years. Lived in Redlands five months."

This statement argues against his complicity in the hoax. He was a very sick man. He had been crushed by the fall of some machinery in his St. Louis shop and the injury had left him with a diseased lung. He was in Redlands less than half a year.

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He was poor and had no means of transportation. There were few motor cars in 1904, and almost no automobile roads. Hence, to plant fifteen hundred crosses, each by itself, in a region four hundred miles wide and six hundred miles long during his residence in Redlands was incredible. He was a dying man. To make all these objects, to carry them over mountain passes with a horse and wagon to all these locations hundreds of miles apart, to climb cactus-covered hills and bury each cross individually under boulders in remote canyons — this was surely beyond his powers.

I will not say that such a planting by a fanatic was impossible, but that Montgomery could have done it seems highly improbable.

What could have been the purpose of it? Did he and his wife make and plant these crosses in desert places in order that they might at some time in the future dig them up and sell them as antiques?

Even my critical friends admit that the crosses must have been in the ground more than ten years when Violet began her campaign to recover them in 1915. It is impossible that some of these metal objects could have taken on their look of antiquity in that short time, but others could not have done so. Furthermore, to recall where they had been “planted” was a task beyond Violet’s normal powers. Someone else must then have recorded the places of burial.

“Nevertheless, *somebody* buried those crosses,” my friends insisted. “If the Montgomerys did not do it, who did? What was the motive?”

The purpose of this book is to answer that question.



Examples of the crosses, barbaric in design: 1. Antelope design; 2. Floris; 3. Heads of soldier and child.

Chapter 2

Analyzing the Artifacts

BEFORE entering upon a detailed study of the collection of metal artifacts, it is well to state once again the conditions under which they were assembled.

First of all, in justice to the Parents, we must bear in mind that according to specific and very full records the fifteen hundred specimens were unearthed in nearly fifty widely-separated locations hundreds of miles from the Parents' home. The region of discovery was approximately six hundred miles long and three hundred miles wide.

Furthermore, according to the testimony of the eyewitnesses with whom I talked, these artifacts were nearly all found separately — not in groups. Each specimen had been buried or hidden entirely apart from others and in many cases the locations in areas in which they were found were on cactus-covered slopes, in beds of mountain torrents or on rocky, almost inaccessible, hillsides.

Long hours of hard work by a band of resolute men and women were necessary to uncover them. Picks, shovels, rakes, hoes (and in some cases crowbars) were used. In Parent's collection of photographs, I find many snapshots of these locations, in which groups of explorers are standing, each man holding a cross at the exact spot where he had discovered it. Mrs. Parent herself unearthed but a few of the items.

This separate hiding of each item adds to the mystery. Who had taken the pains to bury a thousand different artifacts in a thousand different holes in fifty different locations hundreds of miles apart?

Analyzing the Artifacts



That the specimens had been long in the earth was admitted by the experts who examined them. How long so buried they would not say; some said ten years, others said, "possibly twenty-five." Taking fifteen years as a compromise period, we find that this would place the date of "planting" at about 1900, before the automobile was common and when only dirt roads led to the hills and canyons indicated by the records.

If they were "planted" by the Parents, it must have been

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done by the use of a horse-drawn carriage, over rough roads for distances of from one hundred to eight hundred miles, for even 1905 automobiles were still crude and uncertain mechanisms for long trips.



Suppose we condense a typical chapter from Gregory Parent's journal. . . . "August 21. We leave with Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Seaman, Charles Seaman and John Barrett tomorrow for

Analyzing the Artifacts

a location near Monterey where we are to find 85 or 86 pieces — including three sacred rocks, tablets and crosses. . . . August 24. Carmel. Taking a road which led up the Carmel River from Monterey, we drove about twelve miles and went into camp in a very beautiful and wild canyon. On this same night an Indian named Two Bear appeared to Mrs. Parent and told her that this was the spot where we are to find his treasures. She had never been in this region before.

“This incident and others of like nature are food for much thought. The dead do return — I know they do. . . . August 26. After breakfast, guided by Mrs. Parent, we began to search along the base of a cliff near our camp. In quick succession our party found twenty-nine pieces. . . . August 27. We have now found 53 pieces in all. The crosses found had a very decided silver ringing sound and were blackened by long burial. No two were alike. They were ornamented with angel heads, animals’ heads, berries, etc. Again we made an early search, all going together so that all could see what was discovered. We soon unearthed twenty-five crosses but we still have three or more to discover to make up the number promised us. We had found nearly all those which had been described to us. On this same night, Mrs. Parent was visited by Father Serra and Chief Two Bear but they did not seem to know anything about the missing pieces. They said, ‘We may have made a mistake. Perhaps you have them all.’

“September 1. We are leaving this beautiful valley, fourteen miles out of Monterey. We have found 82 of the 85 pieces — rings, tablets and crosses — which Father Serra and Two Bear had described. The Chiefs told Mrs. Parent that many more crosses were still to be found in these hills.”

I talked with one of those who took part in this expedition. He confirmed the Parent statement in every detail, and showed

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me one of the silver rings which were found among the crosses.

Accepting this as a true account of the expedition, we are faced by the fact that to plant these objects the Parents must have driven nearly a thousand miles in a primitive car, carrying eighty-two pieces of heavy, singularly-ornamented metal, to hide them in those hills, each in a separate spot. All this required devotion and labor, first of all in fabricating the crosses, second in transporting them, third in concealing them. They could not have been carried by Mrs. Parent on this chronicled expedition for she rode in a small car with four other treasure hunters. She could not have buried them while in camp. They must have been planted many years before.

This brings us to the question of motive. Who was moved to take all the time and trouble necessary to perpetrate such an elaborate hoax? It is difficult to imagine the Parents doing it. They were poor, hard-working people. They lived in a small house, subject to the close scrutiny of their neighbors, and any attempt at manufacturing these objects would almost certainly have been detected. What could have been their reason? What did they stand to gain by such an elaborate and costly deception?

One of my expert friends said, "The objects were planted by a religious fanatic."

No one religious fanatic could have done the work. He must have had confederates. No, on its lowest phase this problem involves clairvoyance on the part of Violet Parent. She could not normally have recalled the fifty spots in which these objects had been buried. Furthermore, many of these places were not accessible to her.

Counting out all her whims and delusions, those who knew her said, "She was a marvelous clairvoyant. Her sense of direction was astoundingly precise."

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She failed but once or twice in the nine years of her exploration. It should be noted also that while she did not always indicate the spot where each individual artifact was found, she was always able to indicate the area, and that nearly all of the unearthing was done by others, sometimes by strangers quite skeptical of her powers. Several of these told me that their original skepticism gave way. "We didn't believe in her visions, but in the end she convinced us," they admitted.

Turning from this mass of testimony, direct and indirect (which would have been valid in a law court), I entered upon a detailed study of the collection, which consisted of seventeen flat, glass-covered boxes, each case numbered and the places of discovery carefully recorded. No classification other than this had been made, and I set about the task of separating the specimens into several distinct categories.

First: scattered among them were some sixty or seventy figures of the Christ, of slightly varying size and shape (each about three inches long), with uplifted arms, as if they had once been supported in some way. Not one had a loop or hole which would indicate that they had ever been suspended by a cord. These crucifixes were of lead for the most part but a few seemed an alloy of silver. These were obviously related to the missionary period, and I so named them. A few small ones had the appearance of gold.

The number and similarity of these objects argued against their fabrication by the Parents. Why make and bury seventy similar objects?

A letter to the curator of the National Museum of Mexico brought this answer: "After a study of the photographs which you sent us, we reply that these crosses were made in Mexico and distributed by the priests to their neophytes. They are about two hundred years old." (See appendix.)

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In this class I placed all the tablets and crosses with inscriptions and dates molded upon them. They varied in length from five to eighteen inches, and were of varying alloys. They all related to mission characters and dates, and were undoubtedly of that origin. The Parents said, "They were fashioned by artisans at the Mission of San Juan Capistrano." The names of celebrated padres appeared on them.

Many of these had been cleaned and burnished by Parent, but others were left as they came from the ground, covered with soil and rust, to indicate their exact appearance when found. The dates ran from 1769 to 1800. They had no ornament and the letters were block letters of varying sizes. About half of them rang like silver or bell metal.

In the second and far larger class I grouped the pieces which impressed me as being wholly barbaric in character and immensely older than the lettered pieces. Many were rude crosses of soft metal on which the heads of wolves, cougars, apes, baboons and birds were molded. On others, fruits, grains and shells were represented. Two bore the footprint of a three-toed animal. They varied in length from two to twelve inches. Many were crusted deep with soil, and others were scarred by fire.

They varied greatly in their alloys. Many rang like silver, others gave out a tone resembling copper or iron. Many were so worn and rusted that their designs could not be discerned. To relate the wide variety of design and the composition of these amazing objects to the hand of a grocer's clerk in a small California village was not easy.

Among these pieces were forty or fifty with double cross-bars which Parent called "rain crosses" for the reason that they had been used in prayers for rain, and I was interested to find in my *Handbook of the American Indian* the picture of a

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similar cross which the editor stated had been dug from a mound in Wisconsin.



Amulet with ape or monkey heads. Note varying character of the heads.

The article went on to say that the cross was known long before the Christian era and that the early Spanish explorers found crosses in Peru and Mexico; and it concluded with these words, "There seems to be no reason for supposing that the

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crosses of the aborigines were derived from the crosses of the Old World."

Third: Among the items which I placed in a third category were mysterious plaques and crosses bearing human faces — faces which were neither Aztec nor Spanish in character, but were distinctly Oriental. Some of these heads wore turbans which suggested the head coverings of Moors or Arabs. Still more puzzling were monkey heads and ape snouts. Some of these simian heads wore crowns.

Peering dimly from the time-worn metal, these Oriental faces gave out an impression of dignity which not even soil and rust could conceal.

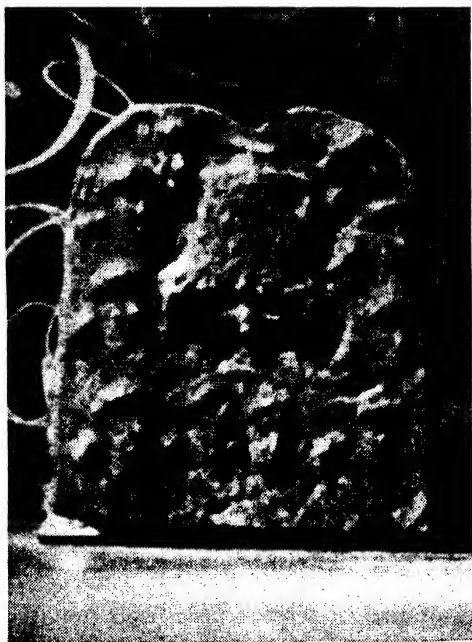
A few of the more ancient human heads bore tall war bonnets, like those which Aztec chieftains wore. Each of these "idols" differed from the others. They were *similar* but *not exact* copies. In fact, the entire collection was made up from individual specimens and appeared to be the work of many hands and many minds, not to say generations. They were all individually molded and on some the modeling was astonishingly clear and good.

In this third group I also placed five small tablets about four inches in diameter, on each of which was a bell surrounded by ten of the turbaned heads. Two of these, on being struck, rang like silver. The others were lead alloys. Some were much more worn than others. The hooded or turbaned faces on these plaques resembled those on the ancient crosses.

In a separate box accompanying these cases were a dozen broken "sacred rocks" in which trinkets—beads, rings and small crosses—had been found. These boulders, had been molded out of some sort of adobe or concrete. Some of the fragments showed the small crosses still embedded in the rocklike substance which was so hard it could be broken only by a hammer.

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I put all these small rude items in a class by themselves. The crosses were not only small but clumsy, and would have been of no interest except for their enclosure in these balls of concrete, and the fact that certain names were stamped on them. Some of them bore the names of priests, stamped into the metal by some sort of die.



*Metal plaque bearing form of a bell and
ten turbaned heads — said to be Arabian
in design.*

According to the records, these “sacred rocks” were among the first objects found by the exploring parties and are listed as coming from many different fields.

Finally, in a small valise (included in the material turned over

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to me) I came upon some fifty or sixty envelopes which contained minute crucifixes, beads of various kinds, golden ornaments and semiprecious stones. All of these, according to statements written by Parent on the backs of the envelopes, had been found inside the so-called "sacred rocks," picked up in fifteen or twenty different places *and broken apart at the spot*.

These statements were supported by affidavits and by the testimony of several men and women who saw the rocks picked up and witnessed the breaking of them. Accompanying these envelopes were other pieces of the rocks, with the crosses and beads still imbedded in them. Some of the rocks were of sandstone but others were like flint, so hard that a heavy hammer was necessary to crack them open.

Some of the beads were strung on wire but most of them were loose. Mainly they were of glass, but some looked like turquoise. Several of the small crosses were lettered, as if with a set of dies. Pieces of the concrete or cement contained glass beads, like currants in a cake, and many of the loose beads were stuffed with the same mortarlike material.

All were related to the mission period and I saw no reason for their fabrication by the Parents. They were a mixed lot — a collection such as a child or a primitive man might value.

In his journal Parent again and again writes, "Our only aid comes from the dead souls who lead us to where we find buried money. They said they do this to help us carry on the work"; and one very intelligent woman told me that she went with Violet on several trips and helped her recover buried money. "I myself picked up two containers for her — one from the sand on the seashore and one from the bed of a stream. To say that Violet had 'planted' these gold pieces and these wads of bills is absurd. She never had coins to plant, and furthermore, the rusted and rotted condition of these containers proved

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their long situation in the ground. Finding money was just another exercise of her clairvoyant power, the power which enabled her to uncover the crosses and medallions. She led me to the exact spots where money was buried and left me to dig it up for her."



This amulet, we are told, is very old and "came from the South."

After some months of study of these astounding records I drew up a statement of my doubts. I noted first: Engelhardt,

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official historian of the missions, declares that the California Indians had no metal crosses and that the church forbade the making of them. "The only crosses they had were of wood." This applied, of course, to the Indians surrounding the missions and not to the many tribes of "barbarians."

Second: The inscriptions on the larger crosses and tablets were not only English in diction but often nonsensical or childish in character.

Third: No similar crosses had ever before been discovered.

Fourth: No adequate reason for their use or burial was given.

Fifth: The fact that the diaries were written entirely by Parent suggests that he may have been the dupe of his wife. He admits that the story of these objects was dictated by her and grants that it was worthless until corroborated by competent witnesses. It was for this reason that he introduced affirmations into his story and statements signed by those who took part in the search.

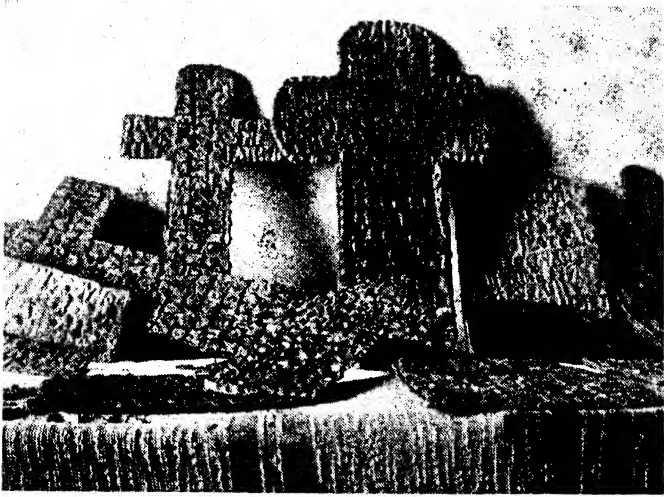
Against these doubts, I placed the testimony of fourteen of Violet's neighbors, all of whom declared that they saw these objects dug from the soil — a soil which manifestly had not been disturbed for many years. Several of these witnesses had been photographed on the ground from which they dug the crosses. These photographs were in my files. *

Second: The astonishing number of the crosses and the intricacy and variety of the designs upon them argued that they were the work of many barbaric hands, and finally, the rusty, dirt-encrusted condition of the objects argued a long-time burial in the earth. That this condition could be produced chemically or that it arose from a short-time contact with the earth I could not credit.

Eight or ten of those who accompanied the Parents and

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helped to discover the crosses testified that they were buried deep in the ground. "Some of them were under huge boulders which required the use of crowbars to overturn. The digging was often in rocky canyons or on steep hillsides, far from highways and in some cases far from even a dirt road. Violet nearly always foretold the number of crosses to be found and described the character of the pieces. She told us before we started the names which would be on the rings and other objects. She was very poor, but she never offered any of the crosses for sale. She gave away the rings but kept the crosses. She was a good woman and a wonderful medium."



Trail markers or monuments, and commemorative tablets. Made, we are told, by the neophytes at the missions.

To still further add to the problem, I found in the collection of Parent's effects, a small valise filled with envelopes in which were beads of various sizes and colors, minute lettered crosses, golden pendants (heart-shaped and lettered) semiprecious

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stones, fragments of burned amulets and one or two medallions. Each envelope stated that the contents came from the 'sacred rocks,' and the date of the discovery and the name of the individual who had picked the rock from the earth was given. The general effect of listing these objects was to add to my belief in the honesty of the Parents. (For further detail see appendix § 2.)

Chapter 3

I Invoke Clairvoyant Aid

AT THE end of six months' study of this problem, during which I had corresponded with five museums, including the one in Mexico City, I found myself unable to validate the crosses or explain the Parent photographs. All the experts to whom I referred the metal artifacts were politely skeptical. "We have never seen anything similar to them and we are inclined to consider them spurious."

With the Smithsonian, the Heye Museum, the Museum of Natural History and the Southwest Museum all against me, I still could not believe that the Parents possessed the wit or the means to carry out such an elaborate and costly hoax. Who planted the crosses was still a mystery, but of Mrs. Parent's clairvoyant powers I had abundant evidence.

Coming at last to a decision, I said to my doubting friends, "There is only one sure way of proving the sincerity of the Parents and the authenticity of their findings, and that is for me to go out into the wilds and personally dig up a few similar artifacts. Parent definitely records his belief that many others remained undiscovered at the time of his wife's death."

"But how can you locate them? You can't just go out and dig around anywhere. Southern California is a wide field."

"I realize that. My only hope lies in finding some devoted man or woman with the same mysterious power which Mrs. Parent undoubtedly possessed. Through her or him I shall try to get into direct communication with Violet Parent herself and by her help locate some of the remaining fields. I admit that without such aid it is absolutely impossible to discover a

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single cross. The invisibles must guide me as they guided the Parents.”

This was not uttered lightly. From past experience I knew that many women possess in varying degree the clairvoyant phase of mediumship on which I must depend. I was fairly certain that I could find such guidance.

Los Angeles was full of mediums. The personal columns of the Sunday papers set forth the claims of astrologists, psychometrists, mental scientists and clairvoyants — clairvoyants were especially numerous — but practitioners with the power to produce the “direct voice” or “independent writing” *in the light* were few. I declined to consider dark seances of any character. Notwithstanding the scarcity of such mediums, I felt that I would be able to discover among the hundreds of psychics around me at least one who could duplicate Mrs. Parent’s outdoor performances.

In my long career as investigator, I had found few mediums of any sort willing to cooperate with me on a purely scientific basis, and I was loath to bring into my house one of those whose stereotyped performances in the dark were repellent to me. Furthermore, the psychic to whom I must confide should be in all things trustworthy. “My proceedings must be kept secret — especially if I should succeed in gaining the assistance of Violet and Gregory Parent,” I said to my wife.

While still in search of such a medium, I received a letter from one of my readers in Chicago (Dr. Nora Rager) which seemed an answer to my prayer.

After a pleasant reference to my book, *Forty Years of Psychic Research*, she added, “Will you permit my friend, Mrs. Sophia Williams, to call upon you? She is a remarkable psychic, but not a professional medium. She makes no charge for her sittings and, as she is now in Los Angeles, I hope

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Mrs. Sophia Williams

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you will see her. I am sure she would interest you. She has given many demonstrations of her power here in my office, in the presence of several of my fellow practitioners. *She produces independent voices in the light.*"

It was that phrase — "independent voices in the light" — which crystallized my interest. I lost no time in asking this young woman to call upon me.

When she came to my study a few days after, I was most favorably impressed by her. She was young, attractive and apparently perfectly normal in mind and body. She answered all my questions with humorous understanding of their inner significance. I began bluntly by asking, "Do you require a dark room?"

"No."

"Do you demand a red light?"

"No."

"Do you request a bowl of flowers in the middle of the floor?"

"No. I have no paraphernalia of any sort, except a trumpet."

"Must we open with a prayer and close with the Doxology?"

"I have no ritual of any kind."

"Can you sit as well in the morning as at night?"

"The time of day makes no difference to me."

"Do you require a fixed number of sitters?"

"Numbers do not seem to matter."

"Are you easily disturbed by people who cross their legs or walk about the room? Will crying children or the ringing of the telephone bell disturb your seance?"

"Not at all. I am not disturbed by such sounds. I can begin or end at any time."

"You are exactly the person I've been seeking. You are sent

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from — let us say — the fourth dimension! I engage you at once — if I can afford your services.”

“I am not a professional. I make no charge. I am here to help you if you want me. I have read your recent books and like your methods.”

It was in this providential way that I found myself in possession of a most intelligent coinvestigator, one who might possess the clairvoyant power I needed. In order to test her, and without a word in explanation of my perplexities, I took from a cabinet one of the smallest of the artifacts in my collection and placed it in her hand. “Tell me what this says to you.”

With but a moment’s pause, she said, “This object came from far away, from Mexico or beyond. It was found here in California. It belonged to a woman who was either Indian or Spanish. It has something to do with sun worship and cannibalism.”

All this was in substantial agreement with my unexpressed thought and also with the “readings” which I had received from two other psychometrists, but I did not tell her so. On the contrary, I carefully refrained from telling her anything of my problem. I gave her a cross to take to her home and asked her to come again the next day.

Although in the past I had often been disappointed in mediumistic promises, the novelty of this woman’s phrase, her intelligence and her candor aroused my keen expectations. “She seems too good to be true,” I said to my wife and daughter. “She appears to be just the medium I need.”

On the following evening she came in at eight o’clock, an hour that I had selected in order that I might have the aid of a friend, Mr. Gaylord Beaman, who was able to write shorthand and had agreed to make a verbatim record of the sitting.

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While awaiting his arrival, I showed Mrs. Williams several other of the unlettered crosses and said to her, "If you can put me in direct communication with Mrs. Violet Parent, the woman who found these crosses, I shall be greatly aided in my work. Can you do this?"

She responded, "I can try."

She had brought with her the long aluminum megaphone which nearly all "direct voice" mediums employ, and this she laid on a small stand in the center of my study. The room was lighted by two electric lamps — one on my desk, the other on a long table at the opposite side of the room. Mrs. Williams took a seat between these lights. The only other persons present were Mrs. Garland and Mr. Beaman.

"Do you go into a trance?" I asked.

"No. I remain awake through all my sittings."

"I'm glad of that."

In a very few minutes, she smilingly said, "They are here. Do you hear them?"

Placing the larger end of the megaphone against her breast, she asked me to listen at the small end. This I did and I at once heard a very faint, shrill whisper. It was high and thin, hardly more than a squeak, but it became stronger as I spoke to it. The conversation which followed was taken down in shorthand by Mr. Beaman and I give it substantially as he recorded it, supplemented by a few explanations which I feel should be inserted.

The first word I heard was a salutation. "Hello, Garland!"

"Hello. Who is speaking?"

"Fuller. Can you hear me?"

Fuller was Henry B. Fuller, one of my oldest friends — one who had worked with me on a similar problem.

"Yes, I hear you but I cannot believe that it is really you."

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"I know how you feel, but I want you to know that I am here."

This was not surprising, for the psychic had read of my work with Fuller, as recorded in my "Forty Years of Psychic Research."

A few minutes later, another whisper, slightly lower in pitch, called, "Hamlin." This announced another personality, for Fuller, notwithstanding our thirty years of friendship, never called me by my first name.

I asked, "Who is speaking now?"

"Lorado. I am so happy to speak to you."

This also was logical, for Lorado was the name of my wife's brother who had died the previous October. He called me Hamlin. The whisper now addressed my wife, "Zuhl, how are you?"

My wife replied, "Not very well."

"Take care of yourself."

"Shall I send a message to Ada?" my wife asked.

"Yes, tell her that I am still living."

During this colloquy, Mrs. Williams, seated in an easy chair under my desk lamp, remained perfectly normal in appearance, and while the whispering was going on, I watched her lips closely but could detect no slightest movement in them. At times she repeated the messages, to make sure that I had heard every phrase. Sometimes the whisper appeared to come from the cone, sometimes from the air above her head. It was very high in vibration, but the words uttered were fairly intelligible at all times.

The entire sitting was quiet, easy, natural, with no ritual, no prayers, no hymns, no stereotyped patter. The medium shared our conversation, with nothing to indicate her astonishing power. Beaman and I took turns holding the trumpet.

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I was delighted with the frankness, the fearlessness and the humorous outlook of our psychic. During a pause in the communications, she said, "I sat for two years with a committee of doctors in Chicago, who tried in all sorts of ways to make out where this 'squeak' came from. They even pasted surgeon's plaster over my mouth."

"Can you *feel* where it comes from?"

"No. I have no more knowledge of it than you have. I can hear it, but I have no sensation of producing it."

Just before we closed the test, a whisper addressed itself to Gaylord Beaman.

"Gay, this is Harry."

"Harry who?"

"Friedlander."

In astonishment, Beaman turned to me and explained, "That is the name of a friend who went down in that plane disaster in San Francisco Bay." He turned to the trumpet, "Harry, what are you doing now?"

"I am just getting acquainted with things. Isn't this a wonderful way to telephone? Don't be sorry for me, because I am alive."

I then asked, "Were you all killed instantly, or did some try to swim?"

"Three were killed instantly, the others tried to swim out. I went instantly."

Wishing to test the theory of the cause of the accident, Beaman and I both composed the next question.

"Was the accident caused by the jamming of the control by the mouthpiece of the radio as it accidentally dropped?"

"I know nothing about that. The pilot didn't realize what had happened."

I Invoke Clairvoyant Aid

As the psychic knew nothing of Beaman, this was our first evidence of her power.

The voice calling itself Fuller returned, and I said to him, "Fuller, I have been working for six months on the most elusive problem I ever tackled. It is as enthralling as a great mystery story. I have been trying to validate a collection of fifteen hundred ancient plaques and crosses, which Gregory Parent claimed to have discovered by means of his wife's clairvoyant power. I am in despair of ever solving the mystery of their origin. I'd like to talk with Mrs. Parent about them. Can you bring her?"

"I will try — next time."

Although this sitting was short, it was remarkable in its natural procedure, so that we could hardly believe it had happened, but Beaman faithfully recorded it. I said to Mrs. Williams, "You must come again on the thirteenth, when my daughter can be here. Her ears are keener than mine, and she is herself sensitive to psychic vibrations."

After Mrs. Williams went away, I said to Beaman, "This woman is precisely the kind of medium I have been seeking. You must come again, prepared to make a record of our next sitting. Her naming of your friend Friedlander is amazing."

The second sitting, two days later, was equally full and wholly relevant. In the full electric light, with the small end of the megaphone to my ear, I heard someone say, "This is Turck — Dr. Turck."

This made me laugh. "Doctor, this is most astonishing! To have you come, after all you said about this 'humbuggery,' is incredible!"

He replied soberly, "I know, but it is true, nevertheless."

"You told me you hated the whole subject."

The Mystery of the Buried Crosses

"That is the reason I am here. I wanted to tell you that I now know what an old fool I was."

Unable to believe the testimony of my ears, I repeated his remark, "Did you say 'an old fool'?"

"That's what I said. I certainly made a mistake. I found out that I didn't know as much as I thought I did."

I recalled to him a long talk I had made in his hearing to a mutual friend at a luncheon, throughout which he had glowered in silence. All this was evidential, for the psychic could not have known Turck's attitude toward psychic research. At this point the whisper suddenly changed.

Feeling, rather than hearing, another personality, I asked, "Who is speaking now?"

"Doyle."

"Conan Doyle?"

"Yes."

"I am glad you have come; I need your help. Who is with you?"

"Crookes."

"Not Sir William Crookes?"

Another personality now came in. "Yes, Crookes. I am here."

"I am honored. You did a great work, Sir William."

"I am glad you feel that way about it. I want to do more. I am here to do what I can for you."

"Is it not remarkable that I should be conversing with you here in the full light of my study?"

"It is indeed."

"The voices are all very faint, Sir William; what can we do to improve conditions?"

"Time will help that. Sit twice a week, oftener if you can.

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Keep to the voice phenomena, and later, try materialization."

"Do you think we can achieve that?"

"Yes, indeed. I shall be here to help you."

"You were our great pioneer, Sir William."

"You are one of us," he replied. "You have done your share. We will work with you hand in hand."

He then said. "Geley is here also."

"Geley!" I exclaimed. "I am trebly honored. He is another great authority."

A greeting in French was then spoken to me and the speaker immediately entered upon a fluent statement — also in French. I interrupted, "Dr. Geley, I am sorry to confess it — I read French but I do not understand it when spoken."

"Then I shall speak in English," he instantly replied. "We are interested in your problem and understand its value. We are here to help you in every possible way."

During this dialogue I was in position to observe Mrs. Williams, whose lips and throat were also closely observed by Beaman and my daughter. Whatever the source of the messages and greetings, the method of their production was supernatural — of that I was at the moment convinced. The psychic further declared that she could not speak French.

A little later William James spoke, but so faintly that I got little out of it. In fact, only Doyle and Fuller were clearly audible. We were dependent largely on the medium's interpretation. Nevertheless, the whispers came to me while I held the trumpet in my own hands, and left a very vivid impression of reality.

One very clear piece of evidence came just before we rose. Mrs. Williams said to Beaman, "I see over your head the name Carr. Does that mean anything to either of you?"

He replied, "It means a lot if it is *Harry Carr*."

The Mystery of the Buried Crosses

Whereupon a whisper came from the trumpet, "It is Harry Carr."

After greeting him, Beaman asked, "Where are you?"

"I am *here*. I just wanted to let you know that I am alive, and *here*."

"Have you any message for Lee Shippey?"

"Yes. Tell Lee I am here. He knows I am living."

I then said, "Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Yes. You know I traveled in the East — the Orient — for the *Times*?"

"Yes. And I recall that you told me that part of the manuscript had not been printed. Would you like me to see Chandler and see if it can *now* be printed?"

"If you will do that, I will appreciate it. You know what I mean. Good night, old friend."

"Before you go — is Will Rogers there — where you are?"

"Yes. I'll try to bring him next time."

A very faint whisper called, "Burt! This is Burt!"

"What is your full name?" I asked.

He tried to convey it, but, while I was certain that I knew his name, I did not speak it. I waited till he tried again. It was apparently my old schoolmate, Burton Babcock, my companion on the Klondike trail. He was hesitating and incoherent (which was like him), and at last he ceased to speak. He was always shy and hesitant. The timidity of this message gave it character.

In the midst of several other personalities, apparently crowding to reach us, I heard a voice saying, "This is Harold Ehrich," and from him we learned that his father, Louis Ehrich, his mother and his brother Walter, were all present. A curious inconsistency lies in this message for the fact is Harold was the one we cared least about. It should have been his father,

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Louis, who was our most devoted friend for many years. Why should Harold speak, rather than Walter?

The chief value of the two sittings thus far lies in their validation of the voices which I had heard in this same room two years before, when Fuller and James and Burroughs — along with many others of my dead friends — had thronged about me, discussing psychic problems — but in the dark! Now they came in the light.

From this page forward, I shall simply call these manifesting personalities Fuller, Doyle, and so on, leaving the question of their identity for a later chapter.

Chapter 4

Mrs. Parent Promises Aid

FINDING it very difficult to hear these faint, high-keyed whispers, I fashioned some megaphones out of parchment paper and used them at our third sitting, which came, according to my record, on March 17. That I had assisted the medium in her replies was made evident by Beaman's verbatim report of the previous sitting and I now put myself on guard against such aid, and our test began.

On calling again for Mrs. Parent, I was surprised to hear the words, "This is Jennings."

Not being able to recall at the moment anyone of that name, I asked, "Were you an old neighbor?"

"No."

"What was your connection with me?"

"Indians."

"What do you mean by that? Did you meet me among the Indians?"

"Yes."

Without any definite memory of him, I suggested, "On the Crow reservation?"

"Yes."

"Were you a settler there — a squawman?"

"No, I was a government employee."

Still without any clue, I asked, "Was my brother with me?"

"Yes. Frank."

"I cannot recall you. What brings you to me?"

"I can help you on these crosses. They are Indian — Aztec. I can bring an Aztec."

Mrs. Parent Promises Aid

"Can you bring the woman who found the crosses?"

"I can. An old lady. She is here."

This amazed me. I had been asking for Violet Parent, and now here was a personality unknown to me who professed the power to produce her. I saw no reason for this connection, but I asked, "Is Mrs. Parent really here?"



Mrs. Violet Parent, the clairvoyant by whose aid some fifteen hundred artifacts were discovered. Photograph by Mr. Raymond Hull.

The Mystery of the Buried Crosses

In answer came a greeting, "Hello, Mr. Garland. Yes, I am here. I am Mrs. Parent."

Accepting this statement as indicating a change of personality, I said, "Mrs. Parent, I have been hoping to get in touch with you. What can you tell me about these crosses?"

"They are Indian. Most of them are very old."

"Are they Aztec?"

"Yes — oh, yes."

"Where were they made?"

"In Mexico. The priests distributed them to the Indians."

At this point I determined on a drastic test. I bluntly asked, "Mrs. Parent, could you read or write?"

"No. I knew nothing. I was ig-ne-runt."

This was an unprecedented admission for a spirit to make, and valuable as evidence of identity. Mrs. Williams could not have known this. I was not sure of it myself. Some of Mrs. Parent's friends said she could write, others told me that she could not.

I pushed on along this line. "Then you got all your mission history through others, not from reading?"

"Yes, mostly through the spirits of the Indians and of the fathers."

"Now, Mrs. Parent, all the experts who have examined these crosses think they are frauds."

"They are not."

"Did you plant them?"

Her answer was indignant. "I did not."

"Others think that your first husband planted them."

"He did not."

"How long did he live in California?"

"About a year. He arrived in Redlands a sick man. He couldn't have planted the crosses if he had wanted to. He

Mrs. Parent Promises Aid

didn't and I didn't. I brought him to California for his health. He was injured in a St. Louis factory."

"What sort of a factory?"

"An iron foundry."

"Experts say that these crosses are all part of a colossal hoax. You must come again and tell me all you can about them. I must *prove* that they are authentic."

"You will."

"I am trying to do something for your husband's sister, Mrs. Stack. Is that your wish?"

"Yes, yes, yes!" was the earnest reply.

In my diary of March 18, I find this entry: "In looking back on last night's sitting, I see in it a sincere attempt on the part of Mrs. Williams to give my spirit friends access to me, but that she has only partial control over their coming is evident. To bring Fuller or Doyle is natural and understandable but to be addressed by the spirit of a man I cannot recall is without reason. There is logic in the coming of Crookes and Geley but the entrance of John Jennings adds mystery to mysticism."

Our next sitting took place at 5 P. M. on March 19, in full daylight. Mr. Beaman was not present and so my daughter took notes, which we transcribed immediately after the seance. My brother Franklin was present.

Doyle spoke, and after a few words of greeting I said, "Doyle, I want to discuss another phase of this problem. I have here a scrapbook filled with so-called spirit pictures, taken by the woman who found the crosses. These photos were made, her husband declares, with a cheap little camera in her own cottage, under light conditions which would have made a high-priced camera useless. Nevertheless, some of them seem to me to tie up with those in your book, *The Coming of the Fairies*."

The Mystery of the Buried Crosses

"I have changed my mind concerning a great deal of that book."

"You mean that you now regard the illustrations as ectoplasmic ideographs and not fairies?"

"Yes, that is my present understanding."

"Could you see the photographs made by Mrs. Parent if I were to bring the book and lay it before you?"

"Yes, I could see them through your eyes."

Taking the book from its place, I brought it to the stand in the midst of my circle and opened it wholly out of Mrs. Williams' purview. She could not possibly discern the figures, which were minute and upside down to her. Addressing Doyle, I asked, "Can you see the photographs on this page?"

"I am looking at them now. They are not spirit photographs."

"Are they ectoplasmic thought forms?"

"Possibly. Is the one who took them over here?"

"Yes. Her name is Violet Parent."

"I shall talk with her about these photographs."

I turned several pages. "This book, as you see, is filled with snapshots which she claims to have taken, and I have in my custody a collection of crosses which she claims to have discovered."

"I know about those crosses."

"Some say they came originally from Guatemala. Others consider them frauds. Can you help me solve the problem?"

"I know very little about such matters myself, but I shall try to bring someone who does."

Still holding the book entirely out of the psychic's range of vision, I pointed at a small figure which appeared to be a man dancing on a table. "What can you tell me about this?"

Doyle replied, "It looks like a man carrying on some kind

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of a ceremonial dance.” (I submit that Mrs. Williams could not normally make this reply. She had never seen the figure before and could not see it now.)

I showed another still more singular print of a tiny figure, a stooping Indian, photographed directly against the light from a window. His face was black, but his feet and legs were radiant even on the shadowed side. “What can you say of this man?”

“He looks like a medicine man from Yucatan or Guatemala. I will find out. It is probably an ectoplasmic form. Rather strange. We will solve the problem of these pictures for you, and of the crosses as well. The crosses are a mixed lot — many are very ancient —” He stopped abruptly. “I will come again.”

Later in the sitting Mrs. Parent returned, and I put to her the question I had been eager to ask: “Are there any more crosses to be discovered in this region?”

“Many of them,” she replied.

“Hurrah!” I shouted. “That is just what I wanted to know. Can you help us find some of them?”

“Yes, I can and I will.”

“But how? In what way can you help us?”

“I will tell you just where to go and I will ask Father Serra to direct us.”

“We must have help. Without a guide we could not find one of these small relics in this vast country in a hundred years. Somebody must go along with our psychic and tell her exactly where the crosses are hidden. How can we arrange such guidance?”

“I myself will go with her and show her.”

“Can you speak to her?”

“Yes, and she will be able to see me. I will get Father Serra to fix everything.”

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During this conversation my brother and I sat where we could observe Mrs. Williams' lips and throat. The whispers did not come from her body in any normal fashion, and so far as I know she had no information concerning Mrs. Parent. As for myself, I had not, up to this time, definitely associated the crosses with Guatemala.

I must pause here to analyze in detail this extraordinary situation. In the afternoon light, with the psychic perfectly normal, I had not only received messages from several of my dead relatives and friends, but I had entered into detailed conversations with Violet Parent, the clairvoyant who had made the collection of crosses possible and who now promised to aid us. She had gone further; she had promised the aid of Father Serra, the most renowned and beloved of all the mission fathers.

"Things seem to be coming our way," I said to my little circle. "My hope of enlisting the aid of the Parents was only a hope — now it is almost an expectation."

Mrs. Williams at this time knew nothing of the Parents and very little of Father Serra and the missions he established. She had no special interest in the church or in early California history. She said, "I have heard of Father Serra but I have never read any books relating to him."

It may be said that she had had time to inform herself between sittings, but her only way of finding out the claims and the character of the Parents was by listening to my questions. She had become keenly interested in my general problem, however, and was confident that she could locate some of the buried objects.

Notwithstanding the disadvantage of not having my neighbor Beaman as shorthand reporter, I announced that we would

Mrs. Parent Promises Aid

continue our morning meetings, and on March 25 Mrs. Williams gave us another valuable hour. Lorado Taft came again and, after greeting us, spoke of his studio and its contents. I said, "Are you pleased by the offer of the State University?"

He answered, "I am," and added, "I want Crunelle to finish my group."

We didn't know exactly to what group he referred. He said something about a horse in the group, and at the end of his talk he said to my wife, his sister, "Papa is here." This my wife considered evidential, for he always called his very dignified father, Professor Taft, "Papa."

A whisper then addressed me. "This is Richard Hayes Garland, your father," but he was not able to say more.

Fuller had much to say but his voice also was faint and his articulation so poor that I could not interpret much of it.

On March 27 Beaman was present, and I quote his shorthand report of our meeting, which is highly evidential of Mrs. Williams' powers. Doyle came again, along with many friends and relatives, and then I heard the name Winship. I said, "I do not identify you. Can you give me your initials?"

He plainly said, "G. L."

"I think that is incorrect. I think I know who you are but those are not the correct initials. Where are you from?"

"Boston."

"What did you do there?"

"Ethnology."

"What was your middle name?" asked Beaman.

"Parker."

"George Parker?"

"Yes."

I then asked, "What about the crosses? Can you tell me anything about them?"

The Mystery of the Buried Crosses

"That is why I am here. Doyle brought me. Let me have a look at the things."

I then brought a pasteboard box containing twenty-five or thirty of the smaller specimens and placed them on the table. Taking one in my hand and holding it up, I asked, "Can you see this?"

"Yes."

"Can you see the faces on it?"

"Yes."

"How do you account for those?"

"Yucatan."

I took up one which was very old and crude. "Here is one with coffee berries and the head of a steer on it."

"These are all from Central America and were used as sacrifices — as a sacrament —" The whisper grew so faint that we heard only disconnected words. "Birds — trees — flowers — seeds —" Then the whisper grew in power. "They came from Yucatan and Guatemala. They precede Christianity. They have nothing to do with Christianity. There are a lot in the collection which are not genuine, but the majority are. I don't know how they got mixed up."

"How old are they?"

"Five or six hundred years old, some of them. Others are more recent. Some with heads of animals they sacrificed. They sacrificed panthers—and used crosses bearing heads of panthers in sacrificial rites."

Mr. Beaman did not get all of this astonishing statement, but I heard so much of it that I exclaimed, "You are marvelous!"

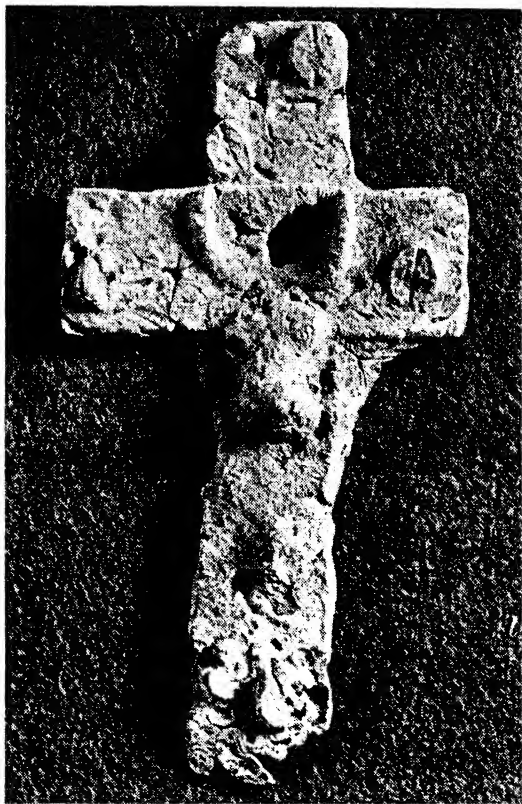
The whispered reply had a hint of humor in it. "Thank you."

"Where can I, myself, find objects like these?"

"I do not know whether there are others or not. I shall find

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out. Most likely in Quiché. Try sending one down to the museum."



This metal cross was fire-scarred. It bears the head of a steer and three coffee berries.

"I know of no such museum. Where is it?"

"In Guatemala. I will give you some help."

"I need it."

The Mystery of the Buried Crosses

"I know that you do. We will straighten it out. Some of the crosses came from California recently."

The whispers were now so faint that I could not hear all the words. I asked, "Can't you speak more clearly?"

"No — power is waning."

What makes this conversation so valuable is the fact that none of us had any knowledge of Quiché or Guatemala. I did not know that Guatemala had a city large enough to possess a museum. I did not realize that a town called Guatemala existed. I knew nothing of the relation of Quiché to Guatemala, or Guatemala to Yucatan, and I think all the others in our circle were equally uninformed. Of George Parker Winship I had but a dim memory. So far as I knew, he was still alive.

As for Mrs. Williams, I had shown her on March 14 four or five of the specimens, and she had written out her "impressions" of them in these words: "Came from Guatemala — Quiché — Tolpeck Indians — crosses have serpents and alligators on them. Indians worshiped serpents. Crosses left in California in early sixteenth century. Indians left their own country when Spaniards came to Guatemala. The flat pieces are calendars. Where crosses were found was once a burial mound. Temple where Tolpecks came from had altars built like a cross."

It is possible that she may have informed herself on these subjects in the days between March 14 and March 27 and that she had come upon the name George Parker Winship in her reading, but even if she had read up on the subject, her method of communicating her information was supernormal.

Fuller said, "You could get better results by dimming the light," but I answered, "I am reluctant to return to a dark seance. I rejoice in these phenomena in the light. I shall find some way to amplify the sound."

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We received many other personal messages, all of great interest, but as they did not bear on my problem, I left them out of my record.

I was disappointed in that the whispers failed to take on volume. My ears ached with the strain, notwithstanding the aid of my paper megaphone. "We must find some way to strengthen the voices. It should be possible to make them distinctly audible to all in the room," I said to Mrs. Williams.

Chapter 5

Father Serra Speaks

IN MY DIARY I find this entry: "This was number eight of our sittings with Mrs. Williams. The Beamans were present and Beaman made a shorthand record of the sitting. Our psychic said 'I have been to the library to read up on Guatemala,' and as a result our entire sitting was given over to a discussion of the crosses." (See appendix.)

I called on Fuller, who said, "I have brought Mrs. Parent again." With her I held an extended conversation concerning her guides.

All through Parent's story of his wife's visions, Father Serra was most frequently mentioned as the one who aided, advised or actively directed her search. According to her statements, he came to her more often than any other spirit—an incredible claim, it seemed to me, for Junípero Serra was not only the best known and most beloved of the priests who entered California, he was the administrative head of all the missions.

He was, in truth, an austere character, noble and devout, and when invisible Mrs. Parent lightly offered to secure his aid in our quest, I felt that she was assuming an influence which she did not possess. Nevertheless I asked for him, and when a clear whisper replied, "This is Father Serra," I was astounded.

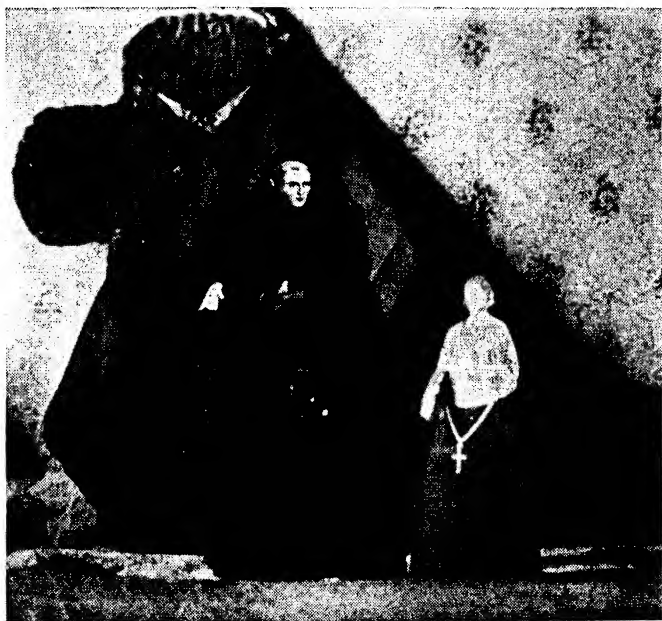
To say that I believed in the reality of this visitor is going too far. I accepted the announcement of his name as a mysterious emanation from my own mind or that of the medium. However, I greeted him as if I believed in him and honored him. I explained that I was trying to validate some crosses

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which Mrs. Parent had discovered and which she said had belonged to the Indians of the missions.

In reply, he confirmed Engelhardt and other church historians who stated that the Indians had no metal crosses and were forbidden to make them. "But," he added, "we could not control the wild Indians."

In answer to my question, "Could you speak English?" he said, "Yes, I spoke English," which also contradicted the historians.



Mrs. Parent's "spirit" portrait of Father Serra and his mother.

I asked him if he could recall any white man named "Trapper Joe" or "Sailor Joe" and he said "No," but he clearly re-

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membered that a white boy named Adam Smith had been rescued from the Indians and brought to the mission. "He grew to manhood with us," he added.

I then said, "I have here in my possession a large book containing prints of many photographs of 'dead souls' taken by Mrs. Parent in which you and many of your associates are portrayed. She calls them 'spirit photographs,' and I should be greatly aided if you would look at them and identify the padres in them."

He expressed his willingness to do this, and I ventured to bring from my desk the book in which I had pasted more than two hundred of Violet Parent's photographs.

"I should like especially to authenticate these which she says are portraits of you."

"Very well," he courteously replied. "I shall do what I can to aid you."

I opened the book in such wise that Mrs. Williams could not possibly see the prints, which were all small — not more than two inches square — and faded by twenty years' exposure.

Pointing to one of two minute figures in one of these dim prints, I said, "Father Serra, is this a true portrait of you?"

"It is."

"Who is the woman standing beside you?"

"That is my mother."

I confess that these quiet replies surprised me, for Mrs. Williams, who had never opened this book was seated some yards distant and the book was upside down to her vision.

"Father Serra, your replies have made a change in my estimate of these portraits. Will you tell me whether there were any existing portraits of you, either as drawings or statuettes, from which these two photographs of you could have been made?"

Father Serra Speaks

"Only one portrait of me was ever made, and that, a painting, is in the Museum in Mexico City."

"Are there any extant portraits of your associates Fathers Lasuén and Palóu?"

"No, they were never portrayed in any way."

"Then you would say that their portraits in this book are also genuine?"

"Yes, they are genuine spirit likenesses."

"Father Serra, the only portrait of you known to me is the one reproduced in a book called *The Conquest of California*. I have it here and I should like to have you identify it also."



Second exposure. Note changes in posture and texture of clothing. The face resembles only known portrait of the priest but the expression is not the same.

Bringing this book, I opened it at the portrait. "Is this illustration a reproduction of the painting made of you in Mexico?"

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"It is."

"You look ill in this picture, Father Serra."

"I was. I had been very ill on my way to the city."

"How old were you at this time?"

"Forty-six."

"But you returned to Alta California and worked a long time after that, did you not?"

"Yes, many years."

"When did you die?"

"When I was seventy-four."

"Let me ask you again, were there any small drawings or statuettes of you distributed at that time or later?"

"No, none whatever."

"Then these portraits of you by Mrs. Parent must be genuine mental photographs."

"They are, all genuine. You can prove it by taking similar portraits yourself."

"Can we do that? Will you instruct our medium how to proceed?"

"Yes. It was done once; it can be done again."

"When shall we try — and at what hour of the day?"

"At any time."

"Let us go a step farther, Father Serra. Some of these incredible photographs by Mrs. Parent are records of outdoor scenes which she got — so she says — by pointing her camera at the bare walls of her own home. Can we obtain photographic results similar to hers?"

"Undoubtedly. I will give you a picture of myself on the same plate with yours."

"That will be a grand test. It would validate all these portraits. When shall we try it?"

"Any time — soon."

Father Serra Speaks

"Father Serra, in several of these photographic groups of missionaries taken by Mrs. Parent, there is one tall priest who always stands with his head awry in a singular and unpleasing attitude. He looks suspiciously like a wooden image. His fixed pose has led my expert friends to say, 'This picture is false. This man is a dummy made and photographed by Mrs. Parent.' Is there any basis for this charge?"

"No," was his instant reply. "The photograph is genuine. It is the picture of a priest who was deformed. He was not exactly a hunchback, but his spine was twisted. His head was always awry in just that fashion. There is no other portrait of him."

"What was his name?"

We had some difficulty in hearing the name, and the medium said, "Spell it for us."

This he did. "V-e-l-o-s. Velos — Father Velos."

Indicating another figure in the group, a smiling, genial padre, I asked, "Who is this?"

"That is Father Lasuén, who followed me as head of the missions. He was a very old man at the time."

"Father Serra, your identification of these portraits is of great value to me. I would like you to pass on one more."

I then laid before him the photograph of a most singular figure — an Indian, whose handsome face was black against the window but whose limbs and garments were white even on the shadowed side — an impossible effect in normal photography, I am told. He was stooped, as if with the heavy load heaped upon his back. "What is this man and where did he come from?"

"Yucatan. He is a medicine man dressed for some ceremony."

"Returning to the crosses, Father Serra, I have another most important question to ask. Some days ago a voice calling itself

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‘Violet Parent’ told us that many more of these ancient artifacts are still to be found in our hills. Is this true?”

“That is correct. There are many of them undiscovered.”

“This is highly important, Father Serra. If I could find one of these crosses myself, it would validate the whole collection.”

“It would — *and it would prove human survival.*”

“Can you tell me where to look for them? Are there any near by?”

“Yes, there are ten crosses and something that looks like a bowl out near San Fernando Mission. I will tell you how to find them. Go to the center of San Fernando town, then proceed north along the Mint Canyon Road. Five miles from the town a road turns to the right. Take that road. A half-mile farther on, you will see an overhanging bank on the right-hand side and a hill with large trees on it. On top of this hill is a pointed rock. You will find the crosses buried about two feet deep around the base of this rock.”

As I had been told of a case in which mysterious voices were heard in a motor car, I made a bold request. “Can you go with us, Father Serra, and speak to us in the car, directing us to the exact spot?”

“Yes, I will go with you to the hilltop and tell you just where to dig. Take a spade with you.”

“Why were all these crosses buried on hills?”

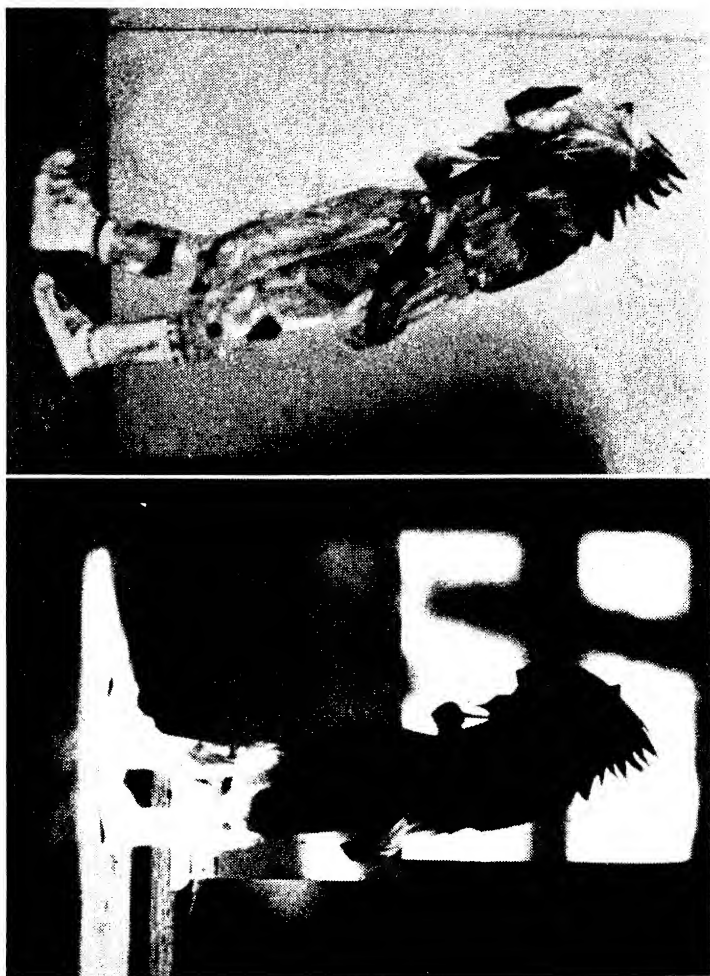
“The Indians buried them there in ceremonies to appease their gods.”

“Did they keep these crosses and these ceremonies hidden from you? Is that the reason why they are found at a distance from the missions?”

“Yes. We forbade these ceremonials, but of course we could not control the wild Indians and not always our neophytes.”

Father Serra Speaks

Snapshot taken by Mrs. Parent. Said to be "a witch doctor from Yucatan."



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"Did you know when these savage ceremonials on the hills were taking place?"

"No. They were carried on secretly, far from the mission and in spite of us. We considered them barbaric survivals and opposed them."

Showing him one of the large lettered crosses, I asked: "Is it true that nearly two hundred of these large crosses were placed along the trail as markers?"

"Yes, that is true."

"Are they there yet?"

"Some of them."

"Did not the Indians disturb them — carry them away?"

"No."

"Why?"

"They marked the road to help."

This seemed to me a most remarkable concept of primitive character.

"Where did the crosses come from?"

"The people from Quichè brought the ancient ones."

"How did these people come — by boats?"

"Some of them. Others walked. They settled among the California Indians."

"That accounts for the mixture of mission and barbaric crosses."

"That is correct."

I thanked him for coming to us and he whispered, "Adios." Suddenly he ceased to speak and a new personality announced himself.

"I am Steele," he said.

"I don't place you. What is your first name?"

"Carter. Carter Steele."

Father Serra Speaks

After a moment's hesitation, I said, "I think I know who you are, but —"

"Of course you do," he interrupted.

"You have given me a wrong name — or at least you have not given me your first name. If you are the Steele I have in mind, Carter was not his first name. What were you?"

"I was an artist."

"Have I any of your work?"

"Of course you have."

My daughter spoke up. "I have one of your paintings hanging on my wall."

"I know you have. I sometimes come to look at it."

"Then you are Theodore C. Steele of Indiana?"

"Yes. Ted Steele — Theodore Carter Steele."

"We always called you T. C. Steele. Where did I see you last?"

"In Chicago."

"You are wrong about that. It was in your studio. Where was that?"

"On a hill."

"That is true."

I tried to get him to tell me the name of the county in which this hill was situated and he said something about Ohio, and then I recalled that the studio was close to the state line between Indiana and Ohio.

His coming was welcome but wholly irrelevant. What brought him at this moment when I was filled with Father Serra's advice?

Notwithstanding Mrs. Williams' recently acquired knowledge of Quichè and Guatemala, there are many very curious,

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not to say inexplicable, features to this interview. The coming of T. C. Steele is one of these. Another is Father Serra's identification of portraits in a book wholly out of view of any other than myself, and finally, his detailed instructions regarding the buried idols on a hill near San Fernando.

Early on the following afternoon we started out to find the pointed rock. Following Father Serra's instructions, we drove to the center of San Fernando, thence north five miles. We came to a bridge where the road to Mohave branches off. Proceeding slowly along the road, we looked for the overhanging bank on the right hand side. At exactly half a mile, we identified this bank and the hill, with the trees on it, but not the pointed rock.

We parked beside the highway, with cars whizzing by almost every second, and Mrs. Williams inquired of the invisibles, "Is this the spot?"

To my amazement, a faint but unmistakable whisper answered, "Yes."

I had a hoe in the back of the car and when I took this in my hand I pointed its handle, like the barrel of a gun, toward the northeast. "Is this the direction?"

"No," came the whisper.

Again I pointed, this time directly east. "Is this the direction?"

"No."

A third time I pointed — a little farther to the south of east. "Is *this* the direction?"

"Yes."

With this very definite information, we climbed the steep hill — my daughter, the psychic and I — finding at the top a smoothly rounded slope which seemed adapted for a barbaric ceremony.

Father Serra Speaks



The author's daughter Constance — Note cactus beds.

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Mrs. Williams, somewhat out of breath, took a seat on the ground and awaited further instructions. It was a sunny day with a gentle sea wind blowing, and I had no hope that we would hear a whisper in such a place at such a time. Yet, when I again demanded, "Is this the place?" I clearly heard the word, "Yes."

With the hoe in my hand I planted it on a spot a few feet from the medium. "Shall we dig here?"

"Yes."

The place was a grassy ridge of land which ran from a rounded knoll toward a higher peak to the east. A ledge of rock to the southeast had a sharp center which we took to be the pointed rock. There was no ledge at the place where we were told to dig.

With keen expectancy, the medium and I, aided by my daughter Constance, dug a deep trench at the exact point indicated, but with no result. The voice said, "Come again, with a strong young man. Much digging is required."

As we drove away home, I tried to lighten Mrs. Williams' mood of disappointment. "I do not consider our exploration a failure. In truth, our invisible guide, whoever he was, worked a miracle. He not only foretold the distance, but he described the exact spot where we were to dig, and he not only spoke to us in the car (as he had promised to do) but also on the hill in the brilliant sunshine. This, so far as my experience goes, is unparalleled. To have found a cross on our first exploration would have been too miraculous. Furthermore, we failed to do our part. Our digging was half-hearted. He told us they were buried nearly two feet deep."

When we returned a few days later, we brought two young men with picks and spades. By their aid, we unearthed several boulders which our invisible guides said were "man-made,"

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Hamlin Garland — climbing a steep trail.

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and they told us that they enclosed something which the Indians valued. One of the most curious of these I myself cracked open. In it was a perfectly symmetrical hollow surrounding a perfectly round ball. This, the voices declared, was used in games. Others contained shells and meteoric fragments. That this hill had been used for some ceremonial purpose was evident, but we found no metal artifacts.

Father Serra said, "They are there, but earthquakes and rains have buried them. Come again and dig deeper."

The earthquake concept may have arisen from a hill to the north which presented the appearance of having been split in half by such a movement.

I could not doubt Mrs. Williams' sincerity. Scrambling to that hilltop in the hot sun was a severe test. "I am willing to come again," she said.

At this time she knew very little about my design. She had seen but few of the crosses, and I had carefully kept the book of photographs out of her sight. She believed in her voices but considered the Parents either dupes or fakers. It is well to bear this in mind as we go on.

Chapter 6

The New Mechanism

BY APRIL 7 I was completely launched upon the task of validating my collection of crosses and securing a spirit photograph. Our expedition to the hill at San Fernando, while of great interest, remained inconclusive, and all our films taken at the suggestion and under the direction of the invisibles were of no value. Nevertheless, I kept a certain measure of faith in their words.

As the whispers seemed to emanate from Mrs. William's body and not from her lips, I discovered by experiment that I could hear most clearly while resting the larger end of a trumpet against her chest. This led me to believe that if she were to hold a powerful microphone in that position the whispers might be projected to all parts of the room. "Such a device might be attached by means of a wire to the loud speaker of our radio," I suggested.

She was greatly interested in my suggestion. "We can try it," she said.

With this plan in mind, I visited shops and tested various types of sound instruments. In my search I was somewhat hampered by the fact that I could not say, "I want a machine to enlarge the whispers of a spirit," and the salesmen could not understand my need of a mechanism "which would record the squeak of a bat."

The need of concealing my purpose led me at last to select a machine already built and but recently on the market. It consisted of a small transmitting box with sixty feet of wire connecting with another box which contained a receiver and

The Mystery of the Buried Crosses

an amplifier. On this larger box was a key which, when held down, made it possible to address the medium. Unless this was done, no slightest sound could go from me to her.

It was my hope that with this mechanism I would be able to receive whispered messages while the psychic was at a distance — perhaps in a separate room. “This instrument will prevent Mrs. Williams from hearing a single word from us.” I explained to my wife and daughter. “She cannot normally answer questions which she cannot hear, or describe objects which she cannot see.”

Our first trial of this mechanism was on April 9. Placing Mrs. Williams in the adjoining chamber, I gave her the transmitting box, then withdrew to the study, closed the heavy glass door and drew a curtain over it. My wife and daughter were in the study, seated at a table on which stood the receiving device. After turning the key which closed the wire *so that no sound from us could go to the medium*, I took my chair. Both rooms were fully lighted.

In keen expectancy, we awaited results. Almost immediately a shrill, squeaking whisper came from the box. It called, “Garland! Garland!”

“Who is it?” I asked.

“Fuller.”

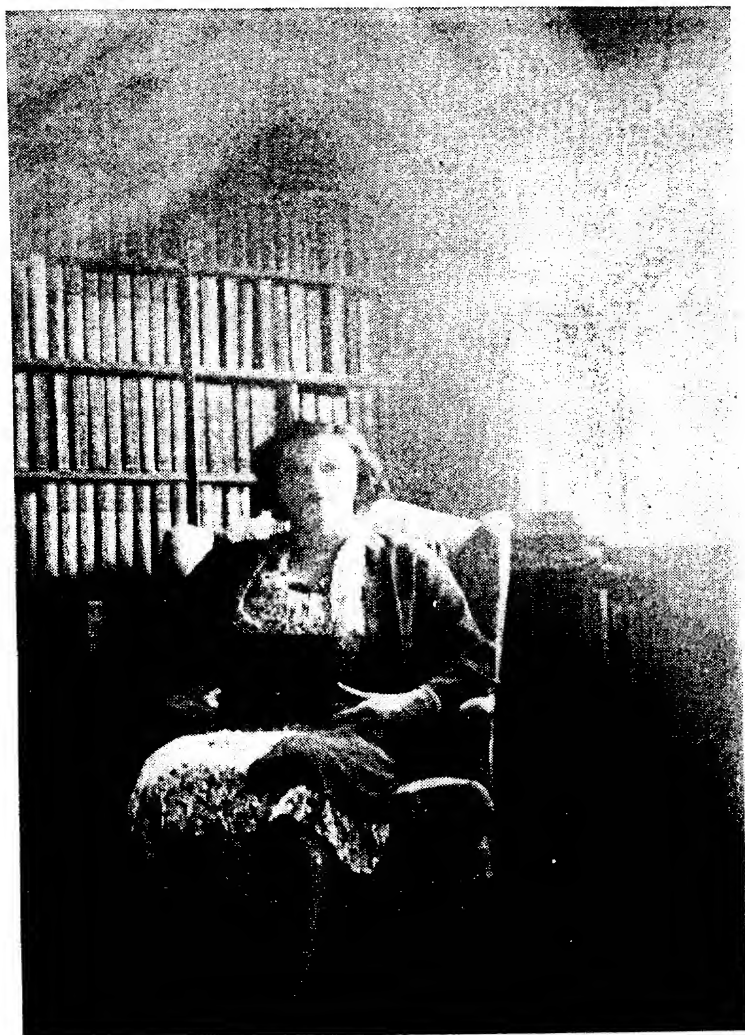
“Henry B. Fuller?”

“Yes. Can you hear me?”

“Yes, but only faintly.”

Upon turning a knob on the receiver which amplified the sound, I was able to hear him distinctly. For the first time in our experiments, my wife and I were both able to take part in the conversation. She was both startled and deeply moved when the speaker said, “Lorado is here and will now speak to you.”

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Mrs. Williams holding transmitter. Note curious arch of light above her head.

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Thereupon another personality said quite naturally, "Zuhl, dear, how are you today?"

"Not very well, Lorado."

"I'm sorry. Take care of yourself. It is strange that I should be talking with you here — I who never believed a word of Hamlin's reports."

After sending another message to Ada, his wife, he went away, and a third voice addressed me quite formally as "Mr. Garland."

"Who is speaking?"

"Father Serra."

"Father Serra! I greet you. We need you."

"I have come to help."

His coming decided me on a new and still more convincing test, one which would *prove* that the medium was not coloring the dialogue in any normal way. Taking one of the cases of crosses on my knee, I said, "Father Serra, I am eager to know more of these crosses. Can you help me?"

"I will try," he replied.

From where I sat, the psychic was wholly out of view. Putting my finger on one of the crosses, I said, "Can you see this?"

"Yes, quite plainly."

"Can you tell me where it came from?"

"It came from Yucatan."

Indicating another specimen, one with the bust of a woman molded on it, I asked, "What is the meaning of the female figure on *this* cross?"

"It is a representation of the Goddess of the Waters — a kind of female Neptune."

"It has nothing to do with Christianity then?"

"Nothing whatever."

That this was a severe test of the medium's psychic powers

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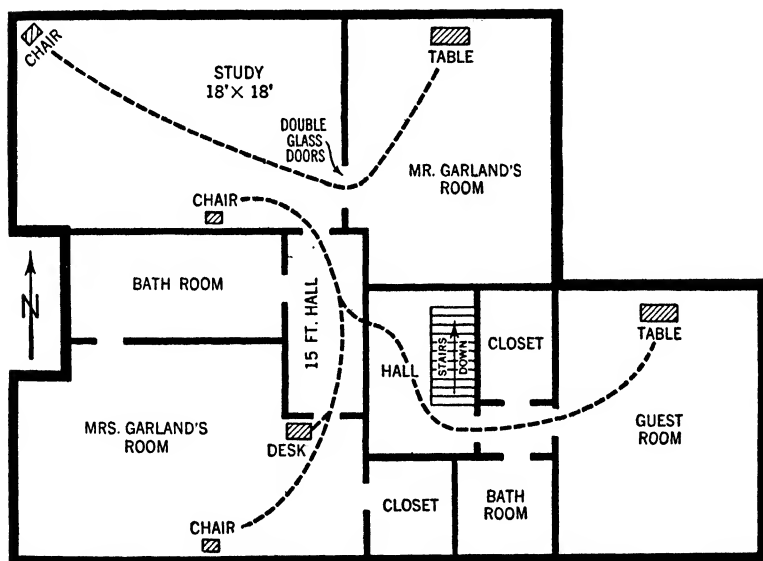
should be evident. She could neither normally see what I was pointing out nor normally hear what I was asking.

Indicating a larger cross on which the lovely form of a child was molded, I asked, "What is the meaning of this child?"

"That is one of the crosses carried by expectant mothers. It embodied a prayer for a baby."

"What is the significance of the rabbit at the bottom of the cross?"

"The rabbit was recognized as the sign of fertility."



The author's study. Dotted lines show course of wires.

"Father Serra, you have spoken of Guatemala and Yucatan. I find that the *Handbook of American Indians* published by the Smithsonian Institution states that certain native tribes of Southern California, commonly known as 'Yumans,' call themselves 'Quicheanas.' This would seem to indicate that they are

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migrants from Central America. If so, they must have brought many of their crosses with them."

To this the voice quickly replied, "That is the case exactly. They mingled with the Indians already here, and their relics naturally mixed with those of our own mission Indians. That accounts for their being found together."

For half an hour, while my wife listened at the receiver, I conversed with this invisible padre, whose mind impressed me as that of a kindly, wise and tolerant old man. His learning was wide and his English perfect. He seemed to know all the tribes of red men and described in detail many of their customs and habits.

At last he paused, and in this pause a hesitant voice spoke to me. When I asked, "Who is it?" a faint whisper replied, "Mother." After a few sentences of dialogue, I said, "I do not hear you very well."

Her reply was astounding. "I am trying very hard," she whispered, "*but I have to wear a mask.*"

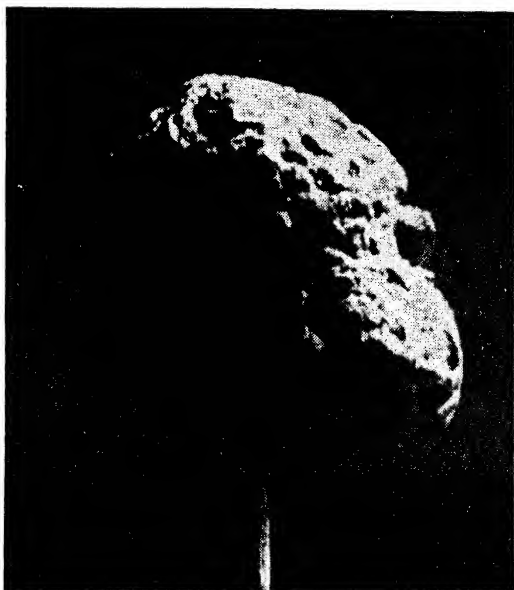
She did not say *why* she had to wear a mask, but I inferred it was to enlarge her voice, as certain Greek masks were used, I believe, to magnify the voices of actors; but as she was the wife of a pioneer and knew nothing of the ancient Greek theater, I can find no explanation of this amazing and rather plaintive remark. She went away without further speech.

I cannot accuse the psychic of hoaxing me, for she was in another room and the one-way wire kept her from hearing my questions. "I heard some of the replies in my box," she said afterward, "but I could not hear a word from you. They are experimenting with this new mechanism. They are placing their words in *your* box and not in mine."

Pleased by the success of this sitting, I resolved on a still more drastic experiment. "I will put you in a room fifty feet

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distant from my study, with *two* closed doors between. Nothing will connect us but a wire which can transmit sounds only from you to us."



This stone "animal head" was the first object found. It was covered with clay and filled with adobe. In the adobe were several small crosses.

To make the test still more complete, I went into the room with her, closing both doors behind me, and there stood over her, listening and watching for evidence of her participation in what was going on in my study. I heard no sound from her lips — not the faintest whisper — and yet when I rejoined my wife and daughter in the study, they told me that Father Serra had been talking to them, urging a return to the hill at San Fernando.

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With my coming the whispers grew in volume and I said, "Father Serra, this mechanism is a success. I can hear you now quite as if we were using a telephone."

"I am delighted to know that," he replied, "but I am making a tremendous effort. It is a new experiment with us. We hope you will not give up. Enter upon a regular series of tests. Sit every morning at ten and we will be with you."

With that he gave way to a voice which said, "This is Edward MacDowell." MacDowell, the composer, was a dear friend, dead nearly thirty years but he spoke to me as clearly, as informally, as if we had been parted only thirty days. After a few words of greeting, he said, "I commend your mechanical device. I predict that it will greatly aid in our communication."

I spoke of the music which he had written for Henry Fuller and me shortly before his death in 1908, and he instantly replied, "I will write some new music for you," and ended by merrily whistling an air, as if to say, "*This* is what I intend to compose."

This lively and most unexpected performance nearly toppled my daughter Constance from her chair. How could Mrs. Williams have heard these questions? Edward's replies were exactly to the point in every instance.

Among the fragments of the "sacred rocks" which Parent had preserved and passed on to me was a stone which resembled the head of a sheep or calf. It was not adobe, cement or concrete, for its substance was very hard and filled with crystals. It resembled quartz and seemed to have been shaped by some sharp metal instrument. The story, as told to me by the wife of the man who picked it up, was taken down in shorthand. I give its substance.

"My husband was a mining man and, having heard of Mrs.

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Parent as a clairvoyant who could locate mines, he went to her. She told him of treasure buried near Capistrano. He took her down there but could locate no gold. She was told to go back — that there were some sacred rocks there which the priests wanted her to find. She was told that these rocks were near the mission and that they — the spirits — would tell her where to stop. My husband and I drove her down there. She stopped us opposite a flat covered with mustard and told us the rocks were on the other side of this mustard, which was six feet tall. She was not able to go across the field and so my husband went.



*Gregory Parent and G. D. Hutchison,
who picked up the stone head.*

“When he came back he had in his hand a gray rock shaped a little like a calf’s head. He said he had been moved to pick it

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up and bring it but that he had thrown it down several times, and each time he was moved to pick it up again. He said he couldn't understand why. He threw it in the car as a kind of curiosity.

"That night Mrs. Parent took it home with her. This was on Thursday. On Sunday we got word from Mr. Parent that his wife had had a dream in which the spirit of an Indian girl told her to soak the rock in warm water and she would get a clue. This she did and the adobe covering fell off and it was found to be a petrified calf's head. The spirits told her to dig in it and she would find something. This she did and found several small crosses in it.

"Mr. Parent wanted us to come up, for the rock belonged to us. We went up to their home in Redlands, and Mrs. Parent gave us the head and said, 'You dig in it.' I did and I found a small cross in the hard adobe near the ear and another just above the eye. They were embedded in the substance which filled the skull. The spirits told her that they had used it as a contribution box for the church and that during the uprising they hid their valuables in it and covered it with adobe and threw it on the hills."

Taking this stone in my hand now, I asked, "Father Serra, can you see this?"

"Oh, yes very clearly."

"Can you tell me what it is and where it came from?"

"It is of stone, not cement, and it came from Yucatan."

Here again is proof that Mrs. Williams could not guess what I was holding, for she would infer that I was talking about a cross. It is a remarkable test, for she had no intimation that I intended to take this stone object from the cabinet, and with two closed doors and a long hall between us, she could not have heard my question. Furthermore, I did not name the ob-

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ject; I simply brought it from the cabinet and held it in my hand. I cannot say that the voice was that of Father Serra but it undoubtedly came from the psychic. The unknown character of the object added to her mysterious perceptive power. There may be some simple explanation of this incident, but I am unable to find it.

On the nineteenth, while my wife and daughter sat with me, with Mrs. Williams as usual in her corner, Father Serra and Father Lasuén both came and talked with us. They both urged us to go back to the hill beyond San Fernando. "The crosses are there," they repeated.

In answer to my daughter Constance's request, Father Lasuén told her how to pronounce his name. He spelled it out phonetically: "Lass-wayne." He also confirmed the truth of other portraits which Mrs. Parent had made of him.

With the book of photographs held at a distance of ten feet from the psychic and wholly out of her normal vision, Father Lasuén at my request identified the priest with the wry neck as "Father Velos." The figures were minute and Mrs. Williams could not even see the pages as I turned them, for my wife, my daughter and I were clustered about the book.

Pointing to an obscure figure in one of the photographic groups — a short, smiling priest, with arms akimbo — I said, "Who is this?"

Father Lasuén replied, "Father Martínez." This was the first mention of this padre.

Indicating an Indian, I said, "This looks to me like a Sioux."

"He *was* a Sioux."

"Here is one who looks like a white man."

"He was a half-blood Ute from eastern Oregon." (The psychic could not have known this.)

"There are in this book many photographs of a boy named

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Adam Smith who lived at Capistrano, so Mrs. Parent says. Was there such a boy?"

"Yes."

"Was there a girl named Mary Gard?"

"Yes. Father Engelhardt's book will tell all about them."

(I could find no mention of these young people.)

"Are there crosses remaining in the hills near Ventura?"

"Yes, and much silver."

"You mean a mine?"

"No, lumps of silver. I will lead you to it."

Turning to the photograph of a strange Indian with bent back and black face, I asked, "What can you tell me about this man?"

"He is from Yucatan. He is a witch doctor dressed for some ceremony."

"What about this good-looking Indian whom Mrs. Parent called 'Great Goose Neck'?"

"He is from eastern Washington. His real name was Pasqua." He spelled the name for us, "P-a-s-a-q-u-a."

Referring to the robe in which all the Parent photographs represented him, Father Serra said, "This is the robe I then wore. It is now in the museum at San Juan Capistrano."

My daughter remarked, "Scrambling around over these hills has made us appreciate Mrs. Parent's persistency," and to this I added, "Yes, and I admire her faith and her heroic perseverance. Southern California is a vast wilderness when one is trying to locate a hillside on which a few minute objects are buried."

Father Serra then said, "Having regard to the weight of your years, I shall lead you to hills more accessible and less steep." I thanked him for his consideration and he said, "Adios."

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The more closely I studied the records of these two sittings, the more certain I became that Mrs. Williams possessed super-normal powers of perception. She had declared that she had read nothing about the padres before coming to me, and that she was carefully refraining from reading about them now. Her sincerity appeared in certain minute details, such as spelling the names of the Indians and in identifying the padres on the small photographs entirely out of her normal vision.

"It may be," I said to my wife and daughter, "that she is able to pick some of these items out of my mind, but she didn't get 'Pasaqua' from me."

Our mechanism was proving enormously helpful, for by its use novel phenomena were being tested and recorded, but I was not content with it. I was convinced that it could, somehow, be attached to the loud speaker of my radio, but all the experts whom I consulted said, "It cannot be done."

When I referred this verdict to Fuller, he said, "You would only get distortion," and this I accepted as true.

"Let well enough alone," my wife and daughter argued.

Chapter 7

Conversations with the Invisibles

IN THE intervals between our exploring trips we continued to meet in my study each morning at ten. Our invisible visitors were now confined almost entirely to those who were connected in some way with my problem of the crosses. It was evident that my desire or that of Mrs. Williams controlled the gates of admission and exit, for none of my relatives, not even my father and mother, now ventured to knock at my door.

In explanation of this Fuller said, "We all know that the success of your book depends upon your validation of the crosses by finding others, and we are all bending our efforts to that end."

Nevertheless, now and then unaccountable intrusions by unknown personalities took place. One morning a voice said, "I am Robert M. May. I met you in London. It was at a meeting in a hall. Locke was presiding."

"Do you mean W. J. Locke?"

"Yes. I was a newspaper man at the time."

There was no reason for this man's coming. I did not remember him and I only dimly recalled the meeting. Why should the psychic create him — if she did create him?

At the beginning of another sitting in my study, a clear whisper said to Gaylord Beaman, "This is Sarah."

"Did I know you?"

"Yes, I knew you — all of you. I am Sarah Bixby."

"Did you have another name?"

"Yes, Smith."

We all exclaimed, for Sarah Bixby Smith was known to us

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all as one of the distinguished native daughters of California. She was a special friend of the Beamans.

Beaman asked, "Can you help Mr. Garland with these crosses?"

"I will try to find out where they came from."

In answer to questions from Mr. Beaman, she said, "I am going on with my work. I am writing."

Beaman then asked, "Children's stories?"

"No, no. History."

This was evidential, for she had been at work, in truth, on a history of early California.

When someone said, "What is it like over there?" she replied, "It is entirely different. I can't explain it."

She promised to come back, but did not keep her promise. This appeared to prove that our psychic had no power to bring a personality back to us, even though we all requested it.

This was followed by another natural and in some ways more evidential dialogue with a personality who said, "I am Leila McKee." This was the name of a young girl, a friend of my daughters in our Wisconsin summer home, but as she was still alive we decided that our visitor must be the aunt after whom she was named, a sister of her father, Samuel McKee. *As she is not mentioned in any of my chronicles*, Mrs. Williams could not have known of her. She was, in fact, only a one-time visitor in our home.

Another speaker, a man who gave his name as "Wendell," I immediately recalled. "Were you an old neighbor in West Salem, Wisconsin?" I asked.

"Yes."

"A Scotchman?"

"Yes."

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He tried to speak his family name but as I could not quite hear it, the psychic said, "It sounds something like McDown," and I helped out. "Is it McIlldowney?"

"That is right. I am Wendell McIlldowney."

I do not recall mentioning Wendell in any of my Middle Border books, but he was the son of an old pioneer named James McIlldowney.

The reason for my leading questions lies in the fact that the whispers were at times so faint that I was obliged to repeat the answers in order to have them confirmed. In reality, the dialogues were more significant than they appear in this report.

On May 5, my daughter had a very moving experience. First of all came one who said, "I am Candace Howard." She addressed herself to Constance and talked happily and fluently of Onteora, our Catskill home, where she had been a neighbor and a companion of both my daughters. I spoke of her father, Dr. L. O. Howard, and she entered into certain intimate details concerning the birth of a child which she had left behind her. She had died in giving it birth. The talk was quite as ready and as natural as it would have been over a telephone in Onteora.

This was followed by an amazingly characteristic harangue from a spirit who said he had been a childhood playmate of my daughters in Chicago, and that he had often visited us in New York City. He gave his name as "Arthur Barnhart," and he breezed along just as he used to do when deeply concerned over some reform. We could hardly interpolate a word or find a terminal station for him. He was quite as argumentative and positive as in life.

I said, "Arthur, you sound exactly like yourself."

He said good-by at last, but added, "I'll come again."

One of the most unusual characteristics of this mediumship

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was its readiness. At each sitting, almost before we had taken our places, the voices came. Nothing in the room seemed seriously to disturb them. Sitters would come and go while I was recording the whispered messages, and if I said, "Wait a moment," the unseen speaker paused with unruffled temper. It was precisely as if he were telephoning from another house. Mystery was in it all, but it was not the mystery of the dark seance.

"Morning, afternoon and evening are all the same to us," said Fuller. "Air pressure, however, is sometimes a barrier." "Fog," he called it, and explained, "It acts like 'static' on a radio."

We observed no ritual, offered no incantations and arranged no settings for the performance. Mrs. Williams' face was never contorted with pain and those who communicated with us were always calm, and often humorous. We joked with them or complimented them in perfectly normal manner. None of us regarded the hour as in any way sacred. Although convinced of the supernormal character of the utterances, we remained skeptical of the personalities behind them.

It is worth recording, however, that Augustus Thomas called me "Hamlin," while Henry Fuller and Edward Wheeler called me "Garland," as they used to do in life. Thomas was one of the few men who called me by my first name. The Parents called me "Mr. Garland," and the padres, "Señor Garland." These distinctions tended to make the communications personal and authentic.

For example, during an afternoon sitting, while Stewart Edward White and his wife were present, we heard the whispered name, "Don," repeated over and over with wistful insistence, for none of us could hear his full name or discover his wishes. At our evening sitting, however, several hours later,

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he succeeded in making himself known. He said, "I am Donn Byrne."

Although wholly unexpected, I greeted him warmly. "I am delighted to have you here, Donn Byrne. I greatly admired your work. You wrote beautiful English."

"So did you, Mr. Garland," he replied, with a charming Irish accent, wholly unlike that of the medium.

In a further exchange of compliments and at White's request, he spoke a sentence in Gaelic and then resumed his English with a delightful Irish brogue which was assumed for our pleasure.

White said, "It is exactly like a pleasant call from an admired fellow craftsman," and, when Byrne ceased speaking, added, "It would be interesting if Kipling could come."

I asked, "Is Kipling within reach?"

A whisper replied, "He is here."

"Are you Rudyard Kipling?"

He replied instantly as if he had been waiting at the telephone booth, "Yes, I am here."

"This is a most unexpected pleasure. I've just been re-reading your psychic story 'They.' It is a subtle and very beautiful story — one of the most beautiful and moving stories you ever published."

"I am delighted to hear you say that," he replied. "It was one of my earlier works."

A clear whisper now said, "This is Norris. Frank Norris."

White said, "I'm glad you came. You're the best speaker of the lot. Can you see me?"

"I can see both of you — Garland and White. Conditions are better now. I am still doing my work over here, Garland, and you are continuing your job."

All of these brief conversations took place in a room adjoin-

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ing my study, with a closed door between Mrs. Williams and our group. She might have heard an occasional word of the questions, but I do not think that she could have heard what White or Mrs. White said. Furthermore, she could not normally have spoken in Gaelic or produced Byrne's humorous Irish accent. The entire sitting came to us through heavy glass doors and over forty feet of one-way wire.

I admit that these tests had given me such confidence in Mrs. Williams that I permitted her to read some of Parent's notebooks. "After all," I said to White, "the final test of her mediumship is to be the finding of crosses similar to those in my possession. If she does that, she will enable me to validate the entire collection — which I begin to believe was honestly brought together by the Parents. Who made them, who buried them, why they were buried, will still remain my ultimate problems."

My diary shows that on April 16, we had under test conditions a very full program. In the midst of other voices from friends and relatives, a vigorous whisper interrupted, "I am Stead."

"Not William Stead of London?"

"Yes, William Stead of London."

"I am delighted to meet you again, Mr. Stead, after all these many years. I am particularly anxious to get your judgment on some photographs which a certain Mrs. Parent claims to have made of you with her own camera in her home in Redlands, California."

"Let me see them."

Bringing the large volume of prints from the table, I turned the pages slowly. "Can you see them?"

"Perfectly."

"Are they genuine?"

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"Yes, they are all genuine. The small figures are 'thought forms,' but the others are true spirit portraits."

After showing him the four or five snapshots which Mrs. Parent had secured of him, I asked, "Are these portraits of you wholly original?"

"They are. I used to wear a cloak like that."

"Were you ever photographed in exactly these attitudes — I mean during your life on this plane?"

"No, I was never photographed in the postures you find here. My daughter got some spirit photographs of me but none precisely like these. These are not copies, they are originals. My daughter wrote about those she took. You will find them in her book."

"Can you give us an ectoplasmic portrait of yourself similar to these?"

"Certainly. I can and I will."

"That is a highly important promise and I hope you succeed."

Stead's coming naturally suggested Dr. I. K. Funk, another publisher who was also interested in psychic research. I asked for him and he came, but did not make himself heard. I then said, "Dr. Funk, you ought to bring Edward Wheeler, who was for many years the editor of your *Current Literature*. He was a dear friend of my family and we have been asking for him."

Another whisper said, "Wheeler is here."

We all called a greeting to our old friend, and my wife asked, "Edward, why haven't you come to us before? We have all been calling for you."

He replied, "I didn't know that. If I had known it I would have come, although I dislike mediums who sit in the dark."

He called my wife "Mrs. Garland" as he always used to do.

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This touch of formality so characteristic of him, was highly evidential, for Mrs. Williams could not have known this fact.

My daughter said to Fuller a little later, "Uncle Henry, can't you bring Carl Akeley?"

Fuller answered, "I can and I will."

"How do you do it?" she asked. "How do you find him?"

"I send out a broadcast. Would you like to hear one?"

"I would indeed."

She then heard him call "Ake! — Ake!" in a strong whisper which gradually grew fainter, suggesting illimitable distance.

My daughter was highly amused by this performance. "Just how did you do that?" she demanded.

"It is all a matter of thought," Fuller replied. "It is a thought world we live in."

His use of the word "Ake" in calling our friend was also evidential. Many of Akeley's companions called him "Ake" but we never did. He was always "Carl Akeley" to us. Strange to say, he made no response to Fuller's repeated broadcast — a fact which added to our confidence in Mrs. Williams.

Strangers came in, men I did not know, padres of whom I had no knowledge. Fuller told us that many were waiting to speak, but that they all gave way to those who could be of service in the making of my book. I could not prove this then, and I cannot now. I give it to the reader for whatever it is worth.

Chapter 8

Finding Our First Cross

NO DOUBT many of my readers are asking, "Were you justified in trusting these whispering personalities? Did they not come from the psychic's subconscious mind — or your own?"

Suppose they did — the mystery remains. What led the psychic to say, "There are crosses at the base of a hill near Oxnard," and when I asked, "What landmark will enable us to find the spot?" what finally permitted her to answer, "At the foot of a low hill which stands out on the plain toward Oxnard you will find a rugged ledge of brown sandstone tinged with red. You will know it when you see it. The crosses will be in these colored rocks."

Now here was a perfectly definite statement which could be proved or disproved. I knew Oxnard very well. It was about sixty miles from my home, situated on a level plain some six or eight miles this side of Ventura. It was reached by two boulevards — one along the coast from Santa Monica; the other, called the Inland Route, ran from North Hollywood to Camarillo. I had no definite picture in my mind of any hill standing away from the range toward the west and Mrs. Williams declared that she had never been at Oxnard. I had no way of knowing whether she had or not, but I had no reason to distrust her.

"The only test is a visit to the place," I said, and on May 10 we planned to make a trial of her prevision.

In connection with this description of the ledge of rocks, Father Lasuén had twice spoken of crosses buried on a high plateau in the hills toward Ventura, and he now told us how

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The author and Mrs. Williams in the field.

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to reach it. "Take the road to the Ventura Hills just before you reach the plain — turn to the left," he said. "The crosses are on a high mesa. A road runs across it."

"Will you go with us and guide us?"

"Yes. Appoint a day and I will go with you."

Although I had traversed this inland highway many times, I had never observed any road leading to the left across the range. On reaching the point where we should have found such a road, we could find nothing but short farm lanes. We tried several of these but could not reach the hills, although the whispers still insisted that a road led to the flat top where the crosses were buried.

At last I said, "Father Lasuén, we can not find this road, and as we are near the ledge of red rocks, let us try that."

"Very well," he replied.

At the foot of the range we entered the little village of Camarillo, and there we found a road leading to the south toward a group of peaks which did, in fact, overlook the level plain toward Oxnard. With the voices again directing us, we drove toward the south till we came to a peak standing away from the range like a great bastion. It was about two thousand feet in altitude and covered with clumps of cactus.

As we were slowly skirting the base of this hill, Mrs. Williams said, "There is the red ledge!"

After studying the rugged outcropping of brown rock vividly tinged with red and overgrown with cactus, I asked, "Is this the place, Father Lasuén?"

"Yes."

There were, in fact, two of these ledges a few yards apart.

"Are they in this ledge?" I asked, pointing at the one nearest us.

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"Yes — in both ledges," came the answer in a highkeyed whisper.

"Are they high up?"

"No — low down — just between the rocks."

Mrs. Williams then said, "Father Serra is here also. He says a Hopi house once stood on this hill."

This was a suprising statement, for according to all authorities none of the Hopi people had ever built a village so far from the Colorado River. When I stated my doubt, the answer was prompt and definite. "Yes, a Hopi village once stood here. Their farms were laid out on this level land."

As I looked to the north over the fields of beets and alfalfa, it was easy to imagine that a primitive people had once made use of it.

"How long ago was this village built?"

After a pause, as if reflecting, our invisible guide replied, "Two hundred and twenty years ago."

"That would make it 1717."

"That is correct."

"If I should climb this hill, would I find remains of that Hopi house?"

"Yes, pottery and other things."

I could not doubt the medium's sincerity. Consider these facts: none of us had ever been within five miles of this place, we knew nothing of this hill, nothing of this red ledge, and yet here we stood at the foot of it — a rugged, cactus-covered wall of dark brown rocks, singularly edged with red, precisely as the whispering voice had described it while in my study. No sign of any habitation, ancient or modern, could be detected on the hill, and all my reading was against the statement that a Hopi village had once stood there.

After a moment's reflection, I said, "Mrs. Williams, if we

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could find remains of that Hopi house up there on the hill we would have conclusive evidence of your mediumship. No one could accuse you of planting a Hopi house."

Thick grass and clumps of weeds hid the base of the ledge, the face of which was covered by a mat of ancient and horrible cactus plants.

Alighting from the car, I pushed in toward the cliff. "Is this the place?"

"All along there!" Mrs. Williams called to me.

A careful survey convinced me that I could not penetrate that tangle without tools and stout leggings as a defense against the cactus needles.

Returning to the car, I said, "Father Lasuén, to dig a cross out of that tangle of cactus is too difficult a job for a man of my years — and quite impossible for Mrs. Williams."

"That is true," he replied. "You must come again with two strong men."

I mention these cactus barriers and the fact that there was no sign of recent passage in order to forestall any charge of "planting" which might arise. Mrs. Williams did not set foot outside the road. Her dread of the barbed grass and a fear of snakes prevented her from approaching the ledge. The spot was not one of her own choosing, that was evident.

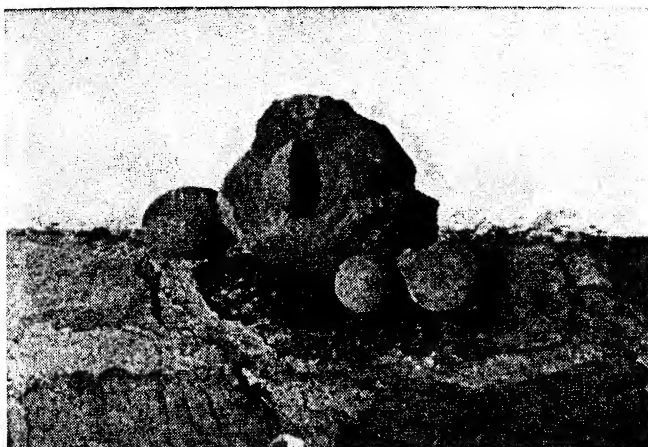
"No woman ever planted crosses on that ledge," I said as we drove away.

Two days later at our morning seance, Father Lasuén threw out another surprising statement. He whispered, "There is an underground chamber on the ledge where the Hopi house stood."

"Do you mean a priest's khiva?"

"Yes. If you dig deep you will find many things belonging to them."

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*“Man-made” rocks discovered under the guidance of
Father Serra.*

This led me to say, “Are there any surface indications of such a khiva?”

“Yes. On the first terrace.” He then added, “There is a natural opening,” a fact which the psychic could not possibly have seen, for the cactus-covered hill was impossible for a woman’s climbing.

“Very well, Father Lasuén. I shall climb that hill myself. There must be an old trail.”

My wife tried to dissuade me. “Remember your seventy-six years,” she said warningly.

That Mrs. Williams had faith in her voices was evident when she said, “I’ll climb that hill with you.”

Now that we knew the road, it was less than two hours’ ride to the ledge, and that afternoon, wearing old clothes and stout shoes, Mrs. Williams and I were driven to the hill by my daughter. As I left the car and started up the steep side of the mountain, Mrs. Williams started with me but was forced to

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turn back. A faint path zigzagged up the west side but it was so overgrown with clumps of cactus that I was compelled to wallow through tall dead grass covered with barbs.

With no cutting tool to clear the way, my ankles and knees were soon filled with cactus needles. The higher I went the worse it became. By the time I reached the first terrace, I could feel the blood running down my legs. Finding no sign of habitation at this point, I dropped down to a level spot which overlooked the plain — just the kind of outlook that a Hopi priest would choose for meditation in view of the sunset sea.

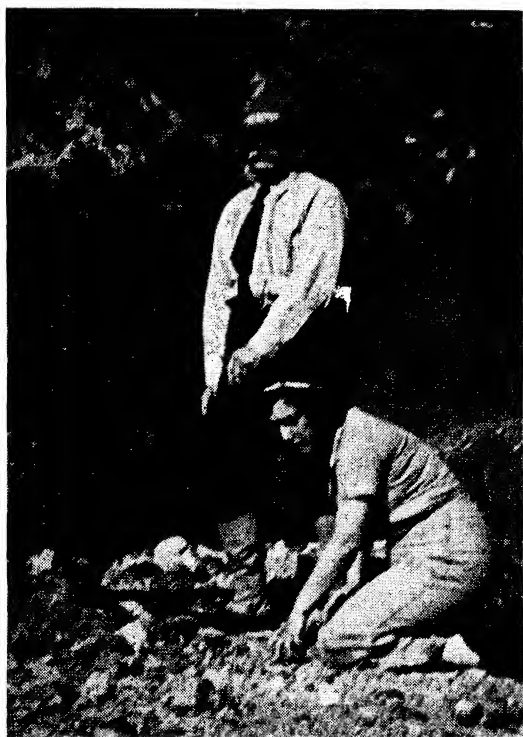
Here I discovered a depression filled with a thick tangle of some sort of shrub, so dense that I could not see the soil in which it was rooted. I understood why Father Serra had urged taking some strong young men along. To disclose the entrance of this ruined khiva would require workmen with axes and spades. Without the presence of Mrs. Williams and the aid of her voices I could do nothing, but to ask her to climb through those cactus thickets would be unreasonable.

The return to the plain was more difficult and painful than the ascent. Slipping and sliding, I arrived at the car smarting from deep punctures by cactus spear-points, my shoes bristling with innumerable barbs caught from the dry grass.

“The discovery of a khiva up there, with a few pieces of broken pottery would have a very great archaeologic value,” I said to Mrs. Williams, “and from the standpoint of a psychic investigator, it would have still greater significance. It would prove the truth of your clairvoyant power, for I doubt if any woman has ever set foot on that hill. I can not ask you to do so. If Father Lasuén in describing this ancient khiva is correct, he must have gained his knowledge from his Indians. He never climbed this hill and I am certain you never did.”

At our next seance, I said to Fuller, “I wish you would round

Finding Our First Cross



*Mrs. Williams spared herself not at all.
She overturned rocks and sifted gravel
with her bare hands.*

up those Indian spooks and see if they cannot locate some of their buried treasures in more accessible locations. Climbing steep hills is a little too painful for an old fellow like me."

To this he made characteristic reply. "I can and I will. I shall now take charge of the situation. I am told that there are many crosses buried in an open valley near old Fort Tejon. They are among a scattered grove of oaks about two miles this side of Lebec and on the left-hand side of the road. Go

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there tomorrow and you'll come back with a cross in your hand."

I knew Lebec. It was situated in a high valley about seventy-five miles to the north and east of my home. I had driven past it many times but had no memory of a grove of oaks. Mrs. Williams declared that while she had once been through this route, she remembered nothing of it in detail, and as for our invisible advisor, Henry Fuller, he had never visited California in the flesh. In view of all this, I will admit that I planned this expedition with very little faith in the whispered assurance of success. However, Lebec was less than three hours distant and over a beautiful mountain boulevard, and so I decided to go.

Leaving at nine the following morning, we reached the valley about eleven but saw no grove on our left or on our right. A few oaks stood scattered about on the level floor of the valley but they could hardly be called a grove. Parking in a quiet place, I said, "Henry — we saw no grove at all — only a few stunted oaks in a pasture."

He whispered, "That is the place. Turn back. Go two miles. I will be there."

On turning back, we took the old road which was no longer used, and at exactly two miles came to a fairly large oak which threw a grateful shade over the wire fence. In the perfect stillness of this abandoned road, we were again able to hear our guide clearly.

I said, "Well, Henry, here we are, two miles from Lebec. Is this the place?"

In the familiar high, faint whistling whisper to which his utterance was diminished by the sunlight, he replied, "This is the place."

Looking over the wide, dry, level pasture I said, "There is no cactus and no climbing here. Fuller has kept his promise so

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far — but how can we possibly locate a cross in this expanse of dry grass?"

Crawling under the fence, Mrs. Williams, my daughter Constance and I moved rather aimlessly toward a stony stream-bed in the middle of the enclosure. Mrs. Williams said, "Father Serra is here."

Observing a significant spread of small stones on a level spot between a group of trees, I was moved to say, "Father Serra, this looks like the site of an ancient Indian village."

Mrs. Williams repeated a whispered reply. "He says it was once a village of Snake Indians."

"Do you mean a village of Shoshone Indians?"

"Yes."

"How many were in the village?"

"About a hundred. Their chief was called Yellow Belly."

"What became of them? Why did they leave?"

"Because of drought. Their stream failed them. It sank — ran underground."

"Where are the crosses buried?"

"Around the trees — close to the root."

"Around all of the trees?"

"Yes, all of those near this spot."

"Father Serra, this is a new thought to me. Why did this tribe bury their idols around trees?"

"They put them there as a prayer for better luck in their new home. There are many crosses here — some are in the ground where you stand and also in the dry bed of the stream."

Here was a novel concept. These people were not sun worshippers. They were from the east and not related in any way to the Yumans.

As we were scratching around among the lines of rock

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which seemed to mark the spot on which the tepees had once stood, a voice whispered, "They did their cooking here."

I could not hear these whispered words, but my daughter caught most of them and with her aid I carried on a most astonishing dialogue.

Here we stood in a wide, sunny valley — my daughter, Mrs. Williams and I, listening to a voice which claimed to be that of my most intimate friend, a fellow student of psychical matters, and to the voice of a priest who had been dead more than a century. Both these personalities assured me that I would find the proof of human survival in certain small pieces of metal hidden around the roots of a dozen gnarled and aged oak trees.

As a matter of fact, this was only another scouting expedition. We had no pick or spade and such digging as we were able to do with the small tools in the car yielded nothing. As we started home Fuller said, "The crosses were there. Come back. Bring proper tools and dig."

Two days later, with Mrs. Williams and her son, a youth of eighteen, my wife, my daughter and I returned and parked under the same tree by the wire fence. While my wife and I were eating luncheon, my daughter and George Williams took spades and went out among the near-by oaks to dig, while Mrs. Williams explored the stream-bed.

In less than half an hour Constance came running toward me, calling, "I have one!"

As she extended her hand through the fence, I saw in it a rusty metal cross about six inches long. That it conformed to the general character of those in the Parent collection was evident at a glance. It was decorated with the dim turbaned heads which Father Serra had said were Arabian.

"Where did you find it?"

"At the foot of a big tree. I was spading the ground. It was

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about a foot deep in the earth. My spade broke a piece out of it."



Found by Constance Garland, May 15, 1937. Observe faint heads and faces.

I confess that at the moment I was quite as jubilant as my daughter. It seemed a veritable validation of the collection of crosses, and though we found no more that day, I rode home with that cross in my hand — as Fuller had said I would.

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On reflection, however, I realized that the skeptical reader would say — as they had said of Mrs. Parent, “Your psychic abstracted this cross from your collection and between your two trips drove out there and planted it.”

Although my daughter said, “I dug it up from ground that showed no sign of having been disturbed and while Mrs. Williams was a long way off,” I was forced to admit that I had not been a witness to its discovery, and when, on the way home, Fuller whispered, “Now you have it!” I replied, “Yes, I have it but I am not satisfied. I want two or three more from two or three different locations. I need more proof.”

“Proof you shall have,” he curtly replied.

Chapter 9

San Jacinto

THE NEED of finding another cross was immediately apparent, for when my daughter announced to one of our friends that she had found a cross, she was instantly met with the question, "Who planted it?" The questioner went further, he said, "Did *you*?"

"It is evident," I said, "that we must have other specimens taken under test conditions from at least two other localities, and that to go back to the oak grove would not do, even though our guide assures us that more of the artifacts still remain there. The charge of planting would certainly be made."

One morning shortly after this accusation, Mrs. Williams as she came in smilingly announced that she had had a vision in which she had heard the words, "San Jacinto." "I saw crosses lying in the sand of a wash coming down from a high hill. Is there such a place as San Jacinto?"

"Yes, there is such a mountain — a high peak about one hundred miles east of here — and I think there is a village of that name. We will ask about it this morning."

During our sitting I spoke of the medium's vision and Father Serra said, "There is such a town, and there are crosses to be found in a wash about four miles northwest of it."

With intent to make a test case of this information, I spread a map of Southern California upon my desk, several feet distant from the medium and upside down to her vision. As its lines were quite invisible to her, she could not guide my pencil. Tracing the road to Hemet and to a point above San Jacinto, I asked, "Father Serra, is this the place?"

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"Yes. The crosses are in a wash about four miles northwest of the town."

I placed my pencil on a line. "Is this the road?"

"Yes. Keep to the left, near the hills."

Drawing a circle at a point where a stream was indicated, I again asked, "Is this the place?"

"Yes — where the road crosses a wash."

"Very well. We will go there tomorrow."

As a matter of fact, I had little faith in this vision and not much confidence in the whispered statement which confirmed it, but an exploration of the San Jacinto region would undoubtedly prove enjoyable, and on May 6, 1937, we drove to the little village of San Jacinto, which lies just south of the great peak. From here we made two false starts, however. We got on roads which led away from the mountains, and each time our invisible guides said, "Not right. Take a road leading north to the mountains."

At last we reached a spot — the spot which my map indicated — where a bridge crossed a stream, and when I asked, "Is this the place?" the whisper definitely said, "This is the spot."

On our left was a range of high hills and from a deep canyon a stream-bed, now dry, came down the slope and ended at the river bank.

"This is the wash. Look about," the whispers said.

With no time to do more than survey the flat near the river and to walk up the wash for a short distance, we planned to return and make a careful search of the location. This we did on May 25. My entry reads:

Today we made an early start and drove again to San Jacinto, accompanied by the medium and her son. Reaching the lower end of the wash, we parked our car and began a careful inspection of the shallow furrow which had been gouged out of the

San Jacinto

hillside by floods from the high peaks. It was filled with rocks embedded in sand. These the whisper commanded us to overturn.

"Are some of the crosses visible?" I asked.

"Yes. Look around."

While Mrs. Williams and her son were spading the gravel and overturning rocks, I stood near, closely observing the work. George, who was using the spade, said to his mother, "Wait a minute! There is something which looks like a piece of metal."

Picking a small object out of the sand, he handed it to his mother. "Take a look at that!"

After a glance at it she said, "It is nothing," and was about to throw it away when I interposed. "Don't do that! Let me see it."

As she handed it to me I instantly recognized it as a weather-worn fragment of a metal cross, a piece of the bar. The standard and the top had been broken away, probably by the rocks among which it had been carried along the wash in torrential rains.

Small as it was, it was of enormous significance, for on it were the prints of three claws, a mark which we had been told represented the foot of a three-toed sloth, and it offered testimony tending to validate the Parents' collection. I said to Mrs. Williams and my daughter, "We may not be able to prove our case to the public, but the finding of this fragment is as valuable as if it were complete and six inches long."

Although we continued our search for an hour, we found nothing more. On returning to our seats in the car, I said, "Father Serra, where did this fragment come from?"

"It was washed down from that high hill. Do you see the small pyramid or mound on its top?"

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"Yes. Who built it?"

"It was built by the Quicheanas as a place for sun worship."

"I'd like to go up there, but it's an appalling climb. I doubt if I could reach it. I know Mrs. Williams could not."

"Nobody but the headmen and priests went to it — and they went only occasionally to make sacrifices to their gods."

"What were their sacrifices?"

"Corn and venison and animals."

"I can understand that, for I have visited places in Montana where the Cheyennes laid out food and cloth for their spirits."

"The Quicheanas sacrificed cloth up there in the same way. They also sacrificed panthers, foxes and other animals."

"Is that the reason why animal heads appear on the crosses?"

"Yes. Each man carried a cross in this ceremony."

"What did they do with these crosses?"

"They held them up toward the sun as they chanted their prayer. At the close of the ceremony, each man buried his cross where he stood. In the many years since, some of them have been washed out and down, but there are many more up there."

"How was the mound constructed?"

"By rolling rocks together. A large rock forms the top."

"What would we find if we should tear the mound down?"

"Pottery and many crosses."

"These people came from South America, did they not?"

"Yes. They were sun worshippers."

"That is the reason why all these crosses — or most of them — were found on the sides of hills or in rocky ravines?"

"Yes, but some tribes — at Lebec, for instance — planted them at the roots of trees as offerings to their gods."

I realize the fantastic character of this dialogue, but my wife and daughter will bear witness to its truth. I could not hear all the words and my daughter could not follow every phrase,

San Jacinto

but we all heard enough to confirm the messages which the psychic repeated to us. The voice gave the impression of a wise old man who knew these lives and customs of primitive peoples. (I was never able to confirm her statement concerning the mounds.)

"You say these people came from the south?" I asked.

"Yes. The Quicheanas were driven out of their homes in Central America by the Spaniards."

"How did they come — by boat?"

"No, by inland trails. It took a year to make the journey."

"Are the Yumans of these people?"

"Yes."

I showed him the broken cross. "What are the marks on this fragment?"

"They are intended to represent the footprint of a sloth."

"What is the metal?"

"It is partly silver."

"Father Serra, I am more than seventy-six years old — I cannot climb these cactus-covered hills. Can you not send me to places where I shall not be called upon to climb?"

"I can send you to a place in the park near your home."

"Will you do that tomorrow morning?"

"No, no! Now."

He then said, "Go along the new road leading to the north from the planetarium — the road to the right leading around toward the San Fernando valley. You will come to a pile of rock on the left-hand side of the road about a mile from the summit. A small canyon comes down at this point. Go up this canyon."

"But Father Serra, that is a park. We cannot dig there without a permit."

"No digging is necessary."

The Mystery of the Buried Crosses

The thought of this new location which was only ten minutes from our gate surprised and delighted me, and on our way home we planned an immediate visit to the spot.

After we reached home, I persuaded Mrs. Williams to stay for dinner and to sit for a short time in the hope that Father Serra would confirm the directions which he had given to us in the car.

In the belief that a shaded room would increase the power of the voices, I drew the curtains to my study and carried the receiver into my bedroom. With the doors closed between the two rooms, my wife and I sat in the light, with the receiver on the table before us. The psychic could neither see us nor hear us, normally.

Almost immediately a whisper came from the receiver a whisper which was so nearly a voice that it startled me. It called, "Garland! Garland! Can you hear me?"

"Yes — for the first time in two weeks I can hear you without effort. Who is speaking?"

"Fuller."

"I'm delighted to hear you, Henry. I have found a second cross. I begin to think that the Parents told the truth. They were ignorant but honest."

"Of course they were, but can you make your readers believe it?"

"Not with only two crosses, although they have immense significance to me. Critics will say this fragment was planted. I need two or three others from other locations."

"You'll get them. I'll see that you do."

(We did not follow out Father Serra's direction concerning crosses in the park. We found workmen building a new road there.)

Chapter 10

The Huachi Valley

ON May 27, when Mrs. Williams came into my study she said, "I have had another vision. This time I was shown a little valley on the left-hand side of the Ridge Road, about five miles beyond where we found the 'man-made' rocks. I am told there are crosses in the stream-bed of this valley."

"Very well. We will drive out that way this afternoon and see if we can locate your valley, but this morning I want to talk again with Parent."

Placing her in an adjoining room, I closed the door and seated myself at the receiver of my one-way telephone. When Fuller came, I said, "Henry, I want to speak with Gregory Parent."

"He is here. They are both here."

A voice then called, "Mr. Garland — this is Parent. You wanted to speak with me."

"Yes. I expect to publish an article soon, and no doubt the editor will want to use some of your photographs to illustrate the article. I want to know if you have any heirs who might file a claim for damages."

"No, I have no relatives but my half-sister, Mrs. Stack."

"Did Mrs. Parent leave any heirs?"

"No, she has no relatives who can make any claim to the crosses or the photographs."

"I am greatly obliged. That simplifies my problem."

This conversation, which was fluent and natural, confirmed all that I had previously been told by Mrs. Stack.

The Mystery of the Buried Crosses

In the afternoon of this same day, we drove out along the Ridge Road seeking the little valley which Mrs. Williams had seen in her vision.

I said to her, "It amuses me to see how closely you are following in Mrs. Parent's footsteps. I hope your visions will prove as fruitful as hers."

After leaving the San Fernando Hill, whereon we had found the "sacred rocks," we passed several small valleys, all very much alike, but as we neared the five-mile mark Mrs. Williams spoke. "There is the valley. The hills are exactly as I saw them in my dream."

It is important to note that this valley was on private property and that a group of tourist cabins and a fence barred the entrance. In order to gain admission, it was necessary to ask permission of the proprietor. This I did by saying that I had been told of certain Indian relics which had been discovered in this valley. "I should like permission to go up and see if I can find some for myself."

He replied very pleasantly that his land only went to the mouth of the valley but that we were welcome to drive over it. "Our boundary is a dam across the creek."

I am quite certain that Mrs. Williams had never crossed this private lot and yet as we drove up into the valley she called attention to objects she had seen in her vision. Halting under a large tree, we both alighted and walked up the lovely dell till we came to a wire fence and a dam left by a recent rain storm. At this point, Mrs. Williams, who was wearing high-heeled shoes and silk stockings, halted. She could not pass the barrier but I went on up along the bank of the stream.

The reader should make note of this: The water was flowing in the gulch, which was deep and muddy. I rejoined Mrs. Williams at the fence and we returned to the car. "If there

The Huachi Valley

are any crosses in that stream bed, they are under water," I reported to my wife.

As I took my seat beside Mrs. Williams, who was at the wheel, I said, "Father Serra, this is a beautiful spot. It looks to me like the site of another Indian village."

"It is," he replied. "The huts were a little farther up the stream — on that level bank."

"To what tribe did they belong — the Shoshones?"

"No, they were Washees."

I had never heard of this tribe. I thought he meant "Washoes" and I asked him to spell it. He began by spelling "H-u-a-," then hesitated. I helped him out. "Huachies."

"That is correct. That is the Spanish spelling of the name for the tribe."

I said, "I shall look up the name when I get home. How long did they live here?"

"A long time — hundreds of years."

"Then there must be many relics buried here?"

"There are — I shall help you find them. These were mission Indians. They came from the north."

All this was contrary to my thinking. "Thus far most of the tribes we have studied came from the south. These people, then, had no connection with Yucatan or Guatemala?"

"No — no connection whatever."

"Father Serra, I take it that you have changed in your attitude toward these primitive races."

"I have — very greatly."

"Your zeal as a missionary led you to exaggerate their faults."

"Undoubtedly."

"My own attitude is quite different," I went on to say, with a feeling that he was weighing my words. "In common with

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my scientific friends, I consider all primitive peoples creatures of their environment — like other animals, and that they are no more to be called 'treacherous' or 'cruel' than the wolf or the mountain lion. As a matter of fact, your own account of them names many good traits."

To this he made no reply, but I had the conviction that he agreed with me. He was the most zealous of missionaries, one who not only flagellated himself in the sight of his congregation, but lived in almost unrelenting hardship and pain — all to very small purpose, as the world views it. "I shall take this up with him again," I said to Mrs. Williams as we started homeward. "We must come here later, after the stream dries up and when you are clothed for exploration."

Immediately on entering my study, I got down my encyclopedia and there I found these two obscure lines "Huachi, a former Costenoan village near Santa Cruz Mission." In very truth they had come down from the north as our invisible guide had stated.

I had never seen this name before and I cannot believe that Mrs. Williams had thumbed my encyclopedia and selected from three thousand pages of fine print this two-line reference to a small village of coast Indians. The chances of her hitting upon this reference are about a million to one!

Realizing that the mud and water might prevent our finding anything, we did not return to the valley for several weeks, but I think it wise to record at this point that on June 21 Fuller said to me, "Go to the Huachi valley today."

The day was warm and Mrs. Williams did not welcome a trip across the San Fernando valley, but Fuller was insistent, and at two o'clock, driven by our young housekeeper, Phyllis Toal, we set out for the little valley.

Parking our car, as before, under a large tree, we put on

The Huachi Valley

boots and leggings to protect us from barbs and possible snakes, and descended into the stream-bed which had become dry at this point. I called to Fuller, "Shall we look here?"

"No — higher up!" he replied sharply.

As we went up the gully, it narrowed and grew deeper until at last the abrupt banks were almost as high as our heads, and at times we were forced to crawl under overhanging thorny shrubs and tangled vines. We kept sharp eyes out for poisonous plants, and a bad-tempered bull kept close watch on us. The psychic was troubled by his roaring and I was apprehensive that her fear might hinder our search.

I mention these conditions to forestall charges of deception on Mrs. Williams' part. That she had not penetrated to this point on our previous search is certain. It was difficult to go up this wash when dry. When filled with mud and water it was quite impossible.

In a short time her stockings were filled with burrs, her shirt waist soiled and torn, and she was almost exhausted by the exertion and the heat. Nevertheless she persisted, for Fuller ordered us to keep on. "Go on — higher up," he whispered.

We came at last almost to the point where the spring torrents, striking a high bank, had made a sharp turn. Here the whisper said, "No higher. Look around."

At this point lay a dike of gravel mixed with large rocks. Mrs. Williams said, "He says, 'Overturn the rocks.'"

Phyllis, our driver, a strong, country-bred girl, attacked a rock which was deeply imbedded in the gravel, and just as I drew near to help, she upheaved it and with an excited exclamation pointed out the deep bed in which the rock had lain.

"There's a cross!"

Bending over the pit, I saw a small cross lying amid a mat of white roots just where the weight of the rock had pressed it

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into the soil. As I picked it out of this bed of roots, I noted that its form was outlined, as if the roots had grown round it. Phyllis afterward said (see appendix) that some of the roots had grown across it. This I could not verify. The piece, similar to those in the Parent collection, bore the heads which Father Serra had said were Arabian and not Hindu.

Let me pause at this moment to sum up the situation. This cross was under a big stone in the dry bed of a stream up which we had been guided by a whispering voice. To charge Mrs. Williams with having placed this amulet under the stone is absurd. She was afraid of cattle and snakes. If we say that it was placed there by a confederate, we must grant her clairvoyant power in finding it. There was nothing to mark its position in this gully.

"Fuller," I said. "this cross has nine times more value as evidence than those we found at Lebec and San Jacinto. Evidential value increases in geometric ratio. You say there are more to be found here?"

"Yes, two more."

"Are they buried like this one?"

"No, both are in rocks — down the wash."

"How large are they? As large as my two fists?"

"Larger."

Slowly we made our way back, reexamining the boulders. At last I called a halt. "I am satisfied. Let's get out of here."

Mrs. Williams was especially glad to quit, for the watchful bull had several times come to the bank of the gully and "growled" at her. Hot, tired, full of burrs, but triumphant, we climbed the wire fence and sought the comfort and security of our car.

I considered this a most convincing test of the psychic's powers. The fact that at our first visit she did not enter the

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stream-bed and that the water was flowing in it at that time, made "planting" it difficult. To do so she would have been forced not only to brave that bull but to wade in the mud and water of the stream-bed. I don't know who put the cross there, but Mrs. Williams led us to the spot and told us when to overturn the rocks.

The reader must grant that in this exploration she in no way resembled the traditional medium of the dark, back-parlor séance.

"With your aid," I said to her, "I have succeeded in finding three crosses, one at Lebec — some sixty miles to the north of my home; a second at San Jacinto — eighty miles to the east; and now here — in a valley twenty-five miles to the north — at the head of a stream, under a heavy rock, half buried in the gravel and soil, my driver, under my very eyes, uncovers a third cross which I myself pick from its matrix. I should be content, but I am not. I must have more in order to carry conviction to my readers.

"All question of 'planting' must be excluded. These specimens seem to be of Indian manufacture and of Indian burial, but the question *why* they were buried, remains unanswered. That they were used in barbaric ceremonials on the hills, that they had nothing to do with the missions, must be proved. Tomorrow morning, I shall call for the explorers, Oñate and Garces, and ask them for further information concerning the use of crosses by the Indians before the missionaries came."

That night as I compared that rusty little "idol" with those already in my possession, I was convinced that it was not only very old but that it had come a long way — perhaps from the Old World.

(More than eight months later, on September 7, 1938, Fuller urged us to go again to the Huachi valley, saying, "There are

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still one or two crosses to be found there." In my diary I find these lines: "We found the place much changed by the recent flood, but we got down into the stream-bed as before, my daughter Isabel and her husband Mindret Lord, Mrs. Williams and I, and worked our way up to a point beyond where we had found the cross under the stone. Fuller kept repeating, "Higher up." At last, at a point which neither of us had reached before, Lord found a small cross of the barbaric type. It was lying under the overhanging bank. I said to Fuller, "This is our sixteenth find —" and he tartly replied, "It is enough."

"I don't want you to say I am —"

I was about to say "insatiable," when he took the word out of my mouth.

"Insatiable — but you are. Let this end your search.")

Chapter 11

Testing the Psychic

AS AN experimenter of forty-five years' experience, I am fully aware that the value of the foregoing chapters is wholly dependent upon the sincerity and proved supernormal powers of Mrs. Williams, and I think it well at this point to pause and state other tests which established her as a trusted coworker.

On July 20, 1937, I proved the supernormal character of her voices by muffling the transmitter in a woolen blanket and by pressing a folded handkerchief over her mouth. This was witnessed and recorded by A. G. Beaman. At later dates, my daughter frequently went behind her and placed a hand over her lips — all without effect. The whispers in each case went on without apparent loss of power.

The significance of these whispers is very great. To say that speech is possible without the use of tongue or teeth or lips, is to state something wholly inexplicable. This I realized at the outset, and from time to time I made other tests of this phenomenon.

To Mrs. Williams I said, "These whispers may seem commonplace to you, but to me they are of supreme importance. What can we do to separate them from your normal organs of speech?"

She answered with entire good humor, "You might put a candy marble in my mouth and seal my lips with surgeon's tape. This was done in Chicago by a committee of medical people and I am willing to have it done again."

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"That is a capital suggestion. No ventriloquist would submit to such a test."

One morning, sometime later, I asked my friend Beaman and one or two others to witness this test, and I have before me as I write his shorthand report of it.

Placing Mrs. Williams in her seat in the corner of my study, I carried the receiver into an adjoining room and left it in charge of Beaman, his wife, my daughter Constance and my secretary, Miss McCoy. My wife remained with Mrs. Williams.

Returning to my study, I took from my desk a flat piece of candy which children call an "all-day sucker." It was not only very hard and slow to dissolve, but it had in it a stick which served as a handle. It could neither be chewed nor swallowed, and it was so broad that it quite filled the medium's mouth. It covered her tongue completely.

Having placed this pleasant gag in her mouth, I took a seat beside her. As the door was closed between me and the group about the receiver in the adjoining chamber, I could not hear a sound from there. I could hear no whisper from the medium's lips.

That it was impossible for her to utter T, D or S, I myself had proven, by placing a similar lollipop in my own mouth.

After a period of watchful waiting, I called Mr. Beaman and my daughter into my study and asked them to report what they had heard in the receiver.

According to Mr. Beaman's notes, the following dialogue was carried on.

My daughter Constance began by saying, "Uncle Henry B., are you going to show us where the crosses are, at the barren trees?"

Voice: "Yes."

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Constance: "Shall we go Monday?"

Voice: "Yes."

Constance: "Will you be able to talk to us?"

Voice: "Surely."

Constance: "Perhaps you can tell us on the way."

Voice: "Yes."

Constance: "Is the medium losing her power?"

Voice: "I am afraid so."

Constance: "Will she get it back after a rest?"

Voice: "Yes."

After Beaman had reported the conversation, he took a position on the other side of Mrs. Williams and, with the other witnesses all standing about, recorded the following dialogue in shorthand.

Garland: "Henry, we had a very good test."

Voice: "Yes, a fine test — a perfectly fine test. Can you hear me?"

Garland: "Everything is set for Monday?"

Voice: "Yes."

Garland: "You will be able to communicate with us in the car?"

Voice: "Yes."

Garland: "Mr. Beaman cannot climb hills, so we are taking Putnam along."

Voice: "All right."

Garland: "We shall drive up through Hidden Valley, as usual, till we get to the place where the old fellow was —"

Voice (interrupting): "Go beyond that."

Garland: "Down to the corner of the pasture?"

Voice: "Beyond *that*."

Garland: "We will then ask for you in the car — if you can talk to us —"

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Voice (interrupting): "I'll be there."

At this point I removed the candy from Mrs. Williams' mouth.

We were all astounded by the success of our test. Not only were the whispers clearly enunciated, in words impossible for the medium to utter normally but part of them had been projected to another room. Furthermore, they were pertinent to my purpose.

I invite the reader to try uttering the words, "all right," or "go beyond that," with a sucker, or a soup spoon bottom side up, resting upon his tongue.

In dark seances I had many times, heard voices allegedly supernormal, but they lacked evidential value, for the reason that they came in complete blackness, where the normal speech organs of the medium were not controlled.

The most drastic test which I had up to this time been able to apply, was in a sitting with the famous Boston medium, Margery Crandon. In her case, I used a voice cut-out machine which had been provided for me. As I stood beside her, in a light strong enough to outline her face, I put a wide, glass mouthpiece between her lips. Notwithstanding this barrier, Walter, her guide, had not only spoken to me in a strong, clear voice but had whistled a tune, while Margery, by blowing through a tube, was holding a pith ball at a certain point in a glass container filled with water.

I considered this test at the time conclusive proof of the complete separation of Walter's voice from Mrs. Crandon's normal speech organs, but here now, in my own study, I had applied an equally drastic test in the full light of the morning sun. All talk of ventriloquistic skill was at an end.

To my friends I said, "We have separated the whispers from the normal speech organs of the psychic, but we have

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not separated the messages from her subconscious mind. That is the final and most elusive problem."

In order to add still further proof of Mrs. Williams' supernatural utterance, I include at this point a report made by the Chicago woman physician, Dr. Nora Rager, and two associates who, at my suggestion, not only placed a round soup spoon over Mrs. Williams' tongue, but employed a stethoscope in an attempt to locate the centers of vibration from which the whispers came.

Dr. Rager wrote, "With spoons in the mouths of the psychic and her sister, we had three voices most of the time. *There was no vibration in the handles of the spoons.* The peculiar thing about it was that the volume of the voices was increased by the placing of the spoons in their mouths. We also listened with the stethoscope. There was no vibration of the throat, chest or over the solar plexus, although we could hear the voices distinctly. Dr. Poundstone heard his wife's voice through the trumpet distinctly, and carried on an extensive conversation with her."

To make the report still more definite, I wrote out a list of questions and sent them to Dr. Rager. I quote these questions and her penciled replies.

"Did the three voices which you heard come at the same time while both the psychic and her sister were gagged?"

"Yes."

"Were they voices or just whispers?"

"Voices."

"Were they clear?"

"Yes."

"Did the two sisters act together?"

"They were both gagged in the same way at the same time. One voice was in the trumpet, one between Mrs. H.

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and me, the other came from the opposite side of the room."

"Did any of *my* guides manifest?"

"No."

"Did any of them speak of me?"

"No."

"Were they entirely concerned with personalities in your group?"

"Yes."

"Did the voices seem to be in the air outside the bodies of the two psychics?"

"Yes."

"Did the voices offer any explanation of their production?"

"No. No questions pertaining to that were asked. Dr. Poundstone had some highly evidential messages, and carried on quite an extended conversation, which was remarkable as it was only his second experience."

The most valuable of all the Chicago tests came a few days later and was entirely unpremeditated. A letter to me from a dentist who shared in their experiments gave most amazing proof of Mrs. Williams' supernormal endowment.

He wrote: "At Dr. Rager's request, I am writing to you regarding a remarkable experience I had this afternoon. At two o'clock, I placed a synthetic filling in an upper bicuspid tooth for Mrs. Williams. While I was holding the celluloid matrix in place for the three minutes' duration required for the material to set, my dead wife's voice came to me very distinctly and several questions were asked and answered.

"Mrs. Williams' mouth was wide open. I had one hand in her mouth holding the matrix, her head was tipped back and her throat was full of saliva. These facts are most convincing evidence that the voice was not made by the medium or anyone else, as we were alone in my office at the time."

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Having demonstrated that the voices did not come from the psychic's lips, I decided to carry the receiver to an upper chamber in my daughter's house, and connect it with the transmitter which Mrs. Williams held, while seated as usual in my study.

So far as I knew, nothing like this test had ever before been made. I had begun some months before by listening to whispers coming from the larger end of a trumpet held against the psychic's body, and I had gradually extended the audible area. "I shall now ask the invisibles to project their words over a wire a hundred and fifty feet long and into another house."

With Mrs. Williams seated as usual in a corner of my study, with my wife beside her, I called my secretary to my daughter's house, where I had already installed the receiver. While not at all confident of getting a direct reply to my questions, I took my seat at the receiver.

Fuller, who came at once, whispered, "Conditions are not good, but I will do my best." For ten or fifteen minutes his voice was so dominated by a prolonged whistling sound from the machine that I could catch only occasional words or phrases, but at last I heard him say, "Go to the San Fernando valley — this afternoon — the barren trees later —"

"Where in the San Fernando valley?" I asked, but got no detailed instructions.

"The medium is low in power today," he explained at last.

A few minutes later a clear, different whisper came. "Garland! Garland!"

"Who is speaking?"

"Doyle. I came to tell you that Barrie is over here!"

"Barrie is there?"

"Yes. He is sleeping. He cannot speak but he is all right."

"I have just been writing of him."

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"I know you have."

He said no more, *but this short dialogue contained two direct replies* — enough to rule out guess work. Brief as the sentences were, I had the impression of having taken part in a real conversation. Word had come of Barrie's death the day before, but I had refrained from asking for him. I started to ask Doyle what he thought of my long-wire experiment, but he and some other invisible seemed to be "in conference" and no attention was paid to my question.

At last the whispering ceased, and I again said, "Fuller, this is a very important experiment. Can you carry it out?"

"We can try," he replied, and again tried to tell me about the place in the San Fernando valley but failed to articulate so that I could hear him. Finally he said, "However, I'll wait and tell you later."

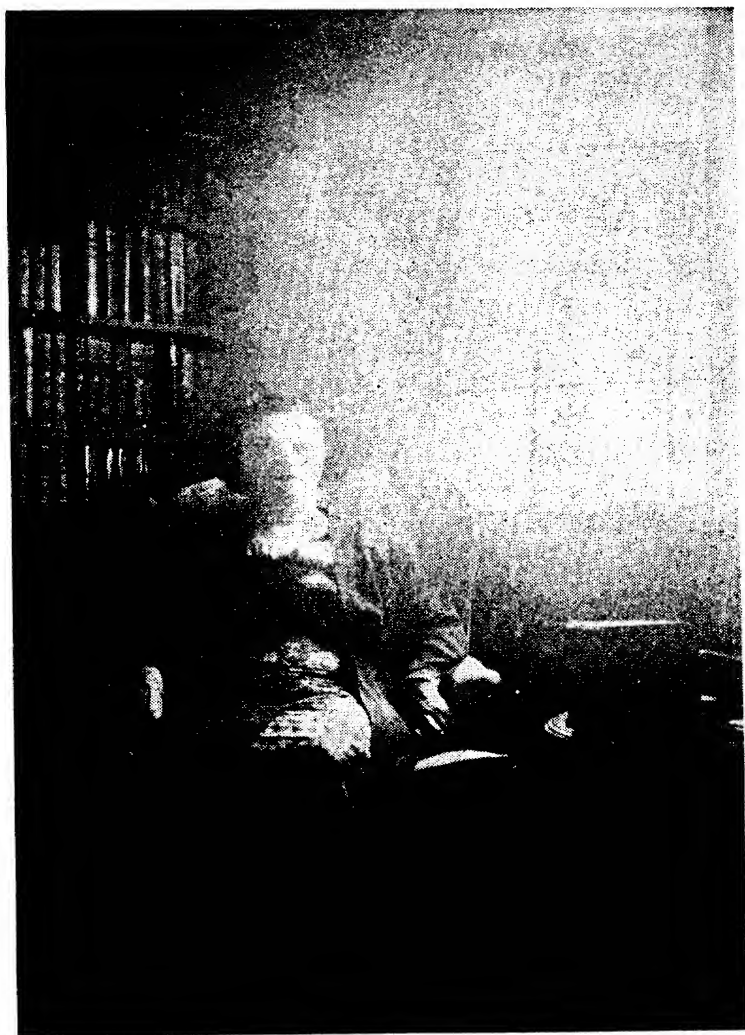
My wife, who sat near Mrs. Williams, reported that during this dialogue no sound came from her lips.

At a later date, in full morning light, I succeeded in holding a dialogue with Fuller at a distance of forty feet and in a separate room, while the transmitter was in a cardboard box placed on a stand before the psychic. She did not even lay her hand on the box.

We conversed several times with Fuller at the luncheon table, the voices being perceptible to my wife and daughter. I could hear the whisper but could not distinguish the words.

Mrs. Williams submitted cheerfully to my many repeated tests, granting the importance of proving the supernormal character of the voices. We had many complete failures when she was especially anxious for the voices, and quite as many unexpected successes when she was not at her physical best. No coworker could have been more willing to heap proof

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This photograph represents one of the most convincing of our tests. The transmitter was on a table at the left of the psychic, who did not even touch it. Nevertheless the author, in another room, held a brief conversation with an invisible.

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upon proof. She was well aware of my doubts and bent her powers to remove them by scientific repetition.

(In the autumn of 1938, I visited Chicago and met Mrs. Howard, Mrs. Williams' sister, and three of the doctors who had made repeated tests of both Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Howard. They all confirmed what Dr. Rager had written me, and Mrs. Howard permitted me to test her powers in the same way I had used in the case of Mrs. Williams. In New York City, I met Mrs. Stanley, another sister, with whom I was very favorably impressed. Needless to say, these sisters believed unquestioningly in Mrs. Williams' powers.)

Chapter 12

Fuller Takes Charge

As THE plan for an article dealing with my experiments took shape in my mind, I realized that in order to be safeguarded in the use of the artifacts for illustration, I should have full consent of the owner, Mrs. Stack, and on May 29, accompanied by Gaylord Beaman, I went to Moorpark, bearing a bill of sale which, when signed, conveyed to me all of the crosses, tablets, notebooks, manuscripts and photographs in the Parent collection. Mrs. Stack said, "They are of no use to me."

"Unless they can be authenticated, they are of no use to anybody," I replied, and on the way home I said to Beaman, "I believe we can validate the collection, and if we do, we will open a wide historical vista in early California history. They have the further value of bearing directly upon the problem of survival after death. For these reasons, the story of these curious relics strongly appeals to me."

At one or two points in the preceding pages I have said that failures are often as instructive as successes, and I offer here one of our fruitless expeditions as an argument.

Father Lasuén, who had several times spoken of a cache of silver in the hills near Camarillo, at last definitely promised to lead us to the place.

Let the reader imagine a series of peaks — range after range as far as the eye can reach — with innumerable foothills, cactus-

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armored and broken into ridges of rugged rock, and he will understand the hopelessness of attempting to find a cache of silver therein. Nevertheless, we set forth blithely.

Guided by the voices, we drove to Camarillo and turned into a road which led to Hidden Valley. At a point on this road the voice said, "Stop here."

Alighting from the car, I looked about me. We were in a smooth hollow between peaks, with nothing to distinguish it from any other high valley in the range, but by pointing with my hoe-handle and asking, "Is it in this direction?" I at last derived the information that the cache was a mile and a half to the northeast. "Look for signs on dead trees."

The psychic, my daughter and I set out carrying hoes and spades, leaving Mrs. Garland in the car. As we stumbled over the rough ground, the voice continued to direct us, and at last we came to a low, inconspicuous, stony knob, with nothing to distinguish it from other knobs, but the voice insisted, "This is the place."

"Where shall we dig?"

"There are four caches here. Look about."

There were no trees, only shrubs and tall grass, but as we were walking slowly around Mrs. Williams said, "An Indian is speaking to me. He says, 'Me here — Sky-tail.' "

Coming close to her, I asked, "Sky-tail, is this your country?"

The psychic replied, "He says, 'Yes. I was chief here.' He says, 'Look for sign — look for sign on rock. Man will know.' "

Making our way to a low ledge of stone, we discovered a design like a large arrowhead on the face of a flat rock, its point directed downward. The voices then said, "Dig here."

"How far from the arrow — one step?"

"No — four."

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As we dug, the voices kept assuring us that this was right. "Dig deeper," they said.

After we had dug down to the solid rock, I began to argue with them. "This cannot be the place. You never buried the silver in a solid ledge like this."

Our arguments had effect. The psychic said, "They are conferring. I can hear them talking but I can't hear what they say. They are not as certain as they were when we first came."

At last, exhausted by our hard work with hoes and shovels — work in which the psychic took a valorous part — we turned our faces toward the car. "We shall come again with a pick-ax and a strong man," I said to our invisible guides.

If any of my readers have any lingering doubts of the sincerity of our psychic, I can only say, "If you had seen her walking across that rough ground, climbing a wire fence, and digging for two hours with a spade, your doubts of her would have been dispelled." Her efforts were as strenuous as those of my daughter, and quite as effective as my own. That she believed in her guides was certain, and although they had led her to this lonely spot, she still had faith in them.

At our next sitting, on June third, Father Lasuén came again and assured us that we had reached the right spot but that we must "dig deeper, under the rocks." He also said, "There are crosses at a point on the road halfway to the lake."

On the following day, with the psychic's eighteen-year-old son to wield the pick, we returned to the same location, prepared to dig deeper. It was about forty-five miles from our home.

Minutely directed as before by Father Lasuén and "Sky-tail," we reached the ledge and measured the ground four paces from the triangle on the rock, and set to work. I could hear the high-keyed whispers of our guides, and when I put

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my hoe down on the ground and asked, "Is this the place?" I could hear the answer, "Yes."

Another hour of hard labor brought us to solid rock and again we lost faith. My daughter began to "josh" the voice. "Sky-tail, I don't believe you know where the silver is yourself."

To this he made no reply and all conferring ceased. Tired and disheartened, we made our way down the valley to the car.

To my wife I reported, "We have failed again — but I still wonder what our guides meant by sending us to that remote rock hill on a fool's errand," and the psychic's son added, "Mother, if you are 'kidding' us, you have a queer sense of humor."

In truth, she and her son had labored heroically.

On our way home we took the road to Hidden Valley, and at a high point on this road the voices said, "Here are the barren trees. There are crosses here."

This information cleared up a tangle. All along the voices had told us to look for barren trees, but in the valley where we had been digging we had found nothing but a few dead bushes, while here stood many trees with barren branches. The whispers said, "We were mistaken. This is the place where the silver is buried. Come back and dig here."

At our sitting on June 7, only my wife, my daughter Constance and I were present. Mrs. Williams was placed, as usual, in a corner of my study, while we sat about the receiver in my bedroom with the doors closed. The distance between the transmitter, which the psychic held to her breast, and the receiver, which was on a stand before us, was about thirty feet. As this was our usual arrangement, we expected an explanation from Father Lasuén. Instead of that, we listened to a caustic statement by the voice calling itself "Fuller."

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This portrait of Henry. B. Fuller, my most intimate friend for nearly forty years, represents him at middle age.

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He started in at once by saying with aggressive emphasis, "Garland, you are wasting your time and strength looking for crosses in this vicinity under the direction of Father Serra and Father Lasuén. Your information is misinformation."

Startled by this statement, I said, "Do you doubt the reality of the voices which have directed us?"

"No. But these padres get their information from their Indians who know nothing of modern roads, farms or towns. They only vaguely remember where they buried their treasures."

"But, Henry, how can you, who never saw California, know any more than they?"

"I am a hundred years later — and I investigate. When an Indian tells me that these artifacts are in a certain place, I go there and study the ground. You are wasting your time looking for crosses in this vicinity — where so many changes have taken place. I know of two places where you can find what you need — crosses to prove the genuineness of the Parent collection. These places are near the missions, San Luis Obispo and Santa Inez. If you will go up there I will go with you and show you exactly where to dig."

I was shocked by his dismissal of the padres. "Father Lasuén has definitely pointed out the barren trees on the Hidden Valley road — and other places near. I intend to go to them before going so far away."

"You will find nothing in those places. There is no use climbing Hopi Hill again. There was once a khiva there, but you would have to dig over half the mountain top to find it."

"Are there no more crosses at Lebec — or San Jacinto?"

"There may be, but I advise you not to waste your time looking for them. I have accurate information about San Luis and Santa Inez. Why not follow my instructions?"

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"But, Fuller, do you realize what you have done? You have disheartened me by discrediting the advice of Father Serra and Father Lasuén."

"I had no intention of doing that, but they don't know where any of these crosses are. I do. If you don't trust me, I'll step out."

My daughter exclaimed, "Oh, don't do that, Uncle Henry!"

I did not protest against his going, but I said, "You have weakened my faith in them. Nevertheless, why should they *not* know? They lived here, they knew these Indians. They have no motive for deceiving us. I cannot believe that you possess more definite knowledge than they. Furthermore, how do I know that you *are* Henry Fuller? These whispers all sound alike to me. You have not identified yourself to me."

This started him on another line. "It is impossible for a man to characterize himself in a whisper. Tone is what characterizes a man's speech — I can only depend upon your recognition of my *way of speaking*, my thought."

Altogether this was a discouraging statement. Cutting the connection, I moved the machine back into my study. "Did you hear what went on?" I asked of the psychic.

"Not a word," she replied, and I was inclined to believe that she had not, for she seemed entirely undisturbed — and besides, Fuller's advice was contrary to all that she had been saying and doing.

"I am glad you did not hear and I hardly know whether to report it to you or not."

She insisted on knowing and, softening it so far as I could, I told her that Fuller called our information thus far "misinformation" and said that we had been wasting our time looking for crosses in this vicinity.

Fuller's words were quite as disturbing to her as they had

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been to me. It appeared that they were not a product of her brain for they were in direct opposition to her action as well as to her thought.

After some very plain talk concerning this situation, I suggested that we connect up the receiver again and see what Fuller would now say.

This we did, and he in caustic mood began, "I heard what you said, but you are wrong. I had no intention of discrediting the mission fathers, but I repeat my statement. If you don't want my help, I'll step out. I have offered you definite information and promised aid. Take it or leave it. *Good-by!*"

His going was like that of a man who dashes out and slams the door behind him. We tried to call him back but he refused to answer, and to add to our psychic's confusion and dismay, our appeals to Serra and Lasuén remained unanswered. Our receiver, which had been so vibrant with life, was as dead as a disconnected telephone.

"I am afraid the padres heard what Uncle Henry said," my daughter remarked, "and resented it."

"I can not blame them if they did," I replied. "But I hope they have not deserted us altogether. If they have spoken their last word to us we are lost! Our only chance to find another cross would be to reexamine the places we have already 'marked down.' "

Carefully studied, this whole episode is of high evidential value, for Fuller's harangue was entirely in opposition to us all. That he was a distinct and powerful personality seemed evident. His mood at the end was entirely characteristic of the man whom I had known for half a lifetime.

Mrs. Williams appeared saddened by this invalidation of the information which she had been receiving. She felt, as I did,

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that if we accepted Fuller's resignation all search in this region must be abandoned.

"However, I am hoping that his resentment will soften and that he will come back tomorrow and lead us on to victory."

After the psychic had gone, I continued to discuss with my wife and daughter this most disturbing episode. "The more I reflect upon Henry's outburst, the more significant it becomes. His assumption that he knows more about these amulets than Serra or Lasuén — and can do more to help us — is in character with what we know of him, but that he knows more about these 'idols' than the Indians who made them is fantastic."

My daughter remarked, "Perhaps they have been 'kidding' us all along the way."

"Why? What interest have they in doing that? They are as eager apparently, to uncover these treasures as we are — I don't know why they should be, but they are. As for the fathers — they have been very patient with us. I am not content to have this spirit calling itself 'Fuller' crowd Lasuén and Serra off the scene. He may not be our old friend. He may be just a figment of my subconscious mind, for I confess that I was disheartened by our experience at Camarillo. His criticism certainly did not rise out of my *conscious* mind. I welcome his aid but we can't afford to let him discredit our kindly old padres. We'll wait until tomorrow and see what happens."

I came to our sitting the following morning not at all sure of further cooperation from Fuller or from the mission fathers. Placing the receiver in the same room with the medium (I wished her to hear whatever came to me) I plugged in the wire and anxiously awaited results. Almost immediately a strong whisper spoke my name.

"Who is this?" I inquired hopefully.

"Fuller."

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"Fuller!" I exclaimed, "I'm glad to have you back. You said good-by so definitely last night that I was scared. I thought you had deserted us."

"No, I am still with you and willing to aid."

"I am enormously relieved, Henry. You and I have worked together for more than forty years—we can't afford to quarrel now. I am depending on you more than ever. It may be that the mission fathers will not come back. It would not be strange if they resented your criticism."

He repeated his explanation. "I do not criticize them — I question the sources of their information. These Indians are so vague and so changeable in their guidance that I felt it necessary to warn you. If you will follow my instructions hereafter you'll get just what you need."

"All right, Fuller. We put ourselves in your hands. The Stewart Whites are coming this afternoon."

"I know that."

"And you must be prepared to give us the most convincing program possible."

"Depend on me to do that."

Our sitting thus ended in a glow of restored confidence and good cheer, but the attitude of Fathers Serra and Lasuén remained unknown. They would not speak to us — not one word!

Chapter 13

Two More Artifacts

WE ENTERED upon a most interesting and successful day on June 24. At about 9:30 in the morning the psychic arrived, and took her usual chair in the corner of my study. With the receiver in hand, I withdrew to an adjoining room, closing the door tightly behind me. Mrs. Garland and my secretary joined me at the table, on which I had placed the book in which I had pasted Mrs. Parent's photographs, together with a basket of Indian beads and one or two of the most notable of the barbaric crosses.

Fuller came promptly. "Are you going on a trip today?" he asked.

"Yes. We have planned to go up to the Hopi cliff near Camarillo and scratch about among the rocks. On our way back we shall stop at the barren trees and try for that silver. Before we start, however, there are two or three questions I want to ask about these beads which the Parents found among their crosses."

"Just a minute — I'll get Father Martínez."

A Spanish greeting followed. "*Buenas días.*"

"*Buenas días,*" I responded. "Is this Father Martínez?"

"It is."

"Father Martínez, I have my doubts about the age of these beads. I'd like to ask some questions about them. In reading the reports of the earliest evangelical explorers, I find frequent mention of beads. I should like to have you look at these I have in my hand and tell me if they are like those which were given out to the Indians."

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"They are not. They are too recent. The ones the missionaries carried were very crude. Those which are colored on the inside are quite recent. We could not make them that way."

"Nevertheless, I think some of the beads are genuinely old, but have been restrung."

"I do not believe any of them are very old. Not more than a hundred years. I believe they are about that age."

"Very well. I will now show you this book of Violet Parent's photographs. I want to call attention to her pictures of you." I pointed to one. "Can you identify this? Does this figure in this group of missionary priests represent you?" (The reader should note that the medium was in another room, unable to see me or hear what I said.)



Figure of dancing Indian.

Two More Artifacts

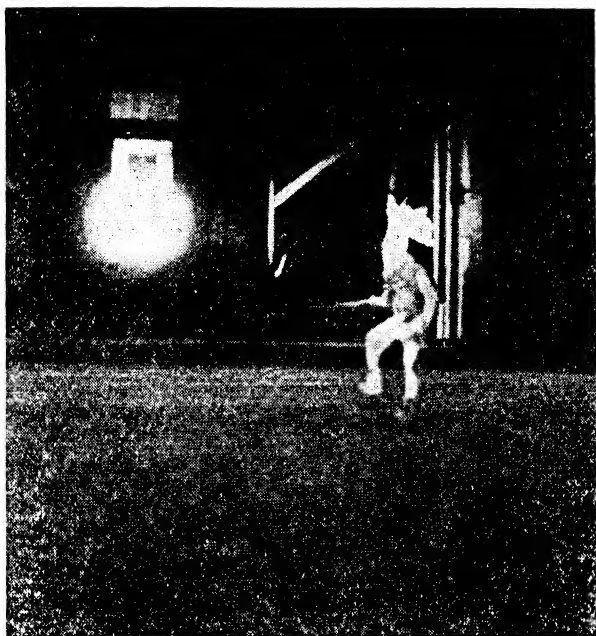


Figure of dancing Indian.

"Yes. The figure next to Velos represents me."

"This man on the left with the wry neck is Velos?"

"Yes, and the one in the middle is Father Lasuén."

"Here is another group. You are the figure on the right?"

"Yes, that is correct."

"Here is still another photograph, of a still larger group. Can you name them? I recognize Father Lasuén and yourself, but who is this thin-faced man seated on the ground?"

"That is Palóu, I believe."

"Who is this above him — this tall man?"

"I cannot see him clearly."

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Placing a reading glass, over the picture, I asked, "Does this help?"

"No, it does not."

"Who is this slender, elderly man?"

"He is one of the fathers, but I do not remember him."

"Who is this tall man next to you?"

"That is a French priest. His name was Narteau, I believe."

"We do not get that name. Will you kindly spell it?"

"N-a-r-t-e-a-u. *Noteau*." (The *r* was slurred over, making the first syllable sound like *not*.)

"Here is a fourth group — a still larger one. Who is this man who seems to be laughing, with his hand covering his smile?"

"I believe that is Father Baptiste."

"Then comes Father Velos again?"

"That is correct."

"In the front row are five or six very small figures. I am not sure that you can make them out. On the left is a very bald, stooping figure. Who is he?"

"Is it not Father Serra? I believe it is."

"It may be a representation of him in his last days. There are two figures in the middle, one immediately behind the other; one is seated, and the other with his hands apparently on the shoulders of the man in front —"

"I do not recognize him."

"Now, Father Martínez, in many of these pictures you appear on the same negative with a handsome Indian whom Parent called 'Goose Neck.' Was there such a man?"

"I believe there was. There were so many Indians, though, that I cannot remember them. I think he was a half-breed, half-white and half-red. I do not know much of him. I think he lived around the mission at San Juan Capistrano."

"I need your aid, Father Martínez, for I am going to have

Two More Artifacts

more difficulty validating these photographs than the crosses — and yet it must be done.”

“Yes, you will have more difficulty in that, but we are trying to help.”

“Can you tell me what dress Father Serra wore while exploring the wilderness? What leads me to ask is this picture of a man whom I have called Father Serra.”

“It looks like him.”

“But he appears to be wearing a soldier’s jacket and high boots.”

“I cannot think that it is intended for Father Serra. I have never seen him in anything but robes. I can’t help you there.”

“Can it be that these pictures are *thought-forms* — produced by the medium?”

“I do not know. I have looked at them much. I think that many of them are false.”

“What about this dancing figure?”

“That looks real to me — very genuine. It looks very much like the Indians I have seen.”

“Could Father Garces and Espejo help me in such matters?”

“I do not know. I shall bring them tomorrow.”

“I wish you would. Will you permit a general question? How could this woman fabricate the portrait of a man of whom no portrait existed? Were there any existing pictures of you at that time?”

“There was one painting of me.”

“But not in the attitude in which you were caught by Mrs. Parent’s camera.”

“I believe this woman got many genuine photographs. I do not know. Many look false.”

“We must, if possible, absolve her of fraud, not for her sake but for the sake of the evidence. I need to get a photograph of

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you or Father Serra on the same plate with me. Do you think it can be done?"

"I have no way of knowing."

"Let me call your attention to this spirit photograph of Father Serra. It looks ectoplasmic to me. Observe that while the hands and body are distorted, the face, though out of proportion, is fine, quite handsome in fact."

"That looks genuine."

"I am sending this on to my Eastern publisher. I cannot see how it could have been fabricated. Here is another one with the hands in a wholly different position. I have many other questions to ask you and I hope you will enable me to talk with Espejo and Garces. They could tell me just what I want to know about the habits of the Indians before the missions were established."

"I shall be very happy to help you."

"I am grateful. Before you go, I want you to take a look at this cross, which seems to represent a pagan chief in an enormous headdress. What does it mean?"

"It is a representation of Quetzalcoatl."

"Did you ever see anything like it?"

"Oh yes, many times. Such crosses were very common in Quiché, in Cordoba and all along the central part of America. That cross is old. It was made by the use of a clay model. The pictures vary on different crosses."

"Yes, that is true. I have others with somewhat similar faces. I am eager to ask Espejo if he found crosses like that on his long journeys through the region which is now called Arizona. Oñate, for example, told us that the Indians wore small crosses in their hair and larger ones around their waists. As the men were naked, it must be that the women wore them."

"Oh, no! They were worn by both men and women. When

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something was desired of the gods, they tied their idols around their waists to invoke their gods' favor or mercy."

"And when not in use, they were kept in their huts?"

"Yes, with their other treasures. Sometimes they were buried. Sometimes they were wrapped in bark and stowed away."

"Do you mean that they were buried temporarily, for safe-keeping?"

"Yes, that is what I mean. These objects were very precious to them. They were in the nature of amulets."

"Thank you, Father Martínez. I am going out to look for more crosses this afternoon, but I hope we can meet again tomorrow."

At the close of my talk with Father Martínez, Fuller said, "You are going to the barren trees this afternoon?"

"Yes, but we are going first to the ledge of red rock."

With a note of resignation, he said, "Very well. I'll be with you," and so, about half-past ten, my wife, Mrs. Williams, our driver Phyllis and I left the house with a picnic lunch and a collection of hoes, spades and rakes in the car, grimly resolved on making a careful examination of the lower stratum of the cliff.

Reaching the spot a little before noon, we laid out our lunch. While we were eating, Fuller warned us against the cactus which guarded the ledge. "You'll have to hew your way," he said, and as I studied the situation I replied, "Yes, this is the hardest job we have had."

To those of my readers who do not know the cactus plant, I will explain that it is a most formidable growth. Its lobes are armed with needles an inch long, and the sides of the leaves are defended by myriads of almost invisible barbs which enter your flesh at the slightest touch and can be plucked out only with tweezers. The face of the ledge was covered by clumps

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of this savage plant, and looked as if it had not been disturbed for fifty years.

My first task was to chop my way up to the base, through these sinister barriers. I could not explore the ledge until after I had cut a place to lay my hands. I used a sharp hoe, but I needed an ax, so old and stubborn were some of the snakey branches.

"On this side, Fuller?" I asked.

"Both sides," he replied.

I took the south and most difficult side, while the psychic, wearing stout shoes and canvas leggings, was chopping her way into the north side of the same wall. No woman could have climbed that ledge without chopping her way. There was no sign of such an advance.

This answers the question, "Did the ledge look undisturbed?" It looked as if it had not been touched by man.

To the psychic I said, "If there are any crosses here, they must have come down from above. No hand put them here."

She replied, "Mr. Fuller says there are two here. He says there is one just about where you are."

With this to encourage me, I returned to my chopping. As I rose, I discovered a horizontal cleft in the ledge. It was about a foot wide and ran to the left. I painfully went up one more step so that I could see into it. Its floor was covered with leaves and dirt which the rains had brought down, and as I peered into it I was astounded by the sight of a small cross, lying far back in the crevice and partly covered with dust. For a moment I stared at it as if it were a snake. I had not expected to find anything. It was preposterous that it should be lying there.

It is important to state that it was out of my reach, but by using my hoe I carefully scraped it toward me. With a shout, I announced my find. "Fuller, I've got it!" I held it up. "It is

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one of the barbaric ones, the most ancient kind, and I found it myself. How many more are there, Fuller?"

"One more."



Calendar plaque found by Hamlin Garland's party, June 24, 1937. Note dimly outlined heads.

At this moment the psychic announced that she had chopped another out of the cactus. It was a metal tablet, exactly like the five which the Parents had found at Capistrano. It was about four inches across, with a bell in low relief, surrounded by ten of those mysterious Oriental faces. Serra called these tablets "calendars." This one was worn and rusted with exposure.

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"Are there any more, Fuller?"

"Not here," he replied. "More higher up."

"They can stay there," I replied. "I am bleeding with cactus wounds. I refuse to climb this hill again."

That night I said to my wife, "I regard this as an almost perfect test of our 'voices' and a complete exoneration of our psychic. No woman could have placed the cross in that cleft. She could not have thrown it through that screen of cactus, for it lay far back in the crevice, and I could reach it only with my hoe. It must have been brought down from the heights by water."

We now had five of these artifacts, drawn from four widely separated burial places. One came from Lebec, eighty miles north of our home; one from San Jacinto, ninety miles to the east; the third from a stream bed thirty miles northwest. The charge of planting might lie against the finding of the other crosses, but not against this one. I myself had dug it from the soil in a cleft behind a screen of cactus, on which no sign of man's foot or hand could be seen. How they got there and who made them are equally mysterious, but the one I found on this ledge was a powerful argument for the validity of the Parent collection and for the honesty of my psychic.

Chapter 14

Oñate and Father Martínez

WHEN in March, 1937, I began this series of experiments, I knew very little of the missionary period of early California. The only book on the subject I had read was *The Conquest of California*, by an old acquaintance, William Gross. This account, cast in the form of a story, gave a very clear and accurate picture of the coming of Father Serra and the founding of the missions. I had read it with care, partly because of my acquaintance with the author, and partly because it presented an authentic portrait of Serra.

In my reading of Parent's records, I had come upon incidents and statements of which I knew nothing, but which I was quite certain had been gleaned from a history of Southern California, for Parent was a studious little man. From time to time, names of other padres came into his record, along with the names of their Indians, but he remained mainly concerned with Fathers Serra and Lasuén. Military and other explorers did not figure in his journals.

Although my interest in Mrs. Parent's abnormal psychology grew and confidence in the supernormal powers of my assistant, Mrs. Williams, increased, I carefully refrained for several months from reading *any* chronicles of the mission period. I waited to see what the invisibles would convey to me, but as more and more of them — priests and explorers (of whom I knew nothing, and of whom the Parents told me

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little) came to my circle, I decided to inform myself concerning the official records of the missions in Arizona and Southern California. The works of Engelhardt, himself a padre, enabled me to check up on some of the statements to which I had been listening. I found his four or five huge volumes tedious with matters which did not concern me, but they contained the facts I needed to know. A handbook and index presented a list of all the priests who had been connected with the establishment of the missions of Arizona and California.

In addition to these many-paged volumes, I read several of the "relations," or journals, which the leading padres had written and sent back to Rome. Engelhardt quotes these fathers, Palóu, Crespi, Garces and many others, along with the reports of civil and military explorers. In short, his volumes formed a compendium of the essential facts and all of the most important personalities of the period. I used them as reference books.

If we grant that Mrs. Williams was wholly uninformed concerning these men and movements — which she declared she was — then it may be said that the whispered conversations of the padres rose out of my own subconscious mind, for each day new characters announced themselves and told their stories to me over my one-way wire.

For example, Engelhardt mentions Francisco Garces as one of the most intrepid of the missionary explorers, and this led me to read of him. His solitary explorations among the tribes below the Colorado River suggested that he might be able to tell me about the barbaric ceremonies which he did not mention in his report. I was emboldened to do this by the compliance of those whom Parent mentions, all of whom had expressed keen interest in what I was doing. Fuller reported that I was now surrounded by a throng of padres and that they were eager to help me solve the mystery of the crosses.

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This very significant change in their attitude led me to dig deeper into this submerged history. If these priests knew of the crosses, why did they not mention them? Why did Engelhardt ignore them altogether?

At last, in an edition of Francisco Garces' journal, edited by Dr. Elliott Coues, I came upon a footnote whose significance was so far-reaching that it started me on a long series of other investigations. He quoted the words of Juan Oñate, an explorer of New Spain in 1604, who reported that in what is now called Arizona, he had come upon a tribe *called Cruzados, for the reason that they wore crosses in their hair.*

As this report was made one hundred and fifty years before the establishment of the first mission in Arizona, it gave proof that the natives possessed metal crosses which they wore as amulets or as decorations, and that they could not have been distributed by the padres, for this was less than eighty years after Cortez.

"Here is the key to our problem," I said to my wife and daughter. "There is only one thing to be done. It is preposterous but I am going to ask Fuller to bring this explorer, and request him to confirm his statement. If Father Serra and Father Lasuén can speak to me, why not Oñate?"

I put this question to Fuller at our next sitting. He at once said, "I shall bring Oñate. He and any of the padres will gladly come at your call."

Father Martínez, who had identified himself as the stout, heavy-jowled, smiling figure in one of the group photographs secured by Mrs. Parent, definitely promised to bring Señor Oñate. His whispers were especially clear and strong.

On June 23, at ten o'clock of a sunny morning, Mrs. Williams took her accustomed seat in my study, while I and my

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secretary went into an adjoining room, closing the door behind us. My wife remained with the psychic to listen and observe what went on about her.

No sooner had we plugged in the connecting cord than a vigorous whisper came. "Hello, Garland!"

"Is it Fuller?"

"Yes, it is Henry B. Fuller. Father Martínez is also here, according to promise."

"Greetings, Father Martínez! Have you brought Señor Oñate? Are we to have a talk with him today?"

"Yes, Oñate is here but cannot speak. I will speak for him."

"Thank you, Father Martínez. I want to talk to him about a very significant statement which he made in his report concerning certain tribes of Indians. He said that they were called *Cruzados* for the reason that they wore crosses in their hair. This statement is quoted by Elliott Coues. Is it correct?"

"Yes, that is quite right. The Indians wore crosses in the hair on their foreheads."

Placing my finger on a small piece in a case containing forty or more, I asked, "Señor Oñate, can you see this cross?"

Father Martínez answered, "He says yes. It is one of those worn by the Indians he described in 1604."

"Here is one similar to it except that it bears the figure of Christ. What can you tell me of that?"

"That particular one is from one of the missions, but there are many others in your case which have nothing to do with the missions."

"Were these" — I placed my fingers on two others — "also worn on their heads by the Indians you call *Cruzados*?"

"Yes, but the larger ones in your case are like those which the Indians wore tied about their waists."

"This was before any contact with missionaries?"

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"Yes."

"That is highly important. This specimen on which I now place my finger is ornamented by designs taken from sea-shells — what of them?"

"They have reference to the sea and were worn in ceremonies relating to their food supply."

"The people who made this cross must have had a pleasant memory of the sea."

"They did. They belonged to the coast people. They came from the south."

"Were the Quicheanas boatmen? Did they come up along the shore?"

"Some of them, perhaps, but most of them moved along inland trails, away from the hostile tribes of the coast."

"Returning to the contents of my case, — here are some with interesting flower designs on them. Is that design symbolic of a certain tribe?"

"Yes. These floral designs were made by different peoples in the south, but I cannot tell you the particular tribe to which they belonged."

"Let us consider these double crosses which some people call 'rain-crosses.' They had to do with prayers for rain, did they not?"

"That is right. Some Indians used them in prayers to invoke rain."

"Father Martínez, did Oñate find these crosses worn by the Indians all along his journey through New Mexico and Arizona?"

"Yes, and he says the various designs are symbols of the different tribal gods."

"Here are some with lovely cherub faces and forms. What do they mean?"

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"They were used as prayers for fertility. They were worn by the women who desired children. They wore them — the larger ones — around their waists. The smaller ones they wore on their heads."

"How were they suspended?"

"By means of fibers from leaves or bark. They had no strings or wire, of course."

"So far as I have read, Father Martínez, there is no mention of these crosses by the padres, and Oñate mentions them only once. Was that because he thought them unimportant?"

"Yes. He mentioned them only because by so doing he was identifying a people."

"He must have seen many other tribes. I want him to tell me in detail about other customs which he observed as he went along. The fact that he was the first white man to go among these people and the only one to make a report of their barbaric crosses makes his testimony highly important."

"It is important that he found any crosses at all," was the concise remark of Father Martínez.

"Here is a cross bearing the figure of a cherub — where did the Indians get that design? Was it from Italy? It resembles the cherubs in Italian paintings."

"These cherubs of the middle ages in Italy are copies of other older ones, carved in wood probably — and brought over from European shores. Old World people came here far earlier than Oñate and Espejo. They came to Central America from many shores."

"As early as the twelfth century?"

"Probably before that. Sailors had been going back and forth for many centuries."

"Father Serra said something like that. You spoke yesterday of Moors and Arabs being substantially the same people at

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that time, and of their coming together to these shores. Is that true?"

"Yes. They were *like* one people. They lived together in the same land. When they came over many centuries ago, they did not go inland. They landed on the Eastern coast and did not penetrate the country."

"They were lured by tales of gold, I suppose?"

"Perhaps. I am not sure what brought them. Some of them may have come to the West coast, but not many."

"What kind of vessels did they use? Were they large or small?"

"I do not know."

"Father Martínez, I want Señor Oñate to know that I have come into possession of a collection of crosses—fifteen hundred or more — which I am trying to validate. Some of them seem to me to be of the period before the Spaniards came, others are barbaric and much older. Many show Christian influence and are distinctly of the missions — made at the request of the Indians."

"Your analysis is correct."

"Father Martínez, it is highly necessary for me to authenticate these crosses, and the only way I can do that is to find similar ones myself."

His curt reply was instant. "Which you have already done."

This made me smile. "Yes — but three are not enough. I think I should have more to convince the skeptical."

"If you found many, many more, there would still be readers who would not believe."

"That is true. But I feel the need of at least two more from different places."

"There are others to be discovered. Many more."

"I am glad to be assured of that. If you or Father Palóu or

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anyone else can point to where I can gain two more, I will be grateful."

"We shall do that."

"Father Martínez, will you tell Oñate that I am writing on this subject and that I intend to put down the messages which he and other explorers bring to me, because they reveal unrecorded history? I intend to make the last part of my book rich with this direct testimony. Many will not believe, of course."

"There are others who *will* believe, however."

"I hope so, but we must discover more artifacts and we must secure some photographs similar to those in my collection. There are some photographs of you, Father Martínez, in Mrs. Parent's collection, are there not?"

"Yes."

"I hope you will come again and that you will help me secure a photograph of you."

"I shall do so."

"Wait just a minute. I now hold in my hand a cross, with monkey faces on it — can you see them?"

"Yes. They *are* monkey heads."

"This one appears to wear a crown. What is the meaning of that?"

"I do not know about the crown, but several tribes worshiped animals. Some worshiped monkeys."

"Did Oñate find such crosses as this when he went through the tribes?"

"Many. Some of them were worn. The larger ones were kept in their houses."

"They must have been carefully treasured in order to come down the centuries to the Indians of California."

"They were carefully preserved."

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*Another amulet — representing the
Monkey Clan.*

“But why did they bury them after guarding them so long?”

“To invoke their gods.”

“You mean that they sacrificed them as something that they valued — something precious?”

“Yes. They also buried food at times.”

“That bears out something which Father Serra told us. When we were at San Jacinto, he pointed out to us a mound on top of a hill, saying that it was built by the Indians and used for sacrificial purposes. The Indians, he said, each held a cross in

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his hand and chanted in worship of the sun and then buried their idols where they stood."

"That is correct."

"Then most of them were buried on hills?"

"I believe *all* were."

"Could we find some of those in their original burial places?"

"You might find some still on the tops of hills, but through the centuries rains have washed them down into the valleys. The one you found in the Washee valley came from the top of the hill."

"Father Palóu told us to go to San Juan Capistrano, and he would help us. Do you know anything of what is buried there?"

"No, I know nothing of that."

"Father Martínez, as I talk with you and Oñate, I feel that I am discovering new facts in American history."

"You are. You are discovering many facts which no other living person knows. No one else on your plane knows what we are telling you."

"Please convey to Señor Oñate my sincere gratitude for the information he has given, and ask him to come again."

"I shall. He will come and will himself speak to you another time. Espejo will also come. He spoke with you yesterday, but you could not hear him. He will come tomorrow if you wish it."

"I shall welcome him. He must have made many interesting observations while roaming through the country, things which he did not put into his writings — much that he did not dare to record at that time."

"We have all changed our opinions about many things — not only about the Indians, but about religion. We learn the truth on this side."

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"Father Serra was an austere character, was he not?"

"Yes, very. He would cut himself and bruise his breast with stones."

"I consider him a noble spirit, but it shocked me when I learned of his self-torture in the pulpit."

"Well, he believed that by displaying himself as a martyr he was proving himself the right hand of God."

"While talking with him I said to him in speaking of the Indians, 'These people — the Indians — were adapted to their environment like wolves or foxes or mountain lions.' To this he agreed."

"Yes. They were a natural people. We were wrong in many ways. We have found now that there is no difference in creed."

"I am glad to know that you have softened in your attitude toward the primitives and that Father Serra is also less austere."

"Yes, I too am happy in that."

"I am obliged to you, Father Martínez. I hope you will come again. I shall make good report of you when I write."

"Thank you."

"I shall be glad to state that your austerity has softened through the ages."

"It has. *Hasta mañana.*"

"*Adios.*"

Feeling that Father Martínez had gone, I spoke to Fuller, "I've just had a most valuable talk with Oñate and Father Martínez."

"Yes, I know. I was standing by."

"Fuller, I have at the moment the sense of entering upon a vast unknown chapter of American history."

"You have no idea how vast it is."

"I shall pursue it in my book. I am deeply interested in the change of attitude which these missionary spirits admit."

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“Yes, that is important. We all change on entering the fourth dimension.”

“It is astounding! Think of calling up Oñate who died three centuries ago! It is incredible.”

“Yes, it is, but it happened and you have it recorded.”

In presenting this singular dialogue for the consideration of the reader, I must repeat that Mrs. Williams was seated in an adjoining room holding the transmitter to her bosom, that the doors were tightly closed and that my wife, who was seated near the psychic, declared that she had heard only the murmur of my voice. “I heard nothing at all of the whispered replies.”

Granting that the psychic had heard my questions, the answers to my questions remain amazingly fluent and cogent. Not only did they come without the slightest hesitation, but the *tone* of each answer was firm and authoritative, as if the speaker had very full and definite knowledge of the matters under discussion — matters of which I had only a meagre knowledge and of which Mrs. Williams declared she knew nothing. On this we could only take her word.

I cannot say positively that Oñate and Martínez were manifesting. All the whispers may have come from the mind of the psychic, but the method of having Martínez speak for Oñate, who was present, I regarded as very curious and wholly inexplicable.

(At a sitting eight months later, Oñate said in answer to my question, “I wrote a report which was printed in Spanish but which, so far as I know, has not been translated into English.” He said that other references to the crosses in his report were omitted. “I don’t know how that paragraph regarding the *Cruzados* slipped through.”

Even at this later interview, I did not know exactly what

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his mission was, but I had learned that it was only partly religious, and to have him end his interview with that remark about escaping the censor was amusing. I knew nothing of his civil rank or social station, and so I continued to call him Señor.)

Chapter 15

A Talk with Father Garces

NOTWITHSTANDING the tests I had already made, I could not forbear asking for others which would clearly separate the whispers from the speech organs of the psychic. My talks with the Spanish padres and early explorers were so amazingly fluent and real that I said to Mrs. Williams, as she came into my study on May 20, "I would like your permission to place my hand over your mouth while the voices are speaking to me."

She cheerfully consented. "You may make any test you please."

It was a sunny morning and my study was filled with light. Taking a folded handkerchief from a drawer, I stepped behind her and pressed the handkerchief tightly against her lips. The whispers went on without apparent change. My daughter made the same test while I listened. The voices went serenely on.

Mrs. Williams smiled at our amazement. "I have read aloud while the voices were going on," she said.

Though convinced of the supernatural character of the whispers, I was unable to determine how much of the information they conveyed came out of my mind or that of Mrs. Williams. At times, the thought expressed seemed wholly outside any mind in the circle, at others I noticed that the psychic not only colored the communication but seemed to command it. At one moment the invisibles worked in accordance with her will, at other times they directly opposed it.

"If the coming of these visitors is subject to the psychic's will," I said to Beaman, "then much of what the voices tell us

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— perhaps all of it — can be referred back to the activities of her subconscious mind — or to ours. It is of no value to say, ‘Seeing the door open, the spirits come in,’ or ‘Many are thronging around the gates, eager to enter.’ Such expressions confuse or falsify the situation. How can they speak or rap or bar the door? I do not know. It is all incomprehensible — and absorbing. I shall go on with my research.”

On the morning of June 28, as soon as we were in our usual places, with the one-way telephone connected with the wall-socket and the door closed between us and the psychic, Fuller came and I said, “Henry, do you read Spanish?”

“Yes, but not very well. Why?”

“I have here a letter written by the curator of the National Museum in Mexico City. I cannot read it and have not yet had an entirely audible translation of it. The psychic has never even seen it — no one has seen it but Gaylord Beaman. Will you look at it and translate it? It will be a grand test of our psychic’s powers if you can read it.”

He replied, “Hold it up and I will see what I can do.”

We were seated, as usual, wholly out of sight and hearing of the psychic, and I held the letter to the light. It should be made clear that while I could not read a single paragraph of it, there were certain words and even phrases which I recognized. In accordance with Fuller’s previous instructions I fixed my eyes upon the first paragraph in order to convey it to him. I said, “proceed.”

His use of Spanish was indeed lame, but he began briskly. “With reference to the photograph from Señor Hamlin Garland, we have studied it very carefully and we are returning it to you.”

It may be said that the medium might have inferred this courteous beginning but in the second paragraph stood a line

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which I could identify; "During the final evangelical conquest of New Spain, the missions wishing to promulgate a knowledge of the true Cross among the Indians, made and distributed —" The utterance of those words in that specific order could not have come from the psychic's mind but it might have come from mine, for I was able to translate them. No one but myself and Beaman had even glanced at this sentence.

That I was partly responsible was borne out by the fact that Fuller failed on the next paragraph. There was something about the churches inheriting the crosses from the missions and then giving them out to their converts, but I got only a general sense of it. Later on, when we came to the lines describing the molding of the crosses from the bullets provided for the soldiers, the going was easier, for I could read these lines. In short, I observed that my own knowledge of certain words made it easier for my invisible translator.

I explained to him, "The reason why I have not had this letter translated by a Spanish scholar is just because I wanted to use it as a test. I hoped to get you or Father Serra to translate it for me under test conditions — at the end of a forty-foot one-way wire, such a test as had never before been made."

"I understand. Well, I can tell you that the general effect of this letter is favorable to the authenticity of your collection. It does not discredit it in any way."

The critic may call this a case of telepathy or any other name he chooses, but the essential fact is that the psychic, who had never seen the letter, could not have normally inferred the words actually whispered to me.

Thanking Fuller, I said, "And now I'd like to talk to Father Garces. He was a wonderful old chap."

"He is here," was the reply, and a moment later I heard the words, "Padre Garces is here."

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"Is this Father Garces?"

"It is." (I cannot affirm that the psychic did not know that I was to have the letter read and that I hoped to talk with Garces, but she could not have known which interview would come first.)

"Father Garces, I have been reading your diary. As you came before the missions, I want to begin by asking a question which is most important to me. Did any of the tribes you visited in our region wear small crosses in their hair?"

"Yes, many of them."

"That is exactly the answer I sought. Were larger ones worn around the waist by the men?"

"Yes. They were hung on belts made of the fibers of trees or plants."

Taking up one of the small plaques, which have been called calendars, I asked, "Can you see what I have in my hand?"

"Yes. I have seen many objects like that."

"In my collection I have several of these, each of which bears ten faces, faces which are Arabian or Hindu in appearance. What can you tell me about them?"

"They *are* Oriental. They were brought in from the Old World in some way and given to the Indians in trade, just as beads were given to the North American Indians. They were used as money."

"Like the wampum which the eastern Indians used?"

"Yes."

"Some say they were calendars, used to calculate the change of the moon."

"Perhaps they were. A dial seems to be on them. Some had bells on them."

"I didn't know the Orientals used bells."

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"Oh, yes, they used bells. They may have had some special significance. In reading you will come across this information. . . . But these were used for exchange, as you use dollars now."

"This calendar is very old, is it not?"

"Oh, yes, indeed. It was here before the Spaniards came."

"Did the Moors and the Arabs come to this continent before the Spaniards?"

"Yes, they came before the Spanish had even heard of this country."

"About what time would you say?"

"I do not know. I believe about the tenth century."

"Father Garces, I want to ask you about this lead Christ which I hold. Were such figures plentiful in your day?"

"No, I have not seen them. I do not know of them."

This was another wholly unexpected answer. I then took up two larger rude crosses. "You saw these? They certainly were older than your missions?"

"Yes, much older."

"Were these the crosses which the Indians wore around their waists?"

"Yes, as amulets, 'to ward off evil spirits.' "

"Do you suppose they got their idea of a cross from those tenth century voyagers? Or did they develop it natively?"

"That is hard to answer. I cannot say."

"The cross is said to be an almost universal symbol."

"Yes, I believe it is a natural concept."

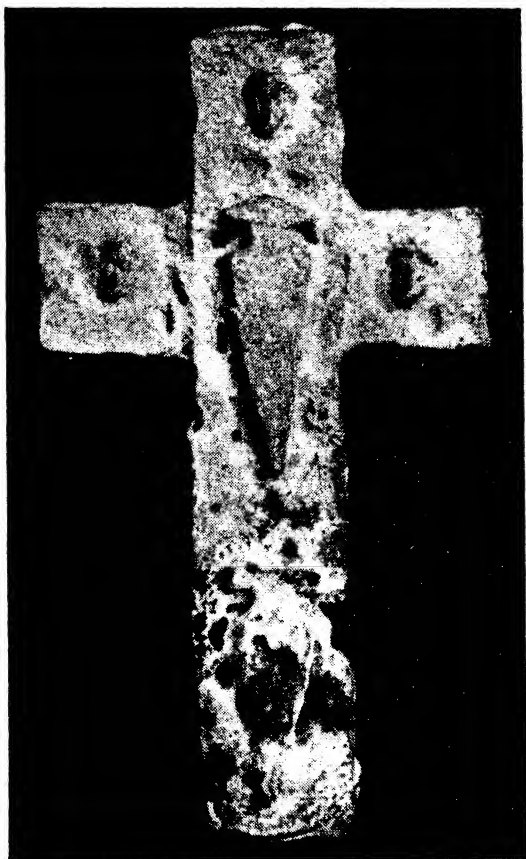
"It might have risen from a consideration of the four corners of the earth. . . . Tell me, did Espejo come before you?"

"Yes, many years. He was of 1583."

"Is he with you today? Can I speak with him?"

"I do not know."

A Talk with Father Garces



*Note heads wearing turbans. This amulet
is wholly barbaric in design.*

"Two days ago, Father Martínez spoke to me but Oñate himself did not speak. I do not understand why. Can you tell me why?"

"Oñate was not present, but he and Father Martínez were communicating as you do on the telephone. Just like that. Martínez was conveying Oñate's words to you. I believe he can come again; I shall see."

The Mystery of the Buried Crosses

"I think you and Father Espejo are of more value to me in discussing these early crosses than any later explorer. Here am I in possession of a huge collection of artifacts which I am anxious to validate. Some of them may be fraudulent. This cross with the marks of a thimble on it, for instance." Here I lifted a cross which looked new and was ornamented with the pattern of a thimble.

"That is modern. It was made, perhaps, by some Indian who saw a thimble for the first time and considered it beautiful. It is quite modern — not more than a hundred years old. It was made by some one who owned a thimble and valued it."

I presented another. "Now here is one which in my judgment is genuine."

"Yes, that is old, very old. All those with animals' heads on them are old."

"What am I to think about these crosses with monkey heads on them, each wearing a hood, a turban or a crown? Why did certain Indians put monkey heads on their crosses?"

"Some tribes worshiped monkeys. Others worshiped fishes, wolves, panthers or birds."

"Still other tribes worshiped the sun, did they not?"

"They were *all* sun worshipers, but each tribe had different gods."

"Did these monkey worshipers get as far north as California?"

"Oh, no!"

"These crosses with the monkey faces on them came up with those who had got them in trade?"

"Yes. After the Spanish invaded Central America, the natives were driven out. They ran away to the north and brought their treasures with them."

"You found that the Yumans were from Quiché, did you not?"

A Talk with Father Garces

"Yes, the Quicheanas, the Toltecs and others came up from the south and many settled here in what is now California and Arizona."

"Historians do not seem to recognize this fact."

"No, they do not."

"It is interesting to get this inside history. Did you find the Yumans a superior type?"

"Yes, they were a fine people. They were artisans. They mined their own metals and worked in them. They molded them into rings and bracelets, chains and many other things — crosses, of course."

"You state in your diary that you were well received by them."

"Some of them were hostile, but I fared very well. They were kind to me. I was alone and they were not afraid of me. They had never seen a white man before I came."

"And yet ultimately they did kill you?"

"Yes."

"No white man witnessed that?"

"No. I was alone among them."

"Could you tell me about it? I suppose no one knows exactly what happened."

"No one."

"You were among them nine months, while they were planning this revolt?"

"Yes, I was there at the very time they were making their plans, but unfortunately I could do nothing about it."

"How did they kill you? Some say they used stones and clubs."

"They used stone hatchets. They tied me and burned me."

"And yet they had been friendly with you?"

"Some were and some were not. Some considered me an

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intruder. They were a childlike people, and did not welcome intruders. They considered me an enemy, a spy, I suppose."

"Can you remember anything in detail about your death — the actual scene?"

"No, it was so long ago and those things we wipe from memory here."

"You were insensible, I trust, so that you could not remember what happened?"

"Yes, after they struck me, I became unconscious and I do not remember any pain. Of course such experiences of the body are soon forgotten in the spirit world. We wipe them out."

"Is it known in Christian history that you were tied and burned?"

"I do not know. Yes, I think so. I was tied — my hands behind me, and my feet were also tied. I was then struck down and burned. I was taken from the fire after I was dead so that my body was not burned beyond recognition."

"I have read that when on these *entradas* you were very like an Indian in appearance."

"I was very much in the open. I walked many leagues across desert spaces. I lived as the Indians did. I found it a sensible way to do while under their conditions."

"What clothing did you wear? You couldn't have worn your priestly robe."

"I wore a breechcloth; and upon my head I wore a mantle which I threw across my shoulders to keep off the sun."

"What did you have on your feet?"

"Sandals made from skins."

"I infer that you made these yourself?"

"That is correct."

"In fact, you were what we would now call a 'good trailer.' "

A Talk with Father Garces

"Yes, I had to be. You see, the Indians were a very natural people. Like the animals, they had adjusted themselves to their conditions and I thought it best to do likewise. I followed the Indians in my way of living."

"I read that you shared their food and liked it."

"I did. It was made from corn, the flesh of animals and fish. It was very palatable."

"And you had a good appetite?"

"Yes. I walked much."

"We can eat almost anything when we are hungry."

"You understand! You have traveled very much as I did, only you did it by horseback."

"Yes. I was a trailer in my youth. You can eat anything on the trail." Here he laughed; I could hear his chuckle. I went on, "Yes, I have had many toilsome experiences, but nothing like yours. Your journey across this wild country was marvelous. In these days you would be called a chief Boy Scout."

Here again I heard him chuckle — a soft, rustling sound — and he said, "I suppose I could be called that."

"Father Garces, I am greatly obliged to you for your courteous answers to my questions. There are others I would like to ask. I hope you will come again."

"I shall do so. Good day."

I may be entirely wrong in my feeling that this is an unparalleled experience. To talk with a man who was killed by the Indians over a century and a half ago, to get from him a vivid and candid account of his life, while the medium was shut in a separate room is incredible, nevertheless I ask the reader's careful reading of my report. It is not verbatim, but its essentials were recorded at the moment and supplemented by my own hand within an hour.

After Father Garces had withdrawn, I said to Fuller, "That

The Mystery of the Buried Crosses

was a most interesting talk with Father Garces. Now I want to talk with Espejo and also with Adam Smith."

"I shall locate them for you."

"Henry, here is a searching question. Have you thought that some of these pieces might be *apports*? After I had cut my way through that cactus tangle and saw that cross lying where no human hand could have planted it without first chopping his way through as I had done, I decided to ask, 'Did *you* put that object there, just so that I would not be disappointed?' "

His reply was instant and almost indignant. "No, no! I had nothing to do with it."

"Well, anyhow, I now have five crosses which we ourselves have discovered."

"That is sufficient. There can be no benefit to you in climbing other cactus-covered cliffs, getting yourself full of needles."

"If you will find one or two more on a nice easy hill — I'll take another chance."

"Very well. I shall see what can be done."

It remains to say that this story of Garces' murder differed in several particulars from the report made by a soldier who visited the scene several months after the massacre and recovered the bodies of the two padres, but these differences argue that the psychic had not read the report, for if she had, she would not have ventured to differ from it. It is interesting to note also that the report made to the church authorities contains certain miraculous incidents, touches which Father Garces wholly ignored.

Suppose we say that the psychic, either by phenomenal acuteness of hearing, or by some occult power, was able to hear all my questions and to read by some clairvoyant power my Spanish letter — there still remains the amazingly fluent and highly personalized dialogue which Father Garces and I

A Talk with Father Garces

carried on. Even if she had read the Garces' diary, she could not have known exactly what line my questions would take. She could not normally hear more than the rumble of my voice, and yet the whispered replies to my questions were prompt, relevant and admirably concise.

I leave this puzzle in the hands of the reader.

Chapter 16

Espejo and Oñate

IN MY journal I find this significant entry: "June 23, 1937. I heard the word 'Espejo' spoken this morning for the first time but did not recognize that it had anything to do with my problem."

A few days later, in reading the report of an early explorer, I came upon this name in print: Espejo was named as one who came to Arizona and New Mexico in 1583, more than twenty years before Oñate, and, like Garces, went among the Indians almost alone. This led me to say to Fuller, "The testimony of this man Espejo would be exceedingly valuable to me, for he saw the natives before any of the missions were founded."

Fuller replied, "I shall try to bring him."

Having already conversed with Garces, Oñate and Martínez, I was not even surprised when, on July 1, Fuller announced, "Espejo is here."

I calmly asked, "Is this Father Espejo?"

"*Si, si, señor,*" was the reply. He then added, "Yes, I am here."

In preparation for this morning's interview, I had placed the receiver on a table on the far side of my wife's room, in the full light of her window, while Mrs. Williams remained in my study *with two closed doors and a fifteen-foot hall between*. I considered it quite impossible for her to hear even the rumble of my voice.

On the table and on the floor, within easy reach, I had laid several of the ancient "idols," including the ones which I myself had found. I had also at hand some spirit photographs

Espejo and Oñate

which Mrs. Parent had taken of the fathers, and in my pocket was the letter which had been written to me by the curator of the Museum Nacional of Mexico City. My secretary was absent. No one but my wife was in the room with me. She had never seen the letter and cannot read Spanish. I ask the reader to note all these conditions.

I began by saying, "Father Espejo, I am happy to greet you and I desire to ask you many questions. You came into New Mexico before Oñate — did you not?"

"Yes, twenty-two or twenty-three years before."

"That is what the books say — but I cannot find any material relating to you."

"No," he answered, rather sadly, "they did not much mention me after my death."

This very human remark could not have come from my mind, and if it came from Mrs. Williams it was a fine, fictional stroke. I continued, "You are mentioned as having made your first exploration in 1583."

"That is true. I came to Mexico before any padre — long before any missions were established." He pronounced the word "Méhico," which is right.

"That is what makes your testimony so valuable to me," I replied, and then started to tell him of my collection of crosses, but he checked me. "I know of them," he said.

"Well, then, let us go directly to my purpose. Did you find the Indians of New Mexico wearing small metal crosses in their hair?"

"Oh, yes, many of them — and about their waists also — this was the custom among various tribes."

"The crosses they wore were small crosses, were they not?"

"No, some were several inches long."

"How did they fasten them in their hair — did they tie them

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to their locks with fiber?" I asked this to see if he would be influenced by my suggestion.

"No. They wore bands around their heads and the crosses were thrust inside this band. They wore the larger ones inside their waistbands."

I took up one of the ancient pieces. "Were they like this?"

"Yes, that is one of the same kind."

"They were old — you thought them very old at that time, did you not?"

"Yes, they seemed centuries old. They came from the south, the Indians said."

"Now, here is one that has puzzled me all along." I took it in my hand and held it up to the vivid light. "Can you see it?"

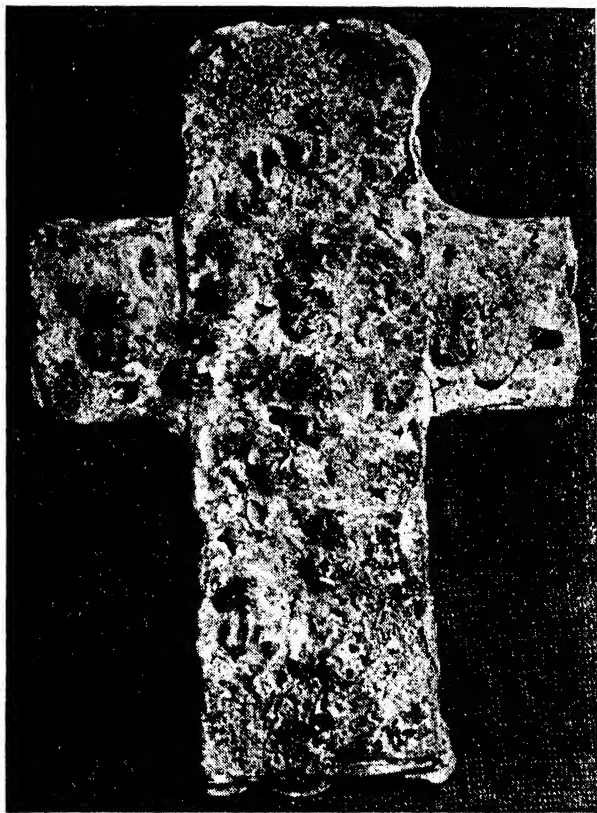
"Through your eyes I see it plainly."

"Very well. Now, on it you will see handsome faces — faces which are neither Indian nor Spanish, all wearing turbans. Did you see crosses similarly decorated in your travels?"

"Yes, indeed, many of them. They are Oriental. They were brought into Mexico and Central America by the Moors and Arabs, centuries before the Spaniards came. As the tribes migrated, driven out by others, they carried these idols with them to ward off evil spirits or to invoke the good will of their gods."

"That is what others have told me, but as you were an earlier pioneer, antedating all the missions, your testimony is of far greater value. I am a man of no religious prejudices, Father Espejo, and I hope you will be quite candid with me. I find no mention of these crosses in any of the 'relations' or diaries of the missionary fathers. There is only one mention of the wearing of crosses in the hair and that was by Oñate, who stated it in order to identify a certain tribe. Tell me, what was the reason for this failure of the fathers to report so singular a custom?"

Espejo and Oñate



Observe dimly-seen turbaned heads. This appears to be very old and fire-scarred.

“It is quite simple—the missionary padres did not report these crosses because the church did not want its European members to know that the cross was widely carried and worshiped in the New World, centuries before the True Cross was carried there by its missionaries. They all knew of these crosses but remained silent about them.”

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"Ethnologists are inclined to believe that the cross is a natural symbol and arose many centuries ago out of a consideration of the world directions, north, south, east and west."

"That is probably correct."

"Could the crosses you saw have been made in accordance with a dim remembrance of the True Cross brought in by traders?"

"It may be, but many of them had three branches. They were shaped like the letter T."

"Were they used in ceremonies?"

"Yes, in all their ceremonies."

"Where did they take place? Did they have a special house or shelter for them?"

"No. They took place on the tops of high hills — chosen because they wished to be away from the padres and because it carried them nearer the sun. They were all sun worshipers."

"What exactly was the ceremony? Did they dance?"

"Yes. They danced in a circle, each man holding a cross in his hand, which he raised to the sun as he chanted."

"That is the reason why we now find these crosses in the sides of hills or in stream-beds — they were buried there on the ceremonial ground, but have been washed down the hillside by the many torrents of rain."

"That is the true explanation. These places of meeting were always at a distance from the missions. The fathers abhorred all these barbaric objects and customs. I have no such prejudices now. Such prejudices do not exist here. Here a man is a man no matter what his race. Even his color does not count against him."

I can give only the substance of this remarkably able and eloquent plea for tolerance, which led my wife to ask, "What do you do over there?"

Espejo and Oñate

He replied, "We work for universal brotherhood and peace."

I showed him one of the spirit photographs of a dancing figure. "Is this a soldier or an Indian?"

After some hesitation, he replied, "It is a ceremonial dancer — probably an Indian."

I showed him several other specimens and he made this general statement. "All crosses with heads of animals, flowers, designs of any kind, are Indian and come from the south. The Christian cross has nothing on it but the figure of Christ."

"Some of these objects appear to have been through fire. Was this a part of the ceremony? Did they cast them into the fire?"

"No. The huts in which they lived were built of grass or reeds, and often burned. The crosses which were kept in their huts were burned but were afterward recovered from the ashes and treasured. Some may have been through the flames several times."

"Is it not a marvelous fact, Father Espejo, that we sit here talking — you a man of ancient explorations and I a man of modern America, with nothing connecting us but a wire?"

He replied, "I am not from afar — I am *here*. I am not of the sixteenth century, I am *now*. Time does not count with us — neither does space. Nevertheless, this is the first opportunity I have had to talk with a man of *your* dimension and I welcome it."

I told him of the book I was writing and of the difficulties I met in my attempt to solve this problem. I spoke of the letters I had written to Quiché, to Guatemala and to Mexico. "The only reply I have received is from Mexico. Can you read modern Spanish?"

"Yes — through your eyes."

"It seems to me it would be a noble test of survival if you,

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a Spanish explorer of the sixteenth century, could translate this letter to me. The medium, who sits in a distant room, cannot read Spanish and has never even seen this letter. She does not know that I have it. It has been partly read by only one living man, who could decipher but a few of the lines. I will hold it up so that you may read it for me."

This I did, and he gave me the substance of each paragraph, just as Serra and Martínez had done, and as Fuller and I had worked it out. I submit this as a remarkable test. To have a letter in modern Spanish read to me by an invisible who died nearly four hundred years ago is, to put it mildly, a miracle.

At the points where my visitor hesitated, I placed my finger on the paper and traced the lines which I wanted him to translate. He did not give the letter word for word, but he gave it so clearly that I could sense its meaning. That he was reading it seemed certain — at the moment.

We had been conversing in this fluent and natural way for nearly an hour, when I said, "Father Espejo, this has been a most valuable interview and I thank you sincerely for it. I hope you will come again."

"I shall do so," he replied. "*Adios!*"

Immediately after the close of this amazing dialogue, I wrote out the substance of it, checking up its details with my wife, who was deeply interested and whose memory is remarkably keen. I am certain that I have given all the thought and many of the exact phrases of Espejo's replies. It is essential to bear constantly in mind the fact that a hall with two closed doors and fifty feet of wire — one-way telephone wire — rendered it impossible for the psychic to participate in the conversation, and also, that *I knew nothing of this explorer*. I am quite certain that my wife was equally ignorant and that my questions were inaudible to Mrs. Williams' normal perception.

Espejo and Oñate

Except for a marked Spanish accent, there was nothing in Espejo's whisper to distinguish it from that of Fuller, but my wife was especially pleased by the nobility of tone which ran through all his utterances. It was impossible for either of us to relate the phrasing of his replies to our medium, although we knew her to be unusually intelligent. Certainly I could not have spoken Espejo's part in our conversation.

I ask the reader to take into account this most important fact, which not only proves the sincerity of Mrs. Williams, but separates my mind from the words uttered. I called him "Father Espejo," not knowing that he was a soldier and not a priest. According to the authorities which I consulted a few days later, he commanded a company of soldiers sent in to rescue Father Rodriguez. If I had known this at the time of our first interview — or if Mrs. Williams had known it — we would not have called him "Father." Later still, when he came again, I asked, "Why did you not correct my mistake?"

"I hesitated about interrupting you," he courteously replied.

"August 10, 1938. I have just read two of Oñate's reports of his expeditions and I find that he mentions these barbaric crosses several times — once as 'crosses,' other times as 'idols,' which in truth they were."

In my reading of Father Palóu's report, I found an answer to the question; why did the Indians go to the hills for their ceremonials? He tells of finding, by a military expedition, on a mountain top, of the well-executed bust of a woman, called by the natives *Ca-huun* — "Mother of the Sun." This was on the San Saba River, in what is now Texas. "The sculpture was in charge of an old Indian who acted as priest," the notes read. "As soon as the missionaries had entered upon the

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conquest, the old Indian hid away the image. The captain of the soldiers sent out a squad of men to burn all the huts of the Indians, in order that the people might move into the new town."

This was a way of forcing the natives to come to the mission. No doubt other commanders used the same means. As a result, the Indians sought the high hills as places of worship.

Chapter 17

Adam Smith and Mary Gard

ALL THROUGH Gregory Parent's records of his wife's mediumship runs the story of a boy named Adam Smith who, at the age of eight, was rescued from the Indians by the padres and brought to the Mission of San Juan Capistrano. This boy appears many times in the "spirit" photographs which witnesses claim were taken in Mrs. Parent's home. In these snapshots, he first appears as a child alone, later as a lad of fourteen, sometimes associated with another refugee — a girl named Mary Gard. Both of these children, the Parent records declare, grew up at the mission and for several years were its only English-speaking citizens.

According to Parent's story, Adam as a youth developed a mechanical turn of mind and was given a room to use as a workshop and encouraged to do what he could in the way of metal and carpenter work. He it was, Mrs. Parent stated, who made many of the tablets and crosses which were given to the Indians, and when the kindly captain of a trading vessel presented him with a set of dies he was able to print on some of the leaden crosses records of certain events and deeds which were considered important enough to be put down for future reference.

In attempting to confirm these statements by the Parents, I had not only searched the writings of the padres but I had run through the indexes of several authoritative historians — all to no result. No mention of either Adam Smith or Mary Gard could be found, and I came to regard them as imaginary characters, born of Violet Parent's whimsical mind.

The Mystery of the Buried Crosses

Nevertheless, I had seized the opportunity, as the reader has already learned, of inquiring from Fathers Serra, Lasuén and Martínez, whether they remembered these children. Serra remembered only Adam, but Martínez and Lasuén recalled them both. Not content with their testimony, I decided to call the boy himself from the vasty deep and ask him to identify the crosses he had made.

On Thursday, July 1, I made the trial. With the medium in my study, with my secretary seated beside me in the adjoining room and the door closed between the psychic and ourselves, I said to our guide, "Fuller, I have a new idea. I want to reach Adam Smith — the man who came to the mission as a little boy and who is said to have made many of these crosses."

"Yes, you were talking of him the other day. I shall try to get him. Just a moment — I'll broadcast him." Here I could hear him call, "*Mr. Smith! Mr. Smith! Mr. Smith!*" Then, after a pause, "Garland, here is Adam Smith."

A whisper greeted me.

"Are you Adam Smith?" I asked.

"Yes."

"I am delighted to hear you speak. I want to talk with you about life at the mission during the years when you lived there, but first of all, I want you to identify yourself in some photographs I have here." Opening the book at a page where the little Adam Smith was shown, I asked, "Is this you?"

"Yes," he replied. "That is me. That is the way I looked when I was a little boy."

"There are several other pictures of you, in all of which you are shown wearing a funny little round hat."

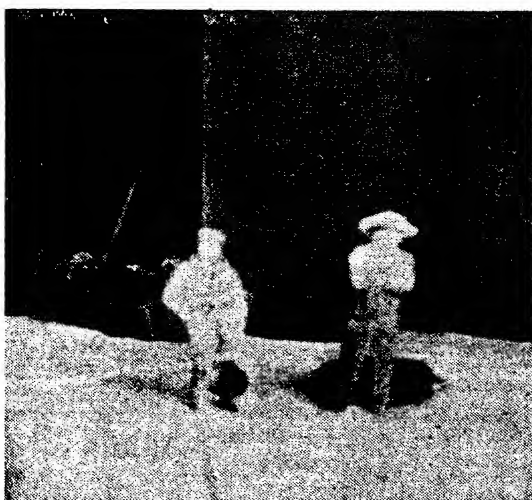
"Yes. I wore that hat when my mother and father were burned and I was rescued by the padres."

"How old were you then?"

Adam Smith and Mary Gard



*Adam Smith as a
child in skirts.*



*Adam Smith as a lad
of ten or twelve.*

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"I was about eight."

"In the early pictures you are wearing a girl's skirt."

"Yes. They had no trousers for me so they gave me a skirt. I didn't like that."

"Now concerning the problem of the crosses — you made many of them, did you not?"

"I did."

I took one up in my hand. "Did you make this one?"

"Yes. My name is on it, I believe. My name is on many of them — scratched on." (His name was *not* on this one.)

"Did you make this one with the monkey heads on it?"

"Oh, no, I did not make *that* kind. They are much older than the ones I made. Mine usually had letters on them."

"Did this one with the monkey faces come from the south?"

"Oh, no doubt of it."

"Here is one which I consider older yet. As you see, it is very crude and ancient. Did you ever see any objects like it?"

"Oh, yes, I saw many like it."

"Did you ever see the wild Indians wearing small crosses in their hair?"

"No, I did not, but I heard of them doing so. Many tribes did that, but none around the mission ever did. The padres were quite surprised to learn that the tribes had crosses long before the missionaries came."

"Scientists say that they were here before the Spaniards Now look at this strange plaque which I hold in my hand. Did you make that?"

"No. That is not my work."

"It is covered with large letters which spell out in English these words: '*Serra, Joe, When I bid Joe a cheerful farewell the boy's eyes told of love for me.*' What might be the meaning of that message?"

Adam Smith and Mary Gard



*Adam Smith as a
young man.*

"It probably had to do with Trapper Joe, a man around the mission. I have never seen it before. Someone must have made it in commemoration of Trapper Joe, perhaps for Father Serra, or perhaps Joe himself made it."

"Have you seen any of these tall crosses covered with large letters?"

"Yes, many of them."

"They seem to be made by one person, for the o's are all made the same way — not o's after all, but a kind of medallion."

"I can explain that. You see, our letters were all carved out of wood. One man might have carved that o and the others borrowed it and used it."

"But you did not?"

"No."

"Can you see this big cross?"

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"Yes. It says something about Serra on it, doesn't it?"

"I am told that it was used as a trail marker."

"It was. There were many such put up to mark the trails for the padres."

"Were they planted in the ground?"

"Yes, they were stuck in the earth, but they were first fastened to a wooden base." (Palóu said they had no base.)

"You knew a great many of the priests, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes. I knew many of them."

"Very well. Now here is a photograph of a group of padres. Can you tell me the name of this man?" As I said this, I pointed out a short, stout priest and Smith replied.

"I believe that is Martínez." (I am quite sure the psychic could not see or hear me at this moment.)

"Who is this padre with a wry neck?"

"That is Velos — V-e-l-o-s. He had a deformity on his back." (This is significant, for Serra and others had said he was *not* a hunchback.)

"Who is this man — this tall one — who appears to be smiling behind his hand?"

"That is Baptiste, a French padre who came with Father Palóu." (I did not know this, and I don't believe the psychic did.)

"Look closely at this seated figure — this man with a cadaverous face, who is wearing a mantle."

"His name was Montéz, I believe, a Spanish priest. I am not sure." (This was the first time Montéz was named.)

"Very good. Now, this one — this genial old man I know is Lasuén." At this point I took up another photograph of a larger group. "Here again is Martínez, and here also is Velos — and this man in the cloak is the one you called Montéz."

"Yes, that is Montéz."

Adam Smith and Mary Gard



Trail markers, from a photograph by Violet Parent. Small figure said to be Serra's mother. Compare this with portrait on Pages 71 and 73 — note absence of cross and change of dress.

"I suppose these figures in front are too small for you to recognize?"

"Yes. I cannot see them."

"Now, Adam Smith, these photographs called spirit photographs were taken twenty years ago by a woman named Violet Parent in her own home. Are they true spirit pictures?"

"They are. The pictures of me are spirit pictures. Of course, they are not actual photographs. They are astral projections. I produced them as I remembered myself at that time."

"I understand what you mean. Now, Adam, we come to a series of absolutely incredible photographs. Mrs. Parent insists

The Mystery of the Buried Crosses

that she took them in her sitting room with nothing but a sheet for a background — and yet here is, as you see, a rocky shore, with naked Indians carrying bundles of hides. You should know all about this for here you are, perched on a rock in one picture and down on the shore in another.”

“Yes, that is my figure in the canoe.” (This the psychic could not have known.)

“That reminds me — where are the dies which the captain of a vessel gave you, the dies with which you used to make the letters on the crosses? Having become the owner of the Parents’ entire collection, I have listed everything, but I do not find your dies among the items. What were they like? Were they made of steel?”

“They were made of wood with letters fastened on the end of them. I used them by pressing down on them. I knew nothing about printing. Like a boy, I just played with them. It is true they were given to me by the captain of a sailing vessel who came down the coast. They were made in England, I was told. Later they were given to an Indian in exchange for something, I believe.” (See Appendix)

“You gave a tap on each die when you printed?”

“Yes.”

“You are pictured here with an Indian girl named Atilda, whose named you printed on crosses. Was there a girl of that name?”

“Yes, there was a girl of that name.”

“Here is a picture of the good ship *Washington* and here you are greeting the captain.”

“That is correct. I was about thirteen, I think. I was never very large.” (An evidential touch.)

“Here you are again in the canoe. The canoe is about the same size as the ship — which always causes skeptics to laugh.

Adam Smith and Mary Gard

They think Mrs. Parent made them both out of paper — but they may be what we moderns call ectoplasmic thought-forms.”

“They were projections created by me.”

“I am greatly indebted to you, Mr. Smith. One more general question. Were the most of these crosses distributed from your mission, or did they come from the south?”

“The ones with faces and animals on them were probably brought from the south by the Indians. The crosses seen around Capistrano were perfectly plain and very crude. They were made at the mission and distributed from there.”

“Did you make some of the better ones and distribute them to your Indian friends?”

“Yes. I made some of the better ones. I made some with the figures of Jesus on them.”

“Is it not a fact that the fathers failed to remark upon these barbaric crosses?”

“They were very much surprised to learn of them. I don’t think they ever reported them to the Mother Church.”

“Did you know that the Indians used crosses in their own ceremonies on the hills?”

“No, I was sheltered and kept close to the mission. Ceremonies were held on distant hills where the fathers could not see them.”

“Now, Mr. Smith, this is my problem: The Parents collected fifteen hundred of these crosses. To validate these I must discover more. I have already found five — one of these pieces is a small plaque — like this. As you see, there are ten faces on it and a bell. These faces are turbaned — either Hindu or Arabic. What were these pieces used for?”

“I believe they were used as money. I have heard that said of them. They are very old — centuries old.”

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"Father Palóu tells me that there are still some pieces near Capistrano."

"There were many, many taken from there. I do not know where. Father Palóu may know, I do not."

"Parent states that your dies were found in a ball of adobe. How do you account for that?"

"They had been given to the Indians — given by one of the fathers in exchange for something, I believe, and the Indian who owned them, put the dies in a ball and hid it in the ground, to prevent their destruction."

"Did you know Sergeant Ortega?"

"Yes, indeed. I have been on many journeys with him. I shall try to find him and bring him next time."

"I wish you would. I'd like to talk with him."



This curious picture is an enlargement of a detail in the seashore scene (page 207)

Adam Smith and Mary Gard



Seashore scene.

As this is a record of experience and not a story, I must again remind the reader that this dialogue was carried on with the medium sitting alone in another room with a closed door between the transmitter and our receiver. She could not see me and she afterward said that she could not hear me. She declared she could not hear the voices in the box which she held to her breast. As a purely scientific report, I must call attention to the fact that she could not possibly have seen the pictures which I was exhibiting, for the prints were wholly out of her sight and the figures were minute and indistinct.

If the personality, Adam Smith, was a projection of her mind, my method of control absolves her from having any *normal* part in this very curious and fluent interview, which con-

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firmed much of what had gone before. Adam Smith drew the line very clearly between Christian symbols and barbaric artifacts, and furnished the identification of one or two of the padres hitherto entirely unknown to us all. He explained the use of the wooden type and verified many of the Parent photographs in which he was represented at several stages of his growth, from a child of eight in a girl's dress, to his appearance as a bearded man of forty.

Admitting that Mrs. Williams had seen these photographs in the book, and granting that she might have heard some of the questions, she could not have seen the figures which I indicated by silently pointing at them. With all deductions made, this remains one of the most remarkable of my conversations with my invisible visitors.

Chapter 18

On the Ortega Highway

MY FRIEND Stewart White's bantering question, "Why not consider these strange objects apports?" set me thinking along those lines.

After all, why not call them apports? That would exonerate our medium and placate the archaeologists. There is abundant evidence in print that such phenomena occur. The literature of psychic research is filled with well authenticated reports of curious coins, vases of flowers and even cannon balls dropping from the ceilings. Only yesterday a charming little Mexican girl told me with shy and troubled air that showers of dirt and stones had once fallen about her in her home, and the journal of the English Society for Psychical Research (May, 1938) contains a long and detailed report by its research officer concerning similar doings in an English home.

Materials objects suddenly appeared in locked rooms and in the open street. The report states: "On March the 9th, the psychic was undressed completely and given new clothes. We still had apports. On an open road with no one in sight a glass crashed behind her. We found a dump heap near by and believe that the glass came from there We committed psychic shoplifting. We took her to a shop in a near-by town and allowed her to handle small objects of almost no value. When we left, I handed her a tiny cardboard box to hold between her hands. We had hardly proceeded four hundred yards before something rattled in the box. There was the object chosen. . . . We made conditions tighter and tighter, always sitting in daylight or in full electric light. The phenomena did not dimin-

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ish. . . . On March 28th, we had our first living apport — a white mouse. At our suggestion, a live goldfish was brought. A glass was taken from the bathroom — through three closed doors — and smashed on the walk outside the house. . . . How did the glass penetrate three doors?”

All these happened under test conditions while a committee headed by Dr. Fodor closely studied the medium. The report gave a score or more of such phenomena.

Now in the face of such a report, White's banter about our crosses being apports is not entirely without support. Parent states that his wife was nearly always “sick” at the moment of finding the crosses. Some of the witnesses intimated that she was nauseated to the point of vomiting. Dr. Fodor's experiences might lead him to suggest that the invisibles “manifested” our crosses, or brought them from Quiché or Peru. Perhaps they will drop one from the ceiling of my study, but if they do it is probable that I shall still wonder — and doubt!

At our next sitting — on July 3, 1938, — where the test conditions were precisely the same, except that my secretary was present to make notes of our dialogue, Fuller came almost at once and when I asked, “What orders have you for us this morning?” he replied briskly, “Go to Capistrano. There are some crosses about five miles north of the mission on the Ortega Highway.”

Although I had tested his directions five or six times, I was again filled with doubt. The Ortega Highway, which was sixty miles away, ran from the mission of San Juan Capistrano over a high range of hills to Elsinore.

“That's a big country, Fuller,” I said. “How shall we know the exact spot?”

He replied, “I will be in the car and tell you just when to stop and where to search.”

On the Ortega Highway



Trail-Marker

“Will there be any climbing?”

“Very little.”

“Shall we take spades and hoes?”

“Yes, you’ll need them to scrape around with. There are two or three crosses on the surface or near the surface. Two or three more are all you need, don’t you think?”

“Yes, two will be sufficient.”

Early on July 6, after another brief interview with Fuller, we set out for San Juan Capistrano — my wife and I, with the medium driving the car. We were familiar with the road to the mission, but neither of us knew where the Ortega Highway led out of it. Fuller had said, “Five miles north of the mission,” and we took a road which seemed to lead north, but as he had

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spoken of low, rolling hills, we soon began to question. At my suggestion, the psychic stopped the car and I said, "Fuller, are we on the right road?"

"No," came the definite answer. "Go back to the mission. Take the road to the right. It leads to the hills."

On returning to the town, we discovered that the highway started from the back of the mission, and when I asked, "Is this right?" the whisper said, "Go about five or five and a half miles."

Watching our speedometer, we drove on. As we neared the five-mile mark we found ourselves skirting the base of a wooded hill, with a pleasant valley on the left and while driving slowly along this road I heard Fuller say, "Stop. This is the place."

I looked about incredulously. There was nothing distinctive about the spot. On our right hand a steep, narrow, grassy ravine came down to the roadway.

"Is this the spot?"

"Yes. On the right."

"Do we climb up this ravine?"

"Yes, but not far."

It was not easy going for the psychic. A deep ditch and a wire fence intervened, and we were forced to crawl under the wires. As we clambered up the slippery grass, Fuller kept saying, "A little higher. They were not buried here. They were brought down by the rains. Look close. They are scattered."

As I was scraping half-heartedly among the leaves and grasses, the psychic called to me, "Mr. Fuller says you are standing on one!"

Looking down at the ground, I saw near my right heel the deep print which a horse's hoof had made some weeks before

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when the ground was soft. It was hardened now, and crushed into its edge lay a small cross.

On picking it out of the soil, I found it to be of barbaric character, like the others we had found. It could not have been dropped there by the psychic for it had been trodden into the mud by a horse.

Holding it in my hand I said, "Fuller, this one little item is as good as a dozen —"

He interrupted, "As proof."

"Yes, as proof — and yet I cannot believe in it. You led me to see it, but the whole experience is incredible. It does not fit in with the material world around me. How did you locate it? How did you lead us to this inconspicuous little ravine? Are there others here?"

"Yes, twenty-three were buried on the hilltop."

It was late and the sun was warm and as I looked up that steep ravine I said, "I can't ask the psychic to climb up there today."

Here again the doubter must shift his accusation from the Parents to Mrs. Williams. Why should she select this obscure ravine which was exactly like scores of others along the road for the planting of a cross? Granting that the motive for deception was strong, it seems almost equally incredible that she had surreptitiously driven down here at a time when the ground was still soft, and that she had crawled under this fence and dropped this cross among the leaves, with intent to lead me to it later. That the horse had trodden upon it while the ground was soft was evident. This must have been in May, for no rain had fallen for two months.

Fuller, amused by my desire for another test, agreed to go back with us at some further date and locate the other specimens.

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On July 7, I had my second conversation with Oñate, and I began it by saying, "*Adelantado*, I confess to an almost complete ignorance of you and your activities. All I know of you is the date of your exploration in 1604. I wish you would tell me under what kind of commission you explored. Who sent you into New Mexico, and why?"

"I was sent there by the Mexican government."

"On a military expedition?"

"Yes. That was in 1602."

"How long did you stay there?"

"Twelve years."

"You made this expedition to Arizona and California in 1604, did you not?"

"Yes — in the latter part of 1603, to be exact."

"What kind of an establishment did you have in New Mexico — and where were you located in reference to Santa Fe?"

"I cannot tell the location now. We were in the mountainous part of New Mexico. I am not sure, but I think it was not far from where the city of Santa Fe was afterward built. There was a small settlement where we were. It was not a town. The people were spread out in many locations. There was no settlement at what is now Santa Fe."

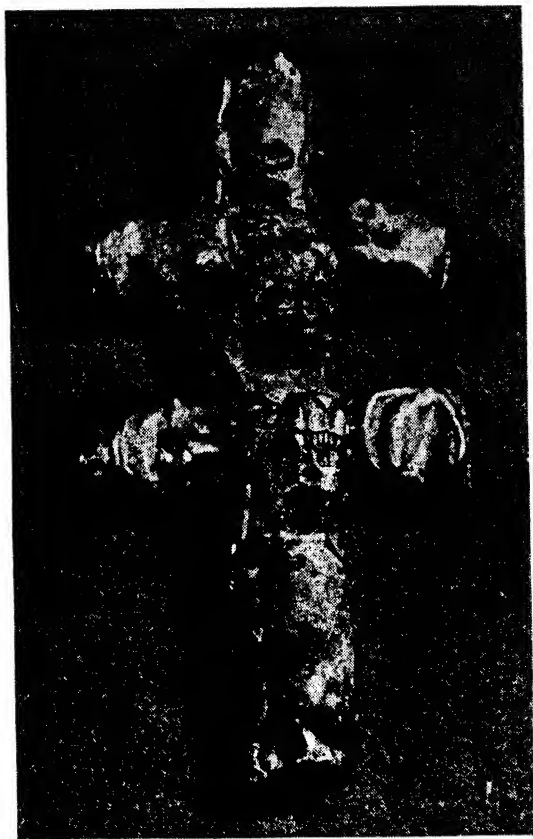
"Your testimony concerning these crosses will be especially valuable to me for the reason that you were a layman observer."

"It is true I was not connected with the church at all."

"Senor Oñate, so far as my reading goes, you are the only man who reported the fact that the Indians of New Mexico and Arizona wore crosses. That is so important that I should like to show you some specimens and get your opinion of them."

"Very well."

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CROSS OF THE PANTHER CLAN

This "rain cross" contains eight per cent of silver. Note snarling panther heads.

"To begin with, this one which I am holding up has on it the bust of a woman who wears a crown. Where did this come from?"

"It was brought from the south. The figure represents the

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goddess of water. I am pretty certain that it was made down there in the south."

"It could not have been imported from Europe?"

"Oh, no."

"This large one with many heads of wolves or bears on it is a very remarkable one, for the heads are well modeled."

"They are the heads of panthers. They were worshiped by some tribes in the south. They used these animal crosses when praying to their gods."

"Did the Indians or the south work their own metal?"

"Yes, they had much metal down there. Their weapons were trimmed with metal and their houses also."

"I have many specimens, all bearing faces. Where do they come from?"

"Possibly from the south. Very probably the originals were brought to America by Europeans and were copied in the south by the Indians."

"The one I hold now is a large one with an arrowhead in the center and four heads on the arms. Each head bears a crown or turban. It is a ruder design than the one with the wolves."

"I believe those heads represent the heads of Indians in the south. Some of them wore coverings on their heads to protect them from the sun."

"Then you do not agree with Father Serra that they are Oriental?"

"I do not know, but I have seen Indians wearing cloth on their heads in that way to protect themselves from the sun."

"Why would they put the heads on crosses?"

"Tribal artisans made the crosses and each had ideas of his own in worshiping his gods."

"Here is one with monkey heads on it, each monkey wear-

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ing a crown. Why did they put monkey heads on their crosses?"

"Certain southern tribes worshiped monkeys. There are many monkeys in Yucatan and in South America. They put crowns on the monkey head in a manner suitable to represent their god."

"On this very ornate one a rabbit is represented feeding."

"The rabbit stood for fertility. Women wore them, tied around their waist or carried in their hands."

"Did they use them in ceremonial dances?"

"No, women did not dance; only the men danced. Women only said prayers to the gods. These fertility crosses came from the south also. I never saw metal workers in New Mexico and Arizona. Many Indians came up from the south, bringing these metal objects with them."

"When was the first mission established?"

"Do you mean in this country or in Mexico?"

"I mean in this country — Arizona and California."

"There were no missions here when I came. The Indians had never seen a white man at that time. They had their own religion."

"Señor Oñate, no one seems to know of these crosses. Ethnologists do not write of them."

"They are known in Mexico. They were not important to the historians, and the missionaries would, of course, not mention them because they were barbaric."

"Having no religious prejudice, Señor Oñate, I want to find out and state the facts. I shall tell only the truth. I am to speak with Espejo again on this matter."

"I am glad. He came twenty-two or twenty-three years before me. He was, in truth, the first missionary to go through your country."

"Did you know him?"

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"Oh, yes. I have seen and spoken with him."

"He must have been a powerful young man."

"He was in his early thirties — not tall but very strong physically."

"He must have been an indomitable soul. His testimony and yours is exceedingly important and valuable to me. I shall quote what you have said in one chapter of my book."

"I am honored. It is an honor for me to be mentioned by you."

"I am in your debt. . . Did you have a military guard when out on your *entradas* — you called them 'entradas,' did you not?"

"Yes. '*Entrada*' means trail. I was a trailmaker. Many times I went alone, but sometimes I took two or three men with me. We could not carry enough supplies for many."

"You were young, also, were you not — and strong?"

"I was in my late twenties. Yes, I was a strong young man — larger than Espejo."

"What did you eat on your explorations?"

"We lived on wild game and food which the Indians gave us. They were very kind to us. Many times we did find inhospitable tribes, but few of them were hostile."

"Señor Oñate, I thank you most sincerely for this talk. I want you to come again. I shall have more questions to ask you."

"I shall be glad to answer. Good-by."

Chapter 19

Long-Wire Tests

THE reader will recall that in the beginning of my tests of Mrs. Williams' powers we sat in full daylight, listening to faint whispers which appeared to come from a trumpet held near her body. Sometimes these voices seemed to come from behind her head, sometimes from the air above her, but mainly they appeared to come from her solar plexus. I could detect no movement in her throat or lips.

My first test of her supernormal power was to place my hand over her mouth. This I did several times, with no effect. *The whispers proceeded without interruption.* My next test was made with a one-way telephone. Placing her in an adjoining room, I connected the transmitter, which she held to her breast, with an amplifier which I set upon a table in my study.

This mechanism not only augmented the whispers but projected them over a forty-foot wire. A closed door did not prove a barrier. Not content with this test, I then removed my receiver across a hall into a distant room, with *two* closed doors between. Sixty feet of wire connected the transmitter in Mrs. Williams' hands with the amplifier on my table.

Anticipating that my critics would still charge her with deception, I asked Fuller if he thought she could project her "squeaks" over a wire leading across the patio to the amplifier placed in my daughter's house. To this he had quietly replied, "Distance should be no barrier."

Having obtained what seemed like answers to two direct questions in my daughter's house, I decided to go farther. I

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ran a wire down to my daughter's studio at the bottom of her garden. The larger part of the collection of crosses was stored there. "It may be that the padres and their Indians would like to see them," I said to Mrs. Williams. "And I'd like to try talking with you over three hundred feet of wire."

She replied, "That will be all right with me. It is a long way for my squeaks to go, but if Mr. Fuller approves, I am willing to try."

Thereupon, I doubled the length of the wire. After tying it to the railing of my balcony, I carried it through an olive tree in my garden and across the wall to another tree, just in front of my daughter's studio. Winding it twice about one of the branches of the tree, I led it in over the door and along the wall, connecting it with the amplifier on a center table.

On Thursday morning, July 8, 1937, with everything in readiness, Mrs. Williams took her accustomed chair in a corner of my study, and after giving her the suggestion to doze if possible, and leaving my wife to remain beside her during the test, I hurried across the yard to plug in on the studio current.

With my secretary opposite me, ready with pad and pencil, I turned the amplifying knob. The humming at once began, and I called out, "Fuller, are you there?"

His answer came instantly, brisk, definite, "Yes, I am." (It may be that the psychic anticipated this question.)

"Fuller, I want to reach Capitán Ortega this morning. He was that herioc scout who led the way for the Portolá expedition to San Francisco in 1769. Father Serra spoke of him in the highest terms, and I should like to talk with him. See if you can get him."

At this point, while I was waiting for an answer, someone remarked, as if he had been looking about him, "You have many crosses here that I have not seen before."

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"Who is speaking? Is it Capitán Ortega?" I asked.

Receiving no reply, I addressed my invisible visitor, "Shall I walk around the studio and show you the crosses?"

The reply was so faint that I could not catch the words, but another personality called to me in a clear whisper, "Señor Garland."

"Yes. Who is speaking?"

"Señor Ortega."

"Is it really you, Capitán Ortega, the scout who led Portolá?"

"That is I." (This must be counted a direct reply.)

"I have here photographs of certain padres which I wish you to identify. Can you see this one which I hold?"

"Yes."

I then held up a group photograph and asked him to name one of the padres which I pointed out. He replied but I could not distinguish his words.

A great deal of tinkering now took place in the receiver, and then someone said very distinctly, "Can you hear me?"

"I can, but who is speaking now?"

"Señor Ortega." This was not the Ortega whom Fuller had said I should call "Capitán."

I again asked about the photograph. He replied, but failed to make his words heard. Fuller then struck in. "Garland, I have Albert Paine with me. Do you wish to speak with him?"

This was another surprise, for my thought was set on the identification of the photographs. Paine was not in my mind, but I answered quickly, "I want very much to talk with him. Albert, are you here?"

"Yes, and I am very glad to *be* here."

The very slight emphasis on the word *be* is important. Mrs. Williams could not possibly have heard my question and she

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could not, at a venture, reply with the emphasis so placed. Albert's reply indicated that he had heard my question and had matched it unmistakably by that stress.

He then went off into a long speech which I could not hear and neither could my secretary.

At last I said, "Albert, we've been talking of having Joan of Arc come. She would find Mrs. Williams possessed of voices like her own."

He replied but I failed to catch his words.

Again a voice addressed me as "Señor Garland" and said, "It is Señor Ortega speaking. Can you hear me?"

I heard this very plainly, but beyond a feeling that this was not the scout, "Capitán Ortega," I found myself at a loss.

Up to this point, the experiment had been only partially successful but now came a decisive test. A clear whisper announced another visitor.

"Señor Garland, this is Father Rodriguez."

I had no remembrance then of such a padre, but I greeted him. "I am pleased to have you come, Father Rodriguez."

After a buzzing, blurring period on the wire, he spoke again in what I took to be Spanish, ending on the word *mañana*. As if aware of the interruption, he repeated, "This is Padre Rodriguez."

"I am glad you are still here, Father Rodriguez. I want your help." I saw in the coming of this priest, totally unknown to me, an opportunity to prove the psychic's powers. Taking up one of Mrs. Parent's photographs in which some ten or twelve missionary fathers were represented in three rows, I asked, "Father Rodriguez, are you portrayed in this group?"

"Yes."

"In which row?"

"In the intermediate row."

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I cannot believe that this was merely a lucky shot, and I must again ask the reader to bear in mind that no word of what I said could go to Mrs. Williams at the other end of my three-hundred-foot wire, and that my wife was on guard to testify to this fact. It will not do to call it merely coincidence.

To make the test still more convincing, I pointed to one of the figures. "Is this you?"

"Yes, that is I."

"Who is the man in front of you?"

He did not reply, and as the figure was small and dim, I inferred that he could not see it clearly. I placed a reading glass over the photograph.

"Does this help?"

"Yes."

Here again was an action which the psychic could not possibly have inferred, yet the answer was to the point.

I asked him other questions and he replied fluently, but his words so ran together that his meaning could not be secured. Nevertheless, I considered the experiment partially successful. The psychic could not anticipate my tests.

Furthermore, though some force noisily scraped and hammered in the amplifier, my wife testified that she heard nothing of this disturbance while she sat with the psychic — *not a sound of any kind*.

The buzzing and crackling in the amplifier prevented me from hearing any further word, and so ended our sitting. It was irritating and unsatisfactory but it was not a complete failure.

The following day, at two-thirty in the afternoon, we tried again for voices in the studio, over three hundred feet of wire, and almost immediately after hooking up I heard the word, "Espejo."

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"Is this Father Espejo?"

"That is right."

"Have you anything to add to the story you told us some days ago?"

He answered, but I failed to catch a complete sentence of his reply.

When he ceased to speak, another whisper was heard. "This is Father Rodriguez. Can you hear me?"

"Yes, I can hear you, Father Rodriguez. Did you indicate yesterday that this photo contained a portrait of you — this one in the middle of the group?" I asked this question for the reason that I felt he had made a mistake.

His reply was indistinct, but Father Garces then announced himself clearly and asked, "Have you some crosses you wished to point out to me?"

"Yes, I have." Taking down one of the cases which contained about fifty specimens, I brought it to the amplifier. Holding the case on my knees, I asked, "Can you see these crosses, Father Garces?"

He tapped his reply on the box, "Yes."

"Did you see anything like them on your trip?"

"Yes."

I pointed to one especially interesting specimen. "I am puzzled by this cross, Father Garces. The heads on this cross seem to be those of young men with their hair parted in the middle, quite modern in style. Is *this* an old cross?"

His answer was clearly definite. "Yes, Señor Garland. It is." Here again was a direct answer, but his voice faded and Fuller spoke. "It is a little difficult today. Better try tomorrow. Ask for Father Zephyrin. He can talk with you and tell you many things."

"Father Zephyrin" was the religious name of Engelhardt,

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the official historian of the missions in Mexico, Arizona and California, but I had the impression that he was still alive. I replied cautiously, "He would be very prejudiced, I fear."

"That is true," replied Fuller, "he would be." He did not say whether he meant that I should call upon Father Zephyrin in Santa Maria or confer with him over our one-way telephone. I asked a noncommittal question. "What mission were you connected with, Father Zephyrin?"

His reply was short and indistinct, and I had the feeling that he resented my ignorance of him and his work.

At our next test of the long wire a few days later, a personality entirely new to us all announced himself shortly after we took our places about the receiver in the studio.

"Padre Asunción is speaking."

"Padre Asunción? What was the date of your *entrada*?"

His answer was indistinct. After a silence he again announced himself. "Padre Asunción speaking."

"What was the date of your *entrada*, Father Asunción?" He did not answer my question but remarked instead, "It is very interesting to come into this place and see so many things I have seen before."

"Do you mean these crosses?"

"Yes."

"Did you call them crosses or idols?" There was no answer.

"You didn't like to call them crosses, did you?"

"No."

There were several moments of silence and then Fuller spoke up, "Father Asunción and Father Nadal and a strange new father were here. They will come back tomorrow."

That there was a marked, very human rivalry for the honor of being the first to explore the wilderness of New Mexico was evident, and toward the end of our investigations of these

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claims, a new personality manifested under long-wire and separate room test conditions.

On August 9 at half-past ten, while we were seated at the receiver in our guest-room at the end of a fifty-foot wire with a hall and two closed doors between us and the medium, I heard a salutation in English but with a marked Spanish accent. "Señor Garland!"

"This is Señor Garland. Who is speaking?"

"Padre Próspero."

"Father Próspero, your name is not known to me. Were you an early explorer?"

"Yes, I preceded Father Marcos in exploring New Mexico."

"What was the date of *your* entrada? Who commissioned you?"

"In 1525 I came up from Mexico."

At this point another noisy tinkering interrupted us. Later I heard the same voice. "Father Próspero is speaking." Thereupon the following conversation ensued with an occasional "Yes" or "No" rapped out instead of spoken.

"What further do you wish to say, Father Próspero? Were you the first padre to explore this southwestern section?"

"Yes."

"Was Cortez agreeable to that? Did he want you to do it?"

"Yes."

"Who authorized you? The Franciscan brotherhood in Spain?"

"Yes."

"How long were you on this *entrada*?"

"Two years."

"Where did you go?"

"I came to the Colorado River."

"What did you call it?"

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"It had no name. The Indians called it 'Great Water.' "

"Did you travel alone?"

"I had one person with me."

"What was his name?"

"Jaco. J-a-c-o." (He pronounced it Haco.)

"Was he a friar or a padre?"

"A friar."

"Then you two came alone? You lived with the Indians, I suppose."

"Yes."

"They fed you and were kind to you?"

"Yes."

"Did you find crosses in this country already? Barbaric crosses?"

"Yes, we found them."

"Were the Indians using them as idols?"

"Yes."

"Were some of them decorated with animals?"

"Yes."

"You didn't dare report them to the home church?"

"I *did* report them."

"Did you call them idols or crosses?"

"Idols."

"Well, I suppose they *were* idols. Did they wear them in the hair on their foreheads?"

"Yes." (Taps)

"And on their wrists?"

"Yes." (Taps)

"And around the waist?"

"Yes." (Taps)

"Did you ever see any of their ceremonies?"

"No." (Tap)

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"Did any white man ever see them?"

"No." (Tap)

"These things are what I wanted you to tell me. I have one more question. Is there anything about your *entrada* in print?"

"Si."

"Engelhardt doesn't give it."

"No."

"Is there any part of your report in English?"

"I do not know, but I shall find out for you."

"Will you do that tomorrow?"

"Yes."

A day or two later, I discovered that the mere twisting of wires together to form a joint was not complete enough to permit an unobstructed flow of electricity and that I had not used the proper insulating tape, hence the "joints" leaked power. After eliminating two of these joints in my wire I made the three-hundred-foot test again.

There is no explanation for the utterance of these supernormal voices, but that they ride on a current of electricity is certain. Fuller had said, "Distance is no barrier." but neither he nor I anticipated what would happen when I substituted a new wire without joints, a solid wire from transmitter to receiver. I was astounded (and irritated) to find that it acted as an antenna for three neighborhood radios. Nevertheless, in the midst of this din, Father Marcos again announced himself and said, "I have come to help you classify your crosses."

Fragmentary, almost painfully disappointing as my dialogues in the studio had been, they were evidential in that they proceeded without normal connection with the medium, and (so far as I could tell) distinct from myself. Several unexpected padres — Gandiago, Tápia, Asunción, Nadal — of whom I knew nothing, greeted me and professed an eagerness to aid

Long-Wire Tests

in my task of validating the very same "idols" of which they had made no report while in the flesh. The curious contradiction between their earth life and their fourth-dimensional life requires an explanation which I cannot furnish.

As a matter of fact, one or two of the messages which I had obtained while in my daughter's house, at the end of a wire one hundred and fifty feet long, were quite as evidential as those I received over the longer wire, but I cannot call them conclusive. Those in my study, with the psychic fifty feet distant and a hall and two closed doors between, should also come into this chapter. They, too, were long-wire tests, and the translation of the Spanish letter, (which no one of us had been able to read) took place under these long-wire conditions.

(At a later date I obtained those voices while Mrs. Williams sat without touching the transmitter.)

One morning, while making another long-distance test, a new visitor whispered, announcing himself as an old acquaintance in Boston. He gave the name of a man whom I had supposed to be still in the body, and discussed in detail the problems on which I was engaged. He spoke as fluently and as familiarly as Fuller.

At my request, he also translated the letter from the Mexico Museum (which I had used as a test with Serra, Garces, Martínez, Espejo and Fuller, with two doors and a long hall separating the psychic from me, and when I said, "Is it not a marvelous experience that we should sit here talking over a one-way wire as easily as over a telephone?" he replied, "It is. I would not have believed it."

Whoever he was, he could read Spanish, and he was wise in all matters relating to the Indians of the Southwest. The psychic could not have heard normally one syllable of our dialogue.

The Mystery of the Buried Crosses

Another long-wire test of the medium's powers belongs in this chapter but has no bearing on my problem. It had the effect however, of confirming my belief in the supernatural character of the voices. At several of our sittings during May, 1937, I had called upon one of my pioneer uncles whose playing of the fiddle had been my boyish admiration. I had said, "Uncle David, I want you to come and play 'Maggie' for me," but it was not until in July that my request was answered.

While sitting in my wife's room with both doors closed, listening at the amplifier, I heard what I took to be some one feebly *whistling* a tune, but as it grew in volume and clarity I said to my wife: "It is a violin! It is Uncle David playing for me." Slowly, hesitatingly and yet certainly, the whistle took up the melody of "When You and I Were Young, Maggie."

After listening a few moments I said, "That is not the 'Maggie' I meant, Uncle David. Play the other one."

My interruption, my demand, seemed to shatter the power of the player. He stopped and would not go on. In order to make the test more complete, I did not name the other song which he used to play so beautifully. He made no reply as I said, "Come again, Uncle David, I want you to play the other one."

What shall we say of a test like this? Can ventriloquism produce such an effect over a one-way wire and through two closed doors? Furthermore, the tune moved in opposition to my thought. I had asked for a certain melody, and he played another, *hence it did not come from my mind*. It may be related in some way to the mind of the psychic, for she had heard me speak of sometime making the test — but that does not explain how the sound was produced. It baffled me then, and I am still unable to comprehend it.

Chapter 20

The Ortega Hilltop

ALTHOUGH my wife and daughter and those of my friends who were in the secret considered the finding of six amulets amply sufficient for the validation of the Parent collection, I was still minded to secure a few more.

On Monday morning, July 12, 1938, our medium came in at ten o'clock and during our brief session Fuller again gave us our marching orders. Our dialogue was short and to the point. With the usual arrangement of the psychic and the transmitter in one room, and I, with the receiver and my secretary, in an adjoining room, I connected up the wall socket and immediately heard a whisper. "Hello, Garland."

"Hello, Henry. Your voice is a bit thin this morning, but I can hear you."

"Very well. You are ready to start?"

"Yes, we are ready to go again to that hill at Capistrano. You said there was not much digging."

"You had better take a spade."

"I have a spade and two hoes in the car."

"That is plenty. The crosses are not buried deeply."

"Is the hilltop sharp and rocky?"

"No, it is rounded. Look under the rocks and around them."

"You must meet us there and tell us where to dig or we would never find them. We are going by way of Elsinore this time. Don't you get lost on the way."

"I'll be right with you in the car. Put the medium in the front seat. I can talk to her there. I'll rap for you on the seat

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back of her. I can talk to her easily through ectoplasmic matter coming from her shoulder blades."

The morning was glorious, and as we rode we discussed the unbelievable task to which we had set ourselves. Somewhere in that range of mountains, on a hill indistinguishable from scores of other hills, certain small pieces of metal had been buried, and our only chance of finding them was by way of rappings on the metal rod at the back of our front seat, or as directed by faint whispers which appeared to issue from our psychic's body in some way.

Coming at the hill from the opposite direction we failed to recognize it. We drove beyond it for nearly a mile before we halted for instructions. Fuller told us to go back, and under his direction we arrived at the ravine in which we had found the cross.

To climb up that steep gully was too difficult and I led the way round to the western side of the hill where cattle paths made climbing easier. It was a stiff climb, however, through barbed grass and thorny bushes. We each carried a hoe which served to steady us on the steep banks and to chop away cactus and poison oak. The medium stood the exertion pretty well but was fairly winded when she reached the top. I could not believe that she had ever been here before.

The summit was a gently rounded ridge in size about fifty by one hundred feet, and from it the entire valley and the shore of the sea could be seen. I thought of what Espejo had said: "The Indians chose these hilltops to escape prying eyes and because they carried them nearer the sun."

I turned to Mrs. Williams. "Fuller, is this the place?"

I could hear his whisper but I could not distinguish his words. The psychic repeated them to me. "He says this is the place."

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As she recovered her breath, the whispers became stronger. They told us just where several of the crosses lay in their original burial places, but Fuller said, "You'll need a spade. They are fairly deep. Better look for those which have been washed out and down the hill."

The ravine, which began at our feet, was steep and grassy, but as we started down it, Fuller directed us to "rake the leaves." The grass was dry and slippery and the shrubs were so thick and overhanging that their branches rested like mats on the ground. It was necessary to lift them or chop them away before we could examine the ground under them. Fuller was at our elbows. "To your right. Look closely. Keep in the water course," he said. "Remember they were washed out and carried down by rains."

After some twenty minutes of slipping and sliding and peering under every clump of shrubbery, I sat down to rake out the banks of leaves and twigs which the spring rains had built up. While we were both at work on a dike around a bunch of bushes, Mrs. Williams called, "Wait a minute! I see one!"

As I watched her, she raked out from beneath this covert the fragment of a cross. It was small and badly broken, but I considered it of the greatest value as evidence. Almost immediately I caught sight of another one deep under the mass of drooping shrubs.

On examination, this proved to be one of those on which monkey heads were molded — one of the most ancient of them all.

"Fuller," I said, "these make our seventh and eighth crosses."

"All you need," Mrs. Williams reported as his reply. "There are more here but you do not need them," he added.

"No, and yet now that we're here I'd like to find a few more."

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For another half hour, with these two treasures carefully pouched, I slid down the ravine. It was hot on that side of the hill, and Mrs. Williams, who had injured her leg with the hoe, was disposed to quit but I kept on. "It's like fishing, Fuller —" I called out. "I expect any minute to get a bite."

"Better stop," he said. "I don't want you scrambling around here in the heat."

At last I yielded and climbed back to the rounded summit. A beautiful wind was blowing from the sea and the outlook was wide and colorful. I could well understand that the Indians loved these high places.

Walking to the center of the grassy knoll, I said, "Fuller, was this spot cleared and used for ceremonial dances in those days?"

The psychic listened and replied, "He says it was."

"So that at last I am on the very soil where the sun-worshipping ceremony took place?"

"He says, 'You are.' "

The ravine was so steep that we decided to go back the way we came. Notwithstanding the psychic's wounded leg, we made a rapid descent and soon reached our car.

As I put the hoes in the car, I said to Mrs. Williams, "I shall not ask you to take such a climb again."

For the first time she voiced resentment. "No, I shall do no more such work."

"This ends all such expeditions for me. Without your aid I couldn't find another cross in a hundred years. With it, I am certain I could collect a thousand. But, as Fuller says, I have a sufficiency. I have accomplished my purpose."

On the following morning — Tuesday, July 13 — with the psychic sitting as usual in my study and while my wife, my

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secretary and I were gathered about the receiver in the adjoining room, I said, "Fuller, the story you conveyed to the psychic on that hilltop is so valuable that I want you to repeat it here so that I can hear it and my secretary can make record of it. First of all, was that hill chosen and cleared for a ceremonial meeting?"

"Yes, it was prepared for a sacrificial dance."

"How many took part in it?"

"I have been told that twenty-three took part in it."

"Were they the chief men of the tribe?"

"Yes, yes! The big men of the tribe — warriors and medicine men."

"Did they have a fire built in the center?"

"Yes, and they danced around it chanting their prayers."

"Did they hold this ceremony in the daytime or at night?"

"In the daytime. They were sun worshipers, and at night there was no sun."

"So I assumed. Did each man, as Father Serra said, hold a cross in his hand?"

"Yes, each man carried a cross or some other treasured object to invoke the aid of his god. He held it toward the sun while chanting his prayer."

"Could we reconstruct that chant?"

"I'll try to get it for you."

"I have heard the chants of other tribes — the Sioux and Cheyenne, for instance, and the chant of these sun worshipers must have been similar. It must have run like this: '*O, father sun, have pity on us. Give us good crops. Keep us from hunger. We are weak — we are poor — pity us!*' No doubt they repeated this over and over. Did they call the sun Great Spirit?"

"Yes, Great Spirit. At the close of the dance each man buried his cross as an offering."

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"Did they do this separately?"

"Yes, separately. There were no caches. Each man withdrew from the circle and buried his cross apart from the others. He picked out his place and buried his token where he wished but not too far from the others. Animal heads on the crosses signified that they invoked the Great Spirit to help them capture these animals."

"Just how did the Indians dig the holes in which to bury crosses? They couldn't have had spades in those days."

"They used stone hatchets and sticks."

"Did they have more than one dance in any one spot?"

I asked this question on impulse and the answer, *wholly unexpected*, opened up an entirely new concept of the problem I had been seeking to solve.

Fuller (or the Indian he was representing) replied, "No. They cleared off a new spot on another hill each time they held one of these sacrificial dances."

"Fuller, that is a totally new idea. If they never met twice in the same place it follows that there are hundreds of hilltops here in Southern California which were once used as dancing places, and that hundreds of 'idols' remain to be discovered."

"That is the fact. There are many such hills with many undiscovered crosses."

"My critical friends say, 'Is it not strange that no one else reported to the museums the discovery of these artifacts?'"

"That is accounted for by the fact that these crosses were buried on isolated, inaccessible hills covered with cactus and far from roads of any kind."

"I begin to see it! Only by rare accident would any white man stumble upon one of these inconspicuous objects — even after it had been washed down into a ravine or stream bed."

I had in mind the difficulty we had experienced in seeing

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those we had discovered the day before. No one not minutely directed as we had been could have detected among the leaves those small rusty pieces of lead.

Up to this moment I had thought of those dancing places as *habitual* meeting places, abandoned only when the tribe migrated to some other hunting ground. Another question was suggested. "Did the medicine men ever return and dig up their offerings?"

"Sometimes. After the rains they had prayed for had come, or their plea for game had been granted, some of them would return and recover their offerings for future use. If all crops and game failed, they migrated, leaving their tokens behind."

"As these objects were sacred in their thought, I suppose they considered it sacrilegious to dig them up."

"In some cases, yes, in other cases, no. I do not quite understand their thought about that."

I now took up another line of thought. "Why are they so eager to have *us* dig them up?"

"I believe that is simply out of a regard for their history. They want you to know about their migrations and their life here in this region. They also want it known that the white man was here long before historians believe that he was."

"Even before Columbus?"

"Oh, yes — many centuries before Columbus."

"Fuller, this information is deeply significant. The specimens which you and the Indians helped me to find yesterday bear the same Oriental heads which are on many others in the collection."

"They all declare that they were brought here long before the Europeans came and that they were originally used for trade in Central America, as the North American Indians accepted beads. There's another angle, Garland, to your ques-

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tion, 'Why do they want us to find these crosses?' They want you to know that they had their own crosses long before any Christian crosses came."

"Did they create those earlier forms or did the original concept come from the Old World?"

"I believe that many of them originated here and were used as a symbol long before the explorers came, and that the Europeans found them here when they arrived."

"Let us take up the matter of costume. What did the Indians wear in these ceremonials? I read that they wore little clothing ordinarily, but they must have dressed up for these dances."

"They did. Like all primitive people, they had a traditional ceremonial dress. They wore tails of animals dangling from their belts, and skins of animals over their shoulders. Their faces were painted. The big men of the tribe who took part in the ceremonies wore tall headdresses of feathers."

"Did they wear those feathers like the Sioux or Cheyenne in a bonnet? Or were the feathers attached to a band around their heads?"

"In a band made of skin in which the feathers were held sticking upright. According to their standing in the tribe, the headdresses carried differing numbers of feathers. The chief wore more than the other warriors. All were decorated according to their rank. The medicine men not only selected the spot for the ceremonial but chose the men who were to share it. All came in their official robes."

"Did these especial ceremonials attending the burial of the crosses extend farther north than San Luis Obispo?"

"I think so — possibly into Northern California. Migrations of the tribes were going on all the time in order to protect and feed the people. There were many of these crosses in the north."

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*Cross representing sun rays. Said to
have been used in sun worship.*

“All of which our ethnologists will deny, I suppose. Did the Indians know where their ancestors got these crosses?”

“No, I think not.”

“Did any white man ever see these sun dances?”

“No! No!” His tone was emphatic.

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"Not even Garces?"

"No. No one at all. No one but chiefs and medicine men were allowed to see them, not even the women of the tribe. They selected hilltops for their meetings so that they could see far away on all sides and easily detect the approach of intruders. Their gods were worshiped in secrecy."

"Did some of the mission neophytes occasionally take part in the ceremony?"

"Possibly, but not with the knowledge of the padres."

"Of course not. Is there a possibility of getting a sidelight on these ceremonies from publications of the Indian Bureau?"

"Perhaps, and in records of the mission. I do not know. The only way that a white man could have found out about them would have been from some Indian friend. A friend of Garces, for instance, might have confided in him. You may find a record of such a ceremony in some obscure book."

"There is not a line about it in any of the books by the padres. Father Serra told me that he knew of the dances but had never seen them."

"I believe, Garland, that if you search official records you will find a description, somewhere, of this dance. Try books on Indian ceremonials. There are a number dealing with that subject."

"The museums know nothing of them. They don't believe in my collection. I doubt if any of them will display it. But no matter; I have it safely in my study."

"I am quite convinced that you will somewhere find records of these ceremonial dances. I'll try to get information as to which books might contain accounts."

"I'll be greatly obliged if you will. Now, Fuller, I have a personal question to ask. I wish you would explain to me the process by which you discovered these things and how you

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were able to lead us to the exact spot where they were buried.”

This I intended to be something of a poser, but he did not hesitate a moment.

“Having received the needed information from the Indians who buried them, I myself went to the ground to investigate, to see that the soil has not been disturbed.”

“You mean you go there in thought?”

“Yes.”

“It is difficult for me to understand that. I can’t understand how you could go to a certain spot in thought and tell the number of idols to be found there.”

“I shall try to explain. I have told you that I cannot see the crosses except through your eyes, but I can tell if the soil is undisturbed or if the Indians are telling the truth. The Indians are always quite certain of the number of their amulets and where they buried them.”

I put another puzzling question.

“You say you cannot see except through our eyes, and yet before we had even neared the spot you directed us to it. Take, for example, that inconspicuous ravine to which you directed us, indicating the exact spot in which to search. How could you give us that information *before* we saw it? If you could see it only through our eyes, how could you tell me that I was standing on a cross?”

He quite patiently continued. “The Indian remembers only *approximately* where he buried his idol, but as you draw close to the spot and begin looking about you, he sees through your eyes just as I see through your eyes. He then recalls the precise spot and tells me where it is.”

“All this is tremendously interesting, Fuller. The cloud of mystery is lifting, but I must carry the test a little farther. I shall use it to enrich the last chapter of my book. I must round

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out this section of exploration before passing on to the question of identity. Could you tell me the date of this particular dance? Was the mission already established at Capistrano?"

"Yes. The dance and burial of the crosses on this particular hill took place, I should say, about 1830. That would be about one hundred years ago."

"Were there any metal workers at this time among the California tribes — anyone who could have made these objects?"

"There may have been. I don't think so. I don't know."

"I shall be glad if you can suggest any reading I might do to confirm the information gained in these sittings. I valued Oñate and Espejo especially for the reason that their testimony was not prejudiced by religious creeds, but neither of them ever saw one of these dances."

Thus ended a conversation which, had it taken place in the dark or in the presence of the psychic, could be put aside as something fraudulent or imagined, but the fact that the medium, sitting at a distance in an adjoining room at ten in the morning, had no part in it, presents a new complication.

Suppose she heard my questions, where did she get her information? The answers were fluent, definite and logical.

I cannot swear that the whispers came from Fuller, but I talked as easily with this invisible personality as I would have done had I called up a scientific friend on the telephone to discuss a similar subject. Whoever my informant was, his replies were clear and unhesitating, and I heard every word of them. The above report embodies almost exactly his wording, for notes were taken at the moment and the secretary typed her notes immediately; and I was able within an hour to fill in from memory whatever had escaped her. Nothing essential was left out.

The only barrier to the freedom of this dialogue was a

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feeling of haste on my part, a desire to make the most of every moment. It was precisely the feeling I experienced when using a long distance telephone. I could arrange the course of my interrogation, but had no time to follow out the suggestions contained in the answers.

It will be noted that Fuller's information agrees in substance with that given in less detail by Fathers Serra, Garces, Marcos, Lasuén and Martínez. They all drew a broad line between the decorated barbaric "idols," and the simple cross form of the missions. Fuller agreed also with Espejo in giving reasons for the choice of hilltops and for the burial of the artifacts, and finally he suggested an explanation for the fact that no one, previous to the Parents, had ever reported the finding of these objects. Being buried on high, cactus-covered hills, inaccessible for all but the strongest men, hills which had no interest for the white man, they had never come under the eye of a herder or huntsman.

No doubt, all these agreements will be taken by the critic as proof that only one mind was involved — the medium's — or that I and my small circle contributed the information. I leave that problem with the reader.

In my diary that night I set down this comment: "This incredible sequence of events, beginning with my visit to Parent in 1933, and ending four years later in a series of dialogues with a Spanish explorer of 1540, has convinced me that these 'relics,' so patiently and laboriously brought together by Violet and Gregory Parent are real.

"Of no value in themselves, they deserve, as indexes of ancient customs to be placed among other primitive records of tribal migrations. Will any museum accept my method of authentication?"

Chapter 21

Father Marcos

OUR sitting on July 23 was one of the most convincing tests of our series, for I had again removed the receiver to a room in the east end of the house, thus putting seventy feet, a hall and two closed doors between Mrs. Williams and us. She could not possibly hear even the murmur of my voice, as Mrs. Garland, who remained with her, was able to testify.

Fuller at once spoke. "Garland, I have with me this morning someone very important. It is Father Marcos, who accompanied Coronado in 1540."

All I knew of Father Marcos at this point was that he was one of the earliest of the missionary explorers of New Mexico, and as he was reported to have preceded Espejo, I welcomed him. His testimony was especially valuable.

After greeting him and thanking him for coming, I put my essential question: "Father Marcos, I wish you would tell me something about the objects which are displayed on this table." I took one up. "Did you see crosses like this in your explorations?"

"Yes, indeed."

"They were in the possession of the Arizona Indians?"

"Yes, that is correct."

"What was the date of your first expedition?"

"That was in 1539. I preceded Espejo."

"By how many years?"

"I should say about fifty. I am not sure — time is so vague now."

Father Marcos

"Were you surprised to find the Indians of that region in possession of crosses?"

"Yes indeed."

"Do you think that these crosses or their idea, came from Europe, brought by sailors long before Cortez?"

His reply was wholly unexpected in content. "*I think they were a memory of the dim past.* Their form represented the four quarters of the earth, probably."

"Some of them, as you see, are decorated with turbaned heads. What can you tell me of them?"

"They are Oriental heads. The faces resemble certain Orientals. They came from the Old World. At one time there was a land bridge between Asia and the Americas."

"Would you say that such a bridge existed in comparatively recent times, say within the last two thousand years?"

"I think so. Of course, these crosses do not go back that far, but Oriental peoples — with dark skin — invaded these countries many centuries ago. I believe the Orientals mixed with the American Indians but retained a memory of their own peoples."

"I see. Some of these faces are essentially Aryan — Anglo-Saxon, in fact — and for that reason are viewed with suspicion by my ethnological friends, mainly because the faces are neither Spanish nor Indian. If we could *prove* them to be from Arabia we would have a point in their favor."

"I cannot tell you about that. I can only say that I have seen the Indians of this region wearing many like them. That was fifty years before Espejo came."

"Father Marcos, I am holding in my hand a cross which has on it a handsome woman's face. It is certainly not Indian in character. Can you see it?"

"Yes. It probably represents a goddess."

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"Who among those Indians would put a goddess on a cross? Not an ordinary Indian?"

"Probably an artisan of the temple."

"To me the most inexplicable of all the decorations is the recurrence of these turbaned heads. All of you invisibles agree in your explanations, but I can find nothing in print to tell me whence they came or who brought them here."

"They go back so very far that it is difficult to find a record of them."

"I grant that. Now, here is a very strange cross. On it a rabbit appears to be feeding — and here in the middle of it is a butterfly. Did you see decorations like that among the Indians of New Mexico?"

"No, not like that. I was surprised to find crosses among the Indians, but I cannot now recognize individual crosses in detail."

"Did you see the Indians wearing them?"

"Yes, on the forehead, tied on with bark or fiber from plants. Some were worn on the forearm and others around the waist."

I laid one of the smaller ones on my forehead. "Did they wear them flat on the forehead like this, held on by a fillet?"

"Yes, but not everyone wore them; only certain men of the tribe wore them — for some mystic reason. Some of the plaques were kept in their houses."

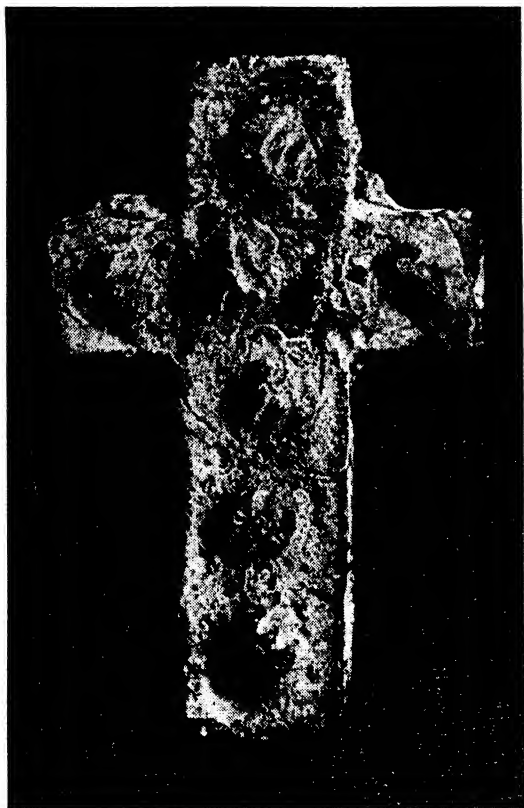
"Their houses were flimsy, were they not?"

"Yes, they were just shacks made of leaves and branches of trees, but they kept their treasures in some secret places in their houses."

"They must have had a deep regard for these objects. They were, I suppose, the only nonperishable objects in their possession."

Thus far this dialogue had proceeded fluently, but at this

Father Marcos



*These are said to be representations of
the track of the sloth.*

moment a commotion in the receiver indicated trouble of some kind at Mrs. Williams' end of the line. No word came through for several minutes, and when the whispering voice returned I was surprised to hear it say, "Garland, this is Albert Bigelow Paine."

Paine was an old friend who had died but a short time be-

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fore. His best-known work was a four-volume biography of Mark Twain, and it was natural for him to say, "I have Mark Twain with me."

After greeting Albert I said, "I am immensely pleased to have Mark Twain come. Can he speak?"

"He can and he will."

After a short pause I heard these words, "Mr. Garland, this is Mark Twain."

I had never heard him allude to himself in this way and it would have seemed more natural if he had said, "This is Sam Clemens."

"I am delighted to hear you speak, Mr. Clemens. I want to congratulate you on the very fine production they have made of your *Prince and the Pauper*."

He made no reply to this, but remarked with characteristic deliberation, "I am very honored to be here."

"You should not put it that way, Mr. Clemens. To have you in my house is a great honor to me. Have you ever spoken to anyone in this way before?"

"No, I have not. I should like to speak to my daughter."

"I should be happy to send her a message. Shall I do so?"

"Yes."

Again a commotion in the box prevented Clemens from going on, and Fuller said, "We'll have to stop."

Up to this moment the sitting was an almost perfect test of Mrs. Williams' supernormal powers. She knew nothing of Father Marcos and she was too far away from me to be aware of my questions, and yet this dialogue ran its fluent way without hesitation. This report is not verbatim but its essentials are recorded. So far as a long hall and two closed doors can warrant, Mrs. Williams had not heard a syllable of my questions.

At this point we all went down to lunch, and I mentioned

Father Marcos

briefly that I had been talking with Father Marcos, and also with Mark Twain.

At two o'clock we returned to our seats and, under the same conditions, resumed our sitting. Fuller at once said, "Garland, Father Marcos is still here."

Again I heard his strong, clear whisper, "Señor Garland, have you any more questions you would like to ask?"

"Yes. I am a little confused about the date of your coming. Father Espejo made his trip in 1583. Your date was earlier?"

"Yes, I was with Coronado in 1540, but I came back alone thirteen years later."

"How long were you on that last trip?"

"About eighteen months."

"Were you sent for the same purpose as Espejo? — to look for mission sites?"

"Yes."

"Did you know Melchior Díaz?"

"Yes. Melchior Díaz.

"What was his date? Was he before or after you?"

"About the same time. He also came with Coronado. He was not one of the fathers — he was just an explorer. He came back into the Colorado River region after Coronado."

"What did you mean this morning, Father Marcos, by a 'land bridge'?"

"There must have been such a bridge between the Asiatic countries and North America."

"Do you refer to the bridge of islands west of Alaska — or across the South Seas?"

"It is hard to say. There must have been a land bridge somewhere between Asia and America. There were many dark-skinned peoples who came down the coast of North America."

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"Father Marcos, referring back to these turbaned peoples — did they come down our coast?"

"No doubt of it. They came long before the others."

"Do you mean to say that the American Indians wearing these crosses retained a memory of their Oriental, dark-skinned ancestors?"

"Yes. They soon mixed with the races already here, but they brought with them and preserved many costumes and symbols of their own race."

"Did ships touch Central America in the ninth and tenth centuries?"

"Oh, yes. Many people came to Central America in boats. They came by way of the Atlantic."

"Father Marcos, I have here a cross on which are charming, youthful heads with hair parted in the middle. Some of them look like modern college boys. Can you explain the presence of such heads?"

"Yes. There were such people among the tribes in Colombia and Peru. I have seen many of them. I have seen many blonde, fair, Indian women with long hair reaching to their waists in Yucatan and also in Bogotá. I made many trips to South America. I explored many places there."

"This interview has been extremely interesting and valuable, Father Marcos. I am much obliged to you. Have you any objection to my quoting you in my book?"

"I shall be pleased to have you do so."

"The information which you give — you who go so far back in the history of this continent — is of the greatest value to me."

"I shall be pleased to help you at any time. Good-by."

Although he spoke with a marked accent, his whisper was clear, almost a tone, and I heard him perfectly. There were

Father Marcos

touches of poetry in what he said and his words conveyed the picture of a very serious and scholarly man.

On referring to Engelhardt's history, *The Franciscans in Arizona*, I found that all of Father Marcos' personal history which had come to me over my one-way wire was correct. There was some question, however, as to the names of those who companioned him on his first trip, and to have that point cleared up, I asked for him again a few days later.

Since my first interview with him, I had learned that he explored Arizona in 1539, a year earlier than Coronado, and I understood Fuller's estimate of him — he *was* an important witness. On July 26, Fuller again announced him. "Father Marcos is here."

Again a whisper with a pleasing Spanish accent said, "Señor Garland, this is Father Marcos."

"Father Marcos, since talking with you a few days ago, I have learned that you were not only a great explorer in your day but a learned man, the author of several books on Quito and Peru. I desire to read them. Can you tell me if they have been translated into English?"

"I think so."

"What titles would they bear? Can you tell me the translated titles?"

There was a pause as if he were searching his memory. "I think it is *The Missionary Point of View in Peru*. I believe you will find that book in the library of your town. There are three of my books in all." (I did not know this and I am quite sure that the psychic was equally ignorant.)

I decided to apply my most convincing test. "Father Marcos, I have in my hand a letter from the museum in Mexico City. I should like to have you translate it for me, as a supreme test of the powers of the medium."

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“Very well. You read it with me and I shall try to translate.”

I laid the letter on the table and pointed with my finger. He said, “The first few lines are not difficult: ‘With reference to your letter, it has been directed to the department to which it belongs —’ ”

“That is correct. Now for the second paragraph.”

“‘In the religious conquest of Southern California and Mexico, there were many of these so-called crosses distributed.’ ”

“Are you in the third paragraph?”

“Yes. ‘With regard to the crosses represented in the photograph, we have none in the museum.’ The writer then goes on to say, ‘They were known to be made of lead because there were many wars and it was easy to obtain lead from the soldiers’ bullets, and lead was easily worked.’ ”

It was again evident that the invisible was reading the letter. “Father Marcos, this last paragraph is especially important. Can you read it?”

“Just a minute,” he whispered and then proceeded. “‘The crosses were held by the missions and distributed among the natives or Indians.’ ”

“What is the meaning of the words, ‘*Pudiendo suceder?*’ ” (See appendix.)

“I cannot put that into English. The writer goes on to say, ‘They were abandoned by the natives when they left their places of abode. Then the churches inherited them.’ *Ecclesias* means churches, of course. ‘The Indians’ or ‘The churches’ . . . I cannot translate this paragraph into English very well.”

“You have made the test most satisfactorily. Father Marcos, I would like to have you tell me why the crosses were never spoken of in any printed report—either by the church or representatives of the museums?”

Father Marcos

"The reason is simple. The Roman Catholic Church did not wish to have it known that the natives possessed crosses which had nothing to do with Christianity. The museums would not accept them because they were so common."

"You said the other day that the idea of the cross very likely developed natively in the New World, and that its crude form probably originated from the idea of the four quarters of the earth."

"Yes, that is correct."

"Some authorities say that it may have arisen from a dim memory of a cross brought here centuries before from Europe."

"That is possible. The use of the cross undoubtedly sprang up thousands of years ago. It is very easy to make — just cross two pieces of wood. It is so simple a form that it would naturally be adopted by different peoples as a symbol."

"I am told that there are altars in the southern countries in the form of a black cross. Did you see altars like that?"

"Yes, the peoples had many such altars. I believe many such are still standing."

"The Indians of the south were all sun worshipers?"

"Oh, yes."

"Father Marcos, when I spoke to you the other morning of a small metal cross with very charming faces on it, I did not have it before me. I have it now, and I wish you to examine it. Did you see natives of that type wearing their hair in that way?"

"Yes, I have seen young people like those — fair-skinned — Nordic in appearance."

"Why would they put such lovely, youthful faces on their crosses? You will observe that here are six on each of these crosses."

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"To represent some god, I should think."

"Here is one face which is especially lovely. Can you see it — this one at the bottom? It is quite beautiful — a girlish face?"

"Yes, it is a very fine face."

"It might be the head of an Anglo-Saxon girl."

"Yes, it is Nordic."

"Why would a cross like this be so decorated? Was it out of regard for youth?"

"It would seem so."

"It looks so modern that all my ethnological friends declare it to be a fraud, something of the present day."

"The present-day people do not realize that there were many fair, beautiful peoples in those hot countries."

"Father Marcos, there is some discussion as to the names of the men who went with you on your 1539 *entrada*. Can you name them for me?"

"Just a minute. I do not remember right now."

He paused so long that I made a suggestion: "Was one of them a man named Daniel?"

"No, no."

"Was it something like Santa María?"

"That is correct! It was De Santas María."

"I find in Engelhardt a question as to who these men were. Can you tell me their given names?"

"No, I cannot, but I shall bring one of the men from my expedition to help on this matter."

"Thank you, Father Marcos. I should like to have you come again."

"I shall be glad to help in any way that I can. Adiós."

"Adiós."

On the following day, I again asked for Father Marcos. Fuller said, "Just a minute — I don't know if he's here." We

Father Marcos

then heard him call, "Father Marcos! Father Marcos! Father Marcos!"

A minute later came a whisper, "Señor Garland, this is Father Marcos."

"Thank you for coming. Father Marcos, you said yesterday that you would find out the names of the two men who went with you on your *entrada*."

"I have done so. You were right: one of them *was* named Daniel."

"And the other?"

"Martin."

"What was the last name? Were they brothers?"

"Yes, they were brothers and Santas María was their last name."

"Were they from a city of that name?"

"Yes, they were from such a city."

"That is important. Engelhardt says there is only one writer who recorded this information. To get it directly from you is very important to me."

Later still, Father Marcos corrected the second name saying, "He was called Tony," which agrees with Bishop Salpointe's notation — the only confirmation Engelhardt was able to find. This, it seems to me, is an excellent bit of evidence for those who argue for the survival of the individual and of his persistent memory of life on this plane.

"Father Marcos, did you know Padre Nadal, who is said to have entered New Mexico in 1538?"

"I did not know him, but I have heard of him."

"There is still another early explorer I wish to ask about: Juan Asunción."

"I have heard of him also."

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"Did he make a report?"

"Oh, yes. Everyone of the padres who explored had to make a report to the church."

"Father Marcos, I would not detract from you the honor of being the first to enter Arizona, but Engelhardt says these men came before you."

"No, I came before Padres Asunción and Nadal. One padre *did* precede me, coming in 1520 — a padre from the Franciscan order."

"What was his name?"

"I shall find out for you and tell you tomorrow."

"Thank you. Here is my query: Might not the man who came in 1520 have carried the idea of the cross to the Indians?"

"No, no! The crosses were here centuries before any white man came. *I have spoken with the Indians and I know.* I shall, however, try to bring the padre who preceded me."

"Father Marcos, as a scholar as well as an explorer you will understand that these crosses in themselves are not important, but they may give evidence of survival after death. In securing your testimony and that of other explorers unknown to me, I shall present very valuable material to the reading world. Before you go, here is a minor matter in which I should like to be instructed. I find that you were called 'Fray Márcos de Nitzá.' What is the difference between 'father' and 'fray'?"

"The *fray* was a brother — a beginner. He had certain duties in the mission which would prepare him to become a padre."

"I see, and the *lay brother* had no official standing in the church?"

"That is right."

"There were then among these explorers three ranks of men: *father*, *friar* and *lay brother*."

"That is correct."

Father Marcos

"Thank you. Tomorrow I hope to talk with Nadal and the padre who preceded you."

"Good-by."

What can I say to emphasize the astounding character of this interview? This genial, scholarly and intrepid explorer could not have been a creation of my mind, for I knew nothing about him. He could not have been a creation of the psychic's mind, for she had no means of knowing what my questions were, and there was no information in our library concerning Father Marcos as an author. I secured that later from the Library of Congress. At the time of our interview, he seemed as real as any of my friends. His very human desire to be known as the earliest explorer of New Mexico added to my sense of his identity.

Chapter 22

Alvarado Closes the Case for Guatemala

As MY plan from the beginning had been to find the place of origin of these artifacts, and to discover a reason for their making and their burial, I had turned first of all to the history of California's missions. I called the padres from their long silence and requested their aid in my research. Their testimony had all been to the effect that the barbaric "idols" had come from Central America.

To supplement this information, I had pushed my inquiries back to those heroic priests who explored the wilderness of New Spain before the missions were established. I called upon Father Garces of 1771, devoted pioneer of the church. From him, I passed naturally to Oñate, 1604, and Espejo, 1583, leaders of military expeditions into New Mexico. In Oñate's printed records, I had found the first official testimony concerning the use of metal crosses and amulets by the Indians of Arizona more than three centuries ago. Father Marcos confirmed this report.

My success in summoning these explorers, emboldened me to push my investigation still deeper into Mexican history. "All the testimony pointed to Central America as the place where these artifacts were made and from whence they came," I said to Fuller. "I should now speak to Coronado, whose expedition in 1540 led him deep into New Mexico. He was a soldier and entirely free from the control of the church, and can tell me what I most need to know. I should also speak with

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Alvarado. It was from his stern rule in Guatemala that the natives of Quiché and Yucatan fled to the north, bringing their treasures with them. His testimony should be conclusive."

Fuller listened to my request and blithely said, "I shall round up these world-famous men tomorrow."

If I had really believed in his power to do this, I might have hesitated, but I did not. I was amused by his audacity and the bland confidence of his reply.

"Why not Cortez?" I asked.

I must confess my ignorance of these Spanish conquerors. I knew very little of Coronado and nothing of Alvarado (except that he commanded the Spanish army during the absence of Cortez) and I purposely refrained from informing myself concerning them. I wished to get the stories of these two adventurers from their own voices in my telephone.

On the nineteenth of July, Fuller's round-up took place. No sooner was Mrs. Williams shut away in my study, with my wife, while my secretary and I were seated about our receiver in an adjoining room, than Fuller spoke curtly, "Coronado is here."

This interview is so important that I must repeat that the door was tightly closed between my study and the room where we sat and I am quite certain that the psychic could not, normally, hear a connected sentence of my questioning. She might have distinguished an occasional word.

A strong whisper said, "This is Francisco Vasquez de Coronado."

"Shall I address you as Señor Coronado or Capitán Coronado?"

"Call me nothing but Coronado," he replied with quiet dignity.

I went straight to my purpose. "Coronado, this is my prob-

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lem. I have before me specimens from a collection of some fifteen hundred artifacts which were recently discovered here in Southern California and whose authenticity has been called in question by several archaeologists."

"May I see them?"

"Most certainly. I am eager to show them to you and I should like to have you tell me if you saw objects of like nature among the Indians of Arizona and California in 1540."

Here I laid a handful of the crosses upon the table and awaited his reply.

His words were few and to the point. "I have seen many like them. They were very common. The Indians made many such crosses of various sizes and kinds."

"Did you say the Indians made them?"

"Yes, the Indians of the south. I saw many of them in Central America."

"Did you actually see the southern Indians making them?"

"No, but I did see them wearing them — in Mexico and in Guatemala and Yucatan."

"Were they mostly made in Yucatan?"

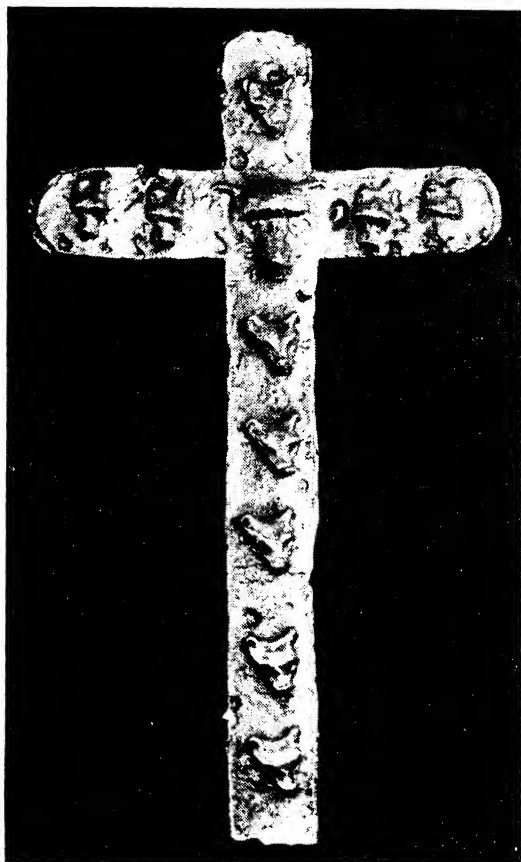
"They were made all over the southern part of this continent."

Taking up a bright silver specimen I held it above the table. "Here is an especially handsome item. It is unusually large and has on it six or eight heads of wolves, and in the middle is a sculptured design which looks like the head of a ram."

"It is a ram's head. The Indians put many animal heads on their crosses in order to designate the tribe to which they belonged. They did not exactly worship animals, but they held them in high esteem. The wolf tribe, for instance, held the wolf in especial esteem."

"I understand that, Coronado, for among certain North

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The Monkey and Panther clans are symbolized on this amulet.

American Indians I found a curious regard for the coyote, the bear or the owl.”

“Yes, that is true. All these crosses and their tribal ornaments were handed down from one generation to another and

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from one tribe to another. They go back hundreds of years."

"That is what I have been told and that is what I wanted you to confirm. I particularly value your testimony, for you were early in Arizona. Some think it possible that the natives got the concept of the cross from some Christian explorer long before the coming of Cortez."

"No. On the contrary, the cross concept probably arose from a consideration of the four corners of the earth. It was not especially the symbol of Christianity. It preceded the Christian church."

"That is what I have read in books on ethnology. Now here is a very striking specimen. I have only one like it. To me its lines seem to signify the sun — the rays, as you see, stream out from several circles. The Indians were all sun worshipers, were they not?"

"Yes, they worshiped the sun as the creator of light."

"They used the heads of animals as symbols of sacrifice, not as an object of worship."

"Yes, and also as a sign of their tribe or clan."

"I come now to another singular fact, Coronado, and I hope you will be quite candid about it. All the mission fathers and the books concerning the missions, so far as I have read, fail to mention the fact that these heathen tribes already possessed crosses when the first Christian cross was brought into New Spain."

"That is true and quite natural. The missionaries shrank from letting the Mother Church in Spain know that they had found these barbaric peoples already making use of the cross, and for that reason they carefully ignored it in their reports."

"In the books of Engelhardt I found no mention of it. Oñate gave me the first clue when he stated that in 1604 he saw Indians wearing metal crosses in their hair."

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"That was true. I myself in 1540 saw the Indians wearing crosses in that manner."

"Do you mean they were stuck in a band or fillet?"

"No, they were laid on the forehead. That is, the smaller ones were so worn."

I presented a larger specimen. "Did they wear larger ones like this?"

"No, the larger ones were kept in their houses and used in different ceremonials."

"Returning to this long one, apparently of silver, would such a cross be carried in the dances by the medicine man?"

"Probably, or by one of the chief men of the tribe."

"Here is a very strange one on which are heads wearing tall headdresses. What would these heads represent?"

"Probably they are faces of the gods they worshiped."

"Its shape certainly has nothing to do with the Christian cross."

"None of them had. The faces on this one probably represented Quetzalcoatl."

Taking up one of the small plaques I held it to the light. "Here is an object which has puzzled all of those who have examined it. Have you seen anything like it? It has on it, you perceive, a bell surrounded by ten Oriental heads, each wearing a turban or crown."

"No, I have not seen anything like it before except in stone. It might have been used as a symbol in the market place. It was the custom for someone to ring a bell to call the people to the market place for trading or conference. The bell on the plaque might be a symbol of that bell."

"All the heads surrounding the bell are wearing Hindu turbans. What is the meaning of that?"

"Possibly the plaques are Moorish. The Moors and Spanish

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were near neighbors in those days. They may have brought them and used them in trade with the Indians."

"That was long before your time."

"Oh, yes, centuries before the conquest. Many different explorers came to Mexico before Cortez."

"In what century would you say?"

"I have heard that in the tenth and eleventh centuries many came and never went back."

"Someone has told me that these plaques were used in trade as we use dollars today."

"That is possible, and therefore the bell."

"Can you tell me why there are always ten faces surrounding the bell? Do they represent the phases of the moon?"

"I do not know. I cannot see them."

"They are very dim, I will admit. Here is a cross which *looks* old. Do you think that it might go back to the twelfth century?"

"I think it might."

"Coronado, I am tremendously obliged to you. Your testimony is most conclusive because you went among these Indians before the missions were established. My skeptical friends cannot accuse you of any connection with the missions."

"No, I had nothing to do with the missions. I was here in 1540 searching for Quivira. After me came Melchior Díaz, who found and crossed what is now the Colorado River."

"I wonder if I could get in touch with him."

"I have spoken with him. His testimony would be the same as mine."

"I am deeply grateful to you and will not detain you longer. I shall quote you, if you do not object, in the book I am about to publish."

"I shall be delighted to have a place in it."

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"Thank you, and good-by."

"Good-by."

After a moment of silence Fuller spoke, "Garland, I have Alvarado here. He preceded Coronado. He was the lieutenant of Cortez. Would you like to speak with him?"

"Yes, indeed!"

A strong whisper with a touch of Spanish in its accent announced, "Pedro de Alvarado."

"Alvarado, I greet you. I am especially eager to talk with you, for you knew the people of Yucatan and Guatemala. Perhaps you heard my talk with Coronado. Here are some crosses from my collection. Have you seen crosses like these in Guatemala?"

"Yes, I saw many like them. They were common in Guatemala during my stay there in 1524. The people of that region made them and carried them and used them in their ceremonies."

I held up one with two heads on it, each head adorned with a tall headdress. "Here is a most ancient one. Is it from Quiché?"

"Yes. That is Quetzalcoatl, the god of the humming bird."

"Did you see the natives wearing similar crosses in their hair?"

"Yes, and also on their arms — the forearm. The large ones they wore around the waist. Others were kept in their houses and used to appease the gods."

"I have been told that they buried them on high hills as sacrifices to their gods. Did they worship the animals which they put on their crosses?"

"No, *they were merely the sign of the tribe*. When the monkey or wolf was sacrificed, he was asked in the ceremony to invoke the good will of the sun god. The sun god was supreme.

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When the Indians held their ceremonials and said their prayers, they asked the monkey (if it was the monkey tribe) to go to the god of the sun and beseech aid. They believed the animals could do that."

"I am told that they went to the top of high hills not only to escape prying eyes but also because it brought them nearer the sun."

"That is true. I was called by Guatemalans 'Child-of-the-Sun' — *Donatiuh*. Did you know that?"

"No, but I find it most interesting. I am told that the people of Guatemala and Quiché migrated up along the coast."

"That is right. They did."

"Was that before you became governor or after?"

"Before. At different times they migrated. The Indians were a nomadic people. They moved north or south in small groups. When Cortez came many were driven out. They did not wish to become Christians or be under the white man's dominance. So they migrated, some going north, some south."

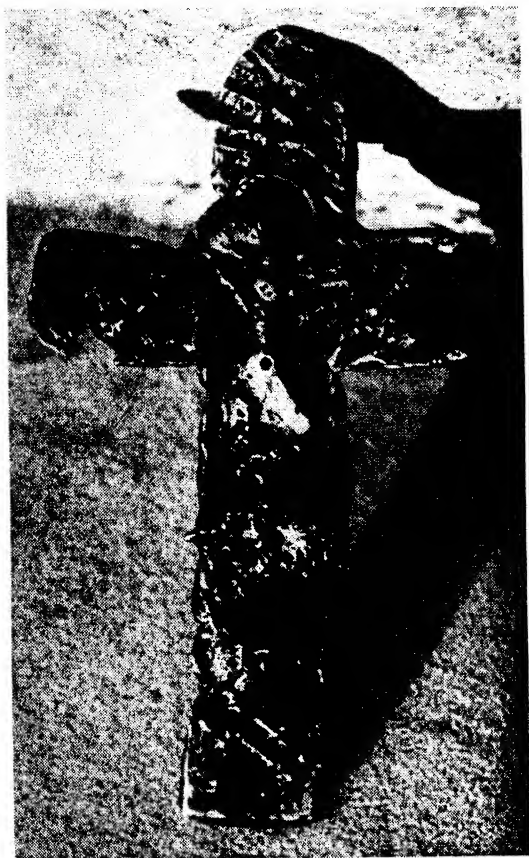
"Does that account for their presence in Southern California?"

"Yes. They went even farther. Many kept on to northern countries — even to cold climates. Some went as far as Alaska. Their crosses have been overlooked so far, but tribes in the North had them." (This was a totally new concept to me.)

"Alvarado, I have myself discovered eight of these crosses in this region, and I am now seeking the places where they originated. Were they made in Guatemala?"

"The Quiché people made many. — You see I was viceroy of Guatemala, sent out by Spain. You know about my expedition, do you not? I was fitted out with an expedition to come to California in 1539, but I was killed before I started. I was crushed by rocks — many falling rocks. So I never led the ex-

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Amulet with butterfly in center.

pedition. Cabrillo took it after my death." (I knew nothing of this event.)

"I greatly value your testimony, Alvarado. You alone of all my informants go back to the *source* of these objects. I feel

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that in you I have what is called a final and competent witness."

"I shall be happy to come again."

"I shall call for you at need and, if you do not object, I will put your testimony in my book."

"I shall be delighted. Adiós."

This account of his death by "falling rocks, many rocks" was so unexpected and so surprising that I turned to the historians for verification. One authority said, "He was killed in an affray with the Indians near Guadalajara"; another stated that he was crushed by his own horse which slipped and fell upon him. Five widely differing dates were given of his birth, but all agreed that he died in 1541. Cabrillo's expedition to California followed in 1542. These discrepancies led me to "call him up" again.

On September 14, Fuller again succeeded in bringing him, and I took up the discussion of these various disagreements. "Alvarado, what was the date of your birth?"

After some hesitation he replied, "1486."

"How old were you when you came to Mexico?"

"I was a young man — twenty-six."

"In our former talk you said you were killed by falling rocks. Did the Indians tumble these rocks down upon you?"

"I do not know if it was Indians or a landslide. In the biography of me, Bancroft and Engelhardt both mention that it was due to the Indians."

"Yes, they say in an affray with Indians."

"It may have been. I did not see any Indians. I was going along the road."

"In the daytime?"

"No, in early dusk. Suddenly rocks came tumbling down upon me."

"Were you alone?"

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"There was a soldier riding back of me. He was not hurt."

"Then he could have made a report."

"He did. I believe it has been translated into English. Does not Bancroft mention that?"

"No. His account is very brief."

"It may be that this soldier saw the Indians. It was all over before I knew what had happened."

This statement is curiously at variance with the stories recorded by the early historians, who were also entirely wrong.

In a definitive biography written by John E. Kelly, and published by the Princeton Press in 1922, I found much hitherto unused and authoritative material. This book, evidently a carefully studied thesis, presents the only complete and authentic story in English of Alvarado's incredible career and tragic death.

According to documents quoted by this writer, Alvarado was crushed by a horse ridden by his aide. He was on foot at this moment, and Montoya, the aide, in whirling his mount too suddenly, caused him to rear and fall upon his commander.

Alvarado did not die at once. He lived long enough to dictate and sign his will. This testament and his signature are given in Kelly's book. The question with me is this: "If I had read this book *before* my last interview with Alvarado, what would the story of his death have been?"

At a still later test sitting I asked Alvarado these questions:

"Did you wear a beard?"

"Yes."

"Was it red?"

"No, yellow."

"Did you have abundant hair?"

"No."

"Did your hair stand out from your head?"

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“Yes, like wire.”

“Why did they call you ‘Child of the Sun’?”

“It may be that it was because I was like a sun god — having much strength and power.”

At this point the whispering grew faint and finally ceased. Since then I have been unable to recall him for further questioning.

At the close of this interview Fuller jestingly whispered, “Why not Columbus?”

“No. So far as I am concerned, this closes the argument for the artisans of Quiché and Guatemala. Alvarado was their ruler, he saw them wearing these amulets in 1524. I see no point in going beyond his testimony.”

Chapter 23

San Luis Obispo

As a scrupulously candid historian, I must record the fact that my invisible guides were not infallible. On the contrary, their information was often confused and contradictory. They talked like human beings, and like human beings they made mistakes or were sadly misinformed. Considered as expressions of the psychic's mind (or of the minds in our circle), they may be excused for occasional errors.

From the beginning, they delivered messages which could not be verified. They ascribed to one man experiences which belonged to another. They foretold events which did not come to pass. They definitely and positively promised to give us their ectoplasmic portraits, confidently declaring that their forms would be found upon our films, but development revealed no "extras." They told us that a pointed mound on a San Jacinto hill had been made by the Indians, but my fellow investigator, Major Lewis, who climbed to the mound, reported it to be a natural formation.

Similarly, we failed to find signs of an underground house or khiva on the Camarillo hill, but that the psychic trusted in the statements of the voices was evidenced by the fact that she twice climbed that cactus-covered slope. She was equally confident that by following the guidance of the voice calling itself Father Lasuén we would find the silver caches. In short, while I had been able to disassociate the voices from her normal speech organs, I could not disprove the charge that the in-

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formation conveyed by the whispers was the product of her subconscious mind, influenced by my own reading and experience.

Fuller, for all his characteristic bluntness of statement, failed in many of his predictions, and I observed that he forecast events which the psychic and I both *wished* might come true. He changed his mind frequently, excusing himself by saying, "I was misinformed."

Over against these many mistakes and failures, however, I shall now set the story of an expedition which presents apparently the most definite proof of occult foreknowledge and invisible guidance.

For several weeks the voice calling itself Fuller had occasionally referred to his discovery that there were some crosses buried near the mission of San Luis Obispo, but as this meant a round-trip drive of over four hundred miles, we had hesitated about making it. At last, on August 16, I said to him "Henry, we have planned a trip to San Francisco and the Redwood Highway, and we shall spend one night in San Luis Obispo. Have you any further knowledge concerning the crosses which you said are buried there?"

"Yes, I have. I can tell you exactly what to do. Go to the mission, turn to the left, drive a mile or a little more to the west and you will see on your right a flat-topped hill. It is not very high and it has a little vegetation on it. There are two crosses on that hill."

"Are they on private ground?"

"Yes — in a pasture, but no one will molest you."

"Will you be there to guide us to the spot?"

"Yes, I shall be with you and direct you."

We left for San Luis Obispo early on the morning of August 17, 1937, my wife, Mrs. Williams and I. As Mrs. Williams

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drove the car, I sat beside her, in order to be able to converse with Fuller, who made his presence known soon after we left the city.

He had said, "There are other crosses on the way to San Luis Obispo," and so, as we were climbing the crooked road which leads up through the hills from Pismo Beach, I inquired, "Is this the point where the other crosses are?"

"Yes — on the right — but inaccessible. Don't attempt to find them."

At one point near Pismo Beach, the view up the coast was so magnificent that I said, "Fuller, I wish you could see this combination of sea and mountains."

"I can and I do," he whispered.

"Does it remind you of Italy?"

"Yes."

"Of some special spot?"

"Yes, San Marco."

"I don't know San Marco. Is it on the west coast?"

"No. On the east coast."

While I knew the western coast of Italy, I knew nothing of the east coast. (Later I looked it up and found San Marco is on the east coast.)

On arrival at the mission, we looked about for a road leading west, and after one false start finally found it. It was not a thoroughfare but a farm road, and we soon discovered ourselves in a lane fenced with barbed wire, with a high rocky ridge on our right. It was a mile long, sparse of vegetation and flat-topped.

"Is this the hill?" I asked and heard the whispered answer, "It is."

"That's a big hill," I said to Mrs. Williams. "I wonder how we are to locate the crosses on it."

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"Mr. Fuller says, 'Walk directly toward that black rock on the skyline.' "

Looking where she pointed, I plainly perceived a dark mass on the crest of the ridge. "It looks more like a dwarf cedar than a rock," I said. "However, you're the pilot. Shall I take a spade?"

Mrs. Williams replied, "He says 'Yes, better take a spade. There is not much digging, however.'"

"Are they buried around that rock?"

"No — not so far."

Giving Mrs. Williams a hoe to use as a staff, I took the spade and held the barbed wires while she crawled under them and together we set off up the rugged slope.

The farther we went, the more impossible of success our adventure seemed. The mountainside had no soil and offered no distinguishing features. There were no trees, no bushes, no well-marked swales, nothing but a series of bulbous ledges one above another.

Fully expecting to climb to the top, I was surprised when Fuller whispered, "Not much farther. A little to the right — in a shallow wash."

Hundreds of these washes, each hardly more than a six-inch gutter in the rocks, came down the slope and were wholly undistinguishable one from another.

When our guide whispered, "Right here. In this wash. Overturn the stones. Smooth away the gravel," I studied the situation closely.

The spot indicated was the lower end of a shallow wrinkle which came down the mountain from the big black rock. As a gully it was hardly more than ten inches deep, but it presented small dams of sand and gravel. The loose stones were all small and the gully narrow as well as shallow, *precisely like*

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hundreds of other channels which the rains had cut into the mountainside; but Fuller said, "Right here," and so I set to work overturning the small boulders and leveling down the dikes of sand.

A few minutes later Fuller whispered, "A little higher up," and slowly, foot by foot, we worked our way along.

I was down on one knee, clawing at the ground when Mrs. Williams said, "He says, 'near your feet.'"

A mound of gravel filled the wash just below me, and as I was leveling this down I caught a glint of blue metal. On digging it out I found it to be a small lead cross, crumpled into right angles by the boulders with which it had come tumbling down. No piece shaped like that was in my collection. *It was as if it had been bent to prove that it had not been taken from my collection.* It showed no sign of age, however.

Allow me to recapitulate: Directed by an invisible guide, we had driven over two hundred miles, located a described ridge, crawled under a barbed-wire fence, climbed a rocky slope to a minute water course, and in less than half an hour of seeking had uncovered our ninth cross! Without the whispers of our invisible guide, even had the place of burial been described to us, we could not have found it in weeks of painful search.

"Fuller," I said, "you're a trump! You have done it again. You have led us straight to our quarry."

"There is still another one," he replied.

For nearly an hour we overturned rocks and sifted gravel under the direction of the whispers. At last he said, "Try it a little lower down."

Yard by yard I moved down the shallow wash, sifting the gravel with my fingers, and a few minutes later uncovered the stem of an ancient cross. The top part had been broken off

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and the silver-white metal indicated a recent break. "Here it is, Fuller. It is only a fragment, but quite as evidential as a whole cross would have been."

It is well to state that the psychic was twelve or fifteen feet above me, and that she had not been below me at any time. She now spoke, "Mr. Fuller says the other part of the cross is above us."

Thereupon we both went back to a spot near that where I had found the first cross, and within ten minutes the psychic said, "I have it."

On examination, I found it to be the top part of the fragment I had found. There was no doubt about it. *The two pieces fitted together exactly.*

"Fuller," I said, "you are the wonder of the Fourth Dimension!" Then I added, "That ought to make you laugh."

"It does," the psychic reported to me.

"Who buried these crosses here, and why?"

"They were buried by two neophytes of the mission."

"You mean to tell me that in time of trouble two of the Indians, having lost faith in the padres and their teachings, reverted to their ancestral faith?"

"Yes."

"That they sneaked away from the mission, came up here to chant a prayer to the Great Light — the sun — and that they buried their poor little artifacts to regain the favor of their gods?"

"That is the case precisely."

"Are they here? Did they tell you where the crosses were?"

"Yes, they showed me the exact spot."

Here now I am moved to restate the preposterous story. In my study, two hundred miles away, a whisper issuing from a one-way telephone in a closed room had instructed me to go

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to the mission of San Luis Obispo, take a road to the west, drive a mile, climb the side of a flat-topped mountain, where I would be met by an invisible guide who would direct us to the exact spot where two crosses were buried.

This incredible chain of events predicted had come true. One after the other they had been experienced exactly as I have described them. I cannot explain this experience. I merely state it. To say Mrs. Williams had planted them is to endow her with an astounding degree of memory.

With these poor little amulets in our car, we resumed our drive toward the north, and the night following, in a small town three hundred miles north of San Luis Obispo, we took lodgings in a hotel. In my room, after dinner, I unlimbered my one-way telephone which I had brought along with me in the hope of getting further instruction from Fuller. After putting Mrs. Williams, with the transmitter, in an adjoining room (with a bathroom and closed door between) I attached the cord to the electric light socket and my wife and I bent our ears to the receiver, confident of a talk with Fuller.

Almost at once he whispered, "Jack London is here and wishes to speak with you."

"I never met London on this plane but I shall be delighted to have him speak to me."

Almost instantly I heard another clear whisper, "Garland, you came right through my home town today."

"Did I? What was your town?"

"Glen Ellyn, a suburb of Sonoma."

"I didn't know that. Sonoma was John Muir's town, wasn't it?"

"No, he lived down near San José."

"Burbank's home was near Muir's place, wasn't it?"

"Yes."

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"Was it north of San José?"

"No, I believe it was west."

"Didn't Frank Norris live near you at one time?"

"No, I believe he lived for a time south of the city somewhere."

I was asking about the Robert Louis Stevenson cabin when Fuller broke in rather brusquely. "Garland, I want to tell you that I have just learned from an Indian that there is a third cross buried near where you found the ones you have. It is in the same wash but a little lower down. You will not need a spade this time. Just overturn the rocks. I'll be there and will again direct you. Let this end your search for crosses. You have all the crosses you need. Good night."

When I opened the door into the psychic's room, I found her reading a magazine while holding the transmitter to her bosom. She said she had been reading an exciting story and had heard nothing of my talk with London and Fuller.

"I could not catch a single word of the whispers which came in my box," she declared and when I said, "To find that third cross would be a grand climax of our trip," she confidently replied, "We will find it. Mr. Fuller has never failed us yet."

Two days later — Saturday, August 21 — after a gorgeous ride over the new coast highway from Carmel, we found ourselves at San Luis, too tired to visit the hill on which the third cross was buried. After our dinner, however, I again got out the one-way telephone and put it into commission, hoping for further assurance from Fuller. The medium was very tired after a drive of three hundred miles, and the voice was very faint. I could hear these words, however: "I'll be with you in the morning. The cross is a little below where the others were. Don't tire the medium. Good night."

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Early the following morning we left the hotel with all our baggage, confident that we would find the cross. "We'll stay all day if necessary," I said, but Mrs. Williams replied, "It won't be necessary. You'll find the cross in a few minutes."

Again we drove along the pasture fence to the point from which we could see the black rock against the sky.

As I was getting out our hoes, a herd of cattle began to stream along the pasture. They so intimidated my psychic, who was not bred on a farm, that she asked me to wait until the cows had passed to their feeding ground. It was Sunday morning and I was concerned about the attitude of the farmer, who might become curious and come out to ask, "What are you doing on my land?" However, it was early and no one appeared to notice us.

As we walked up that parched slope, I felt more keenly than ever before our dependence on our "voice," so monotonous was that immense hillside. In fact, we could not have found our way back to the spot without the whisper, so inconspicuous was the little gully in which we had worked three days before.

At last we identified it by slight signs of digging, and set to work in the narrow limits which Fuller had marked out for us. It was a spot about six feet wide and nine feet long, and I was busily overturning the rocks and raking the gravel with my fingers when I saw the psychic heaving at a big boulder. As I bent to lend my aid, she pried it out of its bed, disclosing a small cross. As she picked it up I studied its print in the soil where it had lain for many months, perhaps for many years. The ground around the stone showed no sign of having been disturbed since the spring rains. It was about half submerged in the hard soil.

"Fuller, we have it!"

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“There are no more,” he said.

Here again is mystery. In a hotel three hundred miles north of San Luis Obispo, Fuller had told me that a third cross was lying near the others and that the Indian who buried it was eager to have it recovered. Guided by his whispers, we had left our hotel, again climbed the hill to the shallow wash in which we had previously worked, and in less than fifteen minutes had found a third cross.

“This is our eleventh cross and our eighth location,” I said to my wife. “I am certain that in less than a year we could find a hundred of these ‘idols’ but, as Fuller has said, ten is as good as fifty, so why give time and strength to the pursuit? They are all in distant places, among rocks and cactus plants and I am disposed to let Fuller close the argument for the crosses right here.”

Mrs. Williams and my wife both laughed. “You say that now, but tomorrow you’ll be wanting ten more to prove your case.”

Chapter 24

The Otay Reservation

AT THIS point, November 17, 1937, my psychic, Mrs. Williams, was called away by her sister in Chicago and all our field work was ended for the winter. We had discovered, by her powers, twelve artifacts in nine different locations some hundreds of miles apart, and we had been told where to look for others, but without Fuller's directing whispers we were helpless. We might be within three feet of a buried cross without finding it.

At the beginning, I had said, "To discover a single specimen in the field would validate the entire collection made by the Parents," but having found twelve, I asked for more. "The implications of these crosses and the methods by which they were discovered are so significant, so far-reaching, that we must be prepared to meet the criticism of those who will be quick to transfer the charge of deception from Mrs. Parent to Mrs. Williams," and so we had kept on, month after month, making each discovery more evidential, and my tests more severe.

As the New Year began, I urged Mrs. Williams to return and finish the work. "I am in need of one or two other still more carefully guarded discoveries," I wrote to her. "If Fuller or Father Serra could name, while you are two thousand miles away, other grounds in which these amulets still lie undisturbed, our case would be enormously strengthened."

She replied early in April, saying, "Mr. Fuller has named two places, one near a village called Callista, and another near Otay, but I cannot find either Otay or Callista on any map."

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With these names in mind, I searched the maps of the state. Otay I found to be a village just below San Diego, but Callista was not listed among the post offices of the state and the express company had no such village on its list.

It was not until July, 1938, after eight months absence, that Mrs. Williams was able to come back and resume her work with us. In order that we might make the fullest use of her mediumistic powers, we made her a guest in our home.

In my diary I find this entry: "Mrs. Williams arrived at eight this morning. She told us immediately that Fuller or one of the padres had told her while in Chicago that there was a large cross, called a trail marker, four or five miles from the town of Santa Maria. 'He told me to park our car at a point where the old trail crosses the road and to walk half a mile each way on this trail.' She said that Fuller had told her that Callista was in Baja California and that about four miles from the town were many crosses."

I said to her, "To find crosses in either of these places would be incontrovertible evidence of your supernormal powers."

She then handed me a card on which I found these words penciled, "Otay. Go to town — take road east by north to Old Well." On the same card were two other suggestions "Mission Santa María. Go nor. by E. 5 1/4 miles. Find overgrown path E. of road. Walk 1/2 mile road-marker."

She explained that these directions had come to her while in bed in her Chicago home. "The invisibles waked me out of a sound sleep. I reached for a pencil, found this card and used it in the dark to jot down an outline of my impressions."

On the back of this card was a third suggestion. "Callista. Town plaza. Road east. When it turns park car and go east to hill and three mounds."

As soon as she was rested from her journey, I got out our

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one-way telephone and almost instantly Fuller announced himself by means of raps in the receiver. I said, "Fuller, I cannot find Callista. Is it in Mexico?"

He rapped out, "Yes."

"Is it near San Diego?"

"No."

"Is it near Calexico?"

"Yes."

On July 28, as I took my place at the receiver, I could hear a faint whisper, "This is Fuller." I expressed my pleasure at his return to speech, and asked, "Are the padres here?" He said they were and that we would soon be able to hear them, and that they would guide us in the car.

"What are we to think of this persistent voice?" I said to Beaman. "If after eight months silence, it can direct us to an obscure Mexican village where certain artifacts are buried, shall we grant the persistence of personality after death?"

Two days later Fuller's whisper was so much clearer that I conversed freely with him, under the usual daylight test conditions. He said, "Callista is about eighty miles below Mexicali. A good road goes part way. It is near a lake. It has three roads leading out of it. Take the road going east, drive till it turns south. Continue east on foot. Four crosses are buried on a low hill. I will go with you and show you the place." The whispers were faint but normal in tone. My daughter Constance was with me and said, "I heard them distinctly."

I then said to Fuller, "We can't test out this information about Callista until November — the heat on the way to the border is very great during August and September — but to find these roads, these mounds and even one idol buried there, would be conclusive."

He said, "I realize that. Meanwhile, go to Santa María, above

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Santa Barbara. It is the site of an old mission. Drive north about three miles and when you reach a fork in the road, take the one to the right, which will lead toward the hills. Go about five and a half miles on this road. At this point, park your car and walk east till you come to an overgrown trail. Explore this trail half a mile each way from this point. The marker is buried in leaves and dirt. No digging will be necessary."

In answer to my question, "Who planted it?" he replied, "Father Chasle." He then spelled the name for us. I had no knowledge of this padre but I had enough faith in Fuller's directions to be willing to make the trip.

On August 2, we drove to Santa María (a small city about one hundred and sixty miles up the coast), and took rooms at the hotel. We found no records of an old mission and no square such as Fuller had led us to expect, but we found the roads almost as he had indicated.

Early next morning we took the road to the north for three miles. Here we turned on the road to the east. At a point about twelve miles from the town, he whispered, "Stop! Park your car and cross the river. The trail is on the other side."

Leaving Mrs. Garland in the car, we descended to the stream, which we were forced to wade. On finding the trail, we paused and I asked for Father Chasle, the padre who had planted the cross. He whispered, "I am here."

"Where did you serve?" I asked and the psychic replied for him.

"In San Luis Obispo."

"When did you plant the marker?"

"In 1817."

Speaking through Mrs. Williams, he told us that he had set it up on the ground beneath a great oak tree, close to the trail so that the Indians could see it. He said, "In those days the

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*A photograph taken while at work with
pick and shovel.*

current was closer to this bank and the trail ran along the water's edge. The cross was on a level bank a little above the trail."

"Was there a mission where Santa María now stands?"

"No, but there was a substation."

"Had it any buildings?"

"No, nothing but huts."

"Did you preach there?"

"Yes, once each month."

"Is the Indian who was chief of this village here with you?"

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"Yes, he is here. His name is Shaniha."

"Of what tribe?"

Mrs. Williams translated it, "It sounds like *Washo*, but I am not certain."

Father Chasle said, "I put the marker near a great oak which stood alone. I remember the two hills opposite and a grove of oaks on the opposite side of the river. You will find it between the two bends in the river."

After exploring the trail for half a mile, we finally settled upon a huge oak, one of three standing in a row on a low, level bank.

Father Chasle said, "This seems to be the tree," and his Indian friend declared positively, "It is the tree. I marked it with an arrow."

"Did you use an ax?"

"No, a knife."

A mark on the tree resembled an arrowhead and as I traced it with my fingers, he said, "That is the mark."

"Father Chasle, is there an inscription on the marker?"

"Yes, in Latin."

Fuller interrupted. "There is considerable digging to do. Come again and bring someone to help you."

Realizing that it might take several hours and that my wife was waiting in the car, I gave orders to return.

On the following morning I attached my telephone and asked for Father Chasle. He came and the following dialogue took place.

"Father Chasle, what was your first name?"

"Pierre."

"What was your native town?"

We had some difficulty in getting this name but finally it came out quite clearly, "Damfreville."

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"How old were you when you planted the cross?"

"Thirty-two."

"Did you end your days here?"

"No, I went back to France."

"Can you give me the exact words of the inscription on the marker?"

"Yes. 'In faith. To the honor of the Franciscan padres.' I can give it in Latin."

"Please do so."

As nearly as I could get it, the words were, "Ad omnes fideles patres."

On the following morning, Mrs. Williams said, "I have a new prospect for you. Mr. Fuller came to me last night and said, 'Drive south through San Diego and toward the Mexican border. At a point about a hundred and forty-one miles from your home you will find a road leading to the left. Follow this till it forks. Take the right-hand fork. This road will lead you to a big rock with a deep fissure. Dig at the base of this fissure.' I got up and wrote the directions down."

She gave me a slip of paper with these instructions written upon it, and Fuller confirmed them.

"Will you be at that corner of the highway, at the 141-mile point, to direct us?" I asked.

"I'll be there."

I knew this region only as I had driven through it on my way to Tia Juana, and Mrs. Williams declared that she was wholly ignorant of it. Nevertheless, on August 5, we drove to San Diego and below it. At the end of the one hundred forty-first mile, we came to a road leading to the left, toward the hills.

"Is this the road, Fuller?" I asked.

His high, whistling whisper replied, "Yes."

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After thirteen miles on this road, we came to the fork he had predicted. "To the right," he said.

This led us to a farmyard. Here I hesitated. "Go on," said Fuller.

We came at last to a wire gate leading into a pasture. "Through the gate," was the whispered command.

I opened the gate, and we drove on around two low hills.

"Stop!" ordered Fuller. "Park your car. Walk up the hill. Look for huge rocks."

This we did, and soon came to a clump of granite rocks with deep fissures in them. Brush and weeds concealed their bases.

We set to work heaving aside great fragments and digging in the soil. There was no sign that it had ever been visited by anyone. After searching for half an hour, I myself uncovered a fragment of metal which was quite evidently part of a cross.

Fuller said, "The other piece of it is near," but I did not succeed in finding it.

I considered this fragment of a cross quite as evidential as if it had been complete, but Fuller said, "There are others here. Come again and bring a pick. Overturn the rocks."

On August 9, accompanied by my brother Franklin, we returned with a heavy pick, and under the minute directions of the whispering voices, I dug from the soil, under a heavy rock, a most interesting specimen ornamented by three horse-heads. This was especially evidential, for no specimen so decorated had been in my collection. Furthermore, I myself dug it from under a stone. Half an hour later I found a second specimen at the bottom of a cleft in a huge rock which I split with my pick.

"No more," said Fuller. "Go home."

From the purely clairvoyant standpoint, this discovery is a

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miracle for Mrs. Williams had obtained her previsionsal knowledge in a dream or vision, a communication which I had checked and confirmed on the telephone a few hours later. Guided by Fuller, we had entered a private road, passed through a pasture gate, driven around the shoulders of two hills. While in our car we were directed to a clump of rocks which were invisible to us. Among these rocks, minutely guided by the invisibles, we had dug from their burial places two artifacts, one of which — as in the case of the crumpled cross at San Luis Obispo — was a specimen which I am certain was not in the Parent collection.

With these concrete arguments in hand, I said, "Fuller, it is almost impossible for me at the moment to deny the presence of an unseen guide. How can I doubt your reality after such an experience as this? But I need still more proof. I want you to find for me an object which no one can accuse Mrs. Williams of planting. I want a trail marker — a big one."

"You shall have it," he confidently replied.

This promise he was unable to fulfill. We dug at the roots of the oak on the Santa María trail, with no result. He then told us of another prospect near the Pala Mission, and led us to the exact spot where he told us a marker had been set, but it was not there. He then reported that the Indians had named another site in the desert toward Barstow, minutely describing the roads and distances. Three trips failed to find this marker. Led by the voice of an Indian who said his name was Red Horse, Mrs. Williams and I scrambled about in a canyon in the Verdugo Hills on four different quests, working our way among briars, poisonous vines, stony washes, to dig long and valiantly in four different spots where Red Horse declared the marker had been.

Mrs. Williams' persistence and willingness to dig convinced

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us all that she believed in her voices. What was to be gained in thus exposing herself day after day to the toil and discomfort of such a search?

We did not find the marker in the fourth attempt and yet she professed a willingness to go again. "Red Horse says he was confused. 'The valley is so changed,' he explains. 'When I hid the marker, the valley was peaceful, with a little stream flowing through it.' All these washes and dams of huge boulders confuse him."

Fuller said, "We are sorry. We know how important such a marker would be to you. You must remember they were conspicuous, nearly two feet in height, and that the Mexicans valued them for the lead in them. The only chance of finding one now is in some bushy spot or deep among rocks. We'll find one for you. Don't be discouraged."

In this promise I am resting as I close this chapter.

Chapter 25

The Question of Identity

WE COME now to the fundamental question toward which we have all along been tending — are these invisible guides and advisors to whose voices we have been listening discarnate personalities or are they but pale products of our own minds?

The collection of metal objects which Mr. Parent turned over to me are of no value in themselves, but the finding of them in the way recorded by him and which I have myself verified becomes of great significance when considered as evidence of a supernormal human faculty, and of supreme importance when taken to prove the identity of our invisible visitors. I propose in this chapter to recapitulate and discuss some of the communications which bear upon the problem.

The reader will recall that in our very first sitting, (taken down in shorthand) Mrs. Williams, a complete stranger to us, won our confidence by bringing to us in the light — voices claiming to be those of our dead friends — persons whom the psychic, but recently arrived from Chicago, could not possibly have known. Some of these speakers I could not identify, but others were so characteristic in their replies to my questions that I had the impression (at the moment) of their identity. Some of them I had forgotten, but they recalled themselves to my memory.

All through the two years of our experiment, others came, persons who had no part in our investigation, young friends of my daughter who talked as intimately and clearly as if over a telephone. It was, of course, natural that pioneers in psychic research like Crookes, Geley, James and Doyle should be in

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my thought, but it is difficult to account for visitors whom I had met only once or twice, of whose personality I had but a faint memory and whose names could not have been known to the psychic.

Jack London I never knew, Donn Byrne I had never met, and yet they seemed as vital (when they spoke) as Frank Norris and Rudyard Kipling. There was no reason why young Barnhart should come to me, while Carl Akeley, for whom I called, failed to manifest. My good friend, Dr. Turck, came early and characteristically, but he, as well as many of my literary friends named in my autobiography, was probably known to the psychic. Young McEldowney, Leila McKee, Steele the painter, and many others are not in my published record. Harriet Monroe's anxiety concerning her beloved magazine was logical, and all that my friend Fuller said was equally in character.

Consider the case of two miners who told us where to find their mine in the San Gabriel Mountains and who not only led us to the spot where they mined but to the place where their cabin had stood. They showed us where one of them who died in that lonely spot was buried. Speaking to us in the car and in the open air, they told us their names and the date of their coming to California. One of them named the town from which he came, and by writing to the postmaster of the town I confirmed his information — information which the psychic could not possibly have known, for the town had long since been incorporated into a larger city.

Many times these invisibles spoke of things wholly outside the psychic's knowledge, but I do not include them. Psychic literature is filled with proof of this kind. At last we moved out into a larger and more novel field, the wide expanse of Southern California over which the missionary fathers and

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their Indians led us again and again in an effort to convince us that they were still sentient and of keen memory. "We intend to prove to you and your readers that we still exist by leading you to the hilltops where our Indians buried their offerings to their gods."

The Parents also patiently labored to convince us that they were alive — as alive as ever they were. The psychic did not know that Mrs. Parent could not read or write, and neither did I. I had heard that she could not but I did not know it. Nevertheless, when I bluntly asked, "Mrs. Parent, could you read or write?" she answered "No, I was ignerunt." So far as I know this is the first time a so-called spirit has made such an admission.

As we went on, Mrs. Parent answered other questions with equal candor, eager to prove that she was as vital as any of my neighbors in Redlands or Riverside. Others of our communicants were less reliable; they not only misled us, they misinformed us. They told us of buried gold and silver which could not be found. They took us on fruitless journeys into distant desert places. They induced us to climb high hills and wallow through cactus and poison oak. In short, they were seemingly confused and hesitant, as they would naturally be on a return to trails which they had not seen for a century. They said, "We are sorry, but all is so changed we cannot find the place where we danced and buried our treasures." This fallibility was almost as convincing as their successes in other expeditions.

At last we swung out into the unknown spaces of early "New Spain." Here we had no predecessors.

Mrs. Williams told us in the beginning that she knew nothing of the missionary fathers, and I confess that I was almost equally uninformed on early California history. I had seen

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the play based on Junípero Serra's founding of the missions in California, and I had read one pleasant book based upon his life, but I did not know how to pronounce his name or the names of his associates until they spelled them phonetically for me. I took care *not to inform myself* till after I had secured the vital facts from the padres themselves, and even then I read merely to confirm names and dates.

In all the communications from Garces, Oñate, Coronado and Marcos de Nitza, certain curious, small items of expression bore out their claim — as when, in answer to my question addressed to the great explorer Coronado, "Shall I call you Señor or Capitán?" he quietly replied, "Call me simply Coronado." Or when I said to Alvarado, "Did your hair stand up on your head?" he answered, "Yes, like wire."

I had never read a book dealing with either Coronado or Alvarado, and that Mrs. Williams was no better informed I was fairly convinced, but I could not prove it.

In the coming of obscure, almost unknown padres like Chasle, Próspero, Jaco, Nadal, I find mystery. Only by searching in Engelhardt's history or in Bancroft's huge tomes could I find mention of them, yet they told me the names of the towns from which they came, the time of their service and the dates of their return to France or Spain — or of their death.

I cannot believe that Mrs. Williams furtively informed herself of these obscure priests, for the convincing phrases and incidents were so slight that *the utmost skill in choosing them* must have been employed.

In discussing this problem of identification with the voice calling itself Fuller, I said, "Henry, it is impossible for me to identify you by means of a whisper. Even if you used a full tone, I could not be sure. I frequently fail to recognize a friend's voice over the telephone."

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He admitted that this was true, but insisted that I ought to be able to identify him by the way in which he put words together. He also agreed that as he was minutely described in my autobiography it would be difficult to separate the psychic's knowledge of him gained from reading my books, from that obtained supernormally.

There were, however, several incidental remarks which were evidential. In speaking with him one morning, I said, "That man who is at work on your biography wants me to help him find more of your letters. I have sent him all I had in my file and named several others who might have some — Johnson of the *Century*, Harriet Monroe of *Poetry Magazine*, and the Ponds of Chicago."

To these he added, "Freddie Richardson has many, and Clarkson may have some."

This is evidential, for Mrs. Williams could have known nothing either of Richardson or of Clarkson.

Following up this lead, I said, "Henry, you must have had more than a hundred of my letters, for I had been corresponding with you for forty years. Did you destroy them?"

"No, I kept all that were significant."

"Where are they?"

"They are in the possession of my niece, Miss Ranney, in Chicago."

"In what kind of a container — a wooden box?"

"No, a cardboard box, about fifteen inches long by twelve broad. It is among the goods in her basement. She has lately moved into a smaller apartment and was obliged to store a part of her furniture. The box is there. I saw it as it was being moved."

"What kind of a label has it?"

"It has a label which reads, 'Essays, Letters and Manuscripts'

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and following the word 'Letters' are your initials — H. G."

I wrote Miss Ranney at once and while waiting to hear from her, I resolved to call on Mrs. Parent again and ask her to point out for me the most convincing of her portraits. She came promptly, saying, "Mr. Garland, this is Violet Parent."

After greeting her, I said, "Mrs. Parent, the time approaches when I shall want to use some of these photographs which your husband has labeled 'spirit pictures,' and I want you to tell me exactly how you made them."

"I'll gladly do that," she replied. "I don't want you to get into trouble by publishing any that are not real."

"All right. I want to ask at the outset — did you focus your camera and use a time exposure?"

"No. I couldn't use a time exposure on my little camera and I could never see any faces or forms. I saw nothing but spots."

"Do you mean white, misty spots?"

"No, I mean dark spots. I never knew what they were until my films were printed."

"Very well. Now, some of the pictures show hanging drapery — as in the case of William Stead. Did you put these up?"

"Yes. I put them up under directions from Mr. Stead, but later he told me to take them down and he would stand on the floor. They told me to put up drapery in other cases and said that they would materialize in the folds of the cloth."

"Some of the Indian figures appear to be cut-outs."

"A few of them were. I used a few cut-outs when my power began to fail."

"Mrs. Parent, it is important that I should know just which are genuine and which are not. I'm going to lay before you a book in which I have pasted all your prints, and I want you to go over them with me."

"I'll do the best I can," she replied.

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Thereupon I told Mrs. Williams to put aside the machine and to report Mrs. Parent's replies which I could not hear without the machine, and so from this point on the reader should understand that I was dependent on the psychic's interpretation of the whispers. Meanwhile the book remained *upside down to her* and she made no attempt to see the prints.

As I turned the first few pages, Mrs. Parent said, "Those are all real. Nothing was before my camera but some small rocks and a sheet. All the pictures of the padres and of living people, are real."

"You mean true spirit pictures?"

"Yes, that is what I mean."

"I don't understand how that can be, for these Indian profiles taken on a table before your husband and Mr. Hutchison appear later in exactly the same attitudes among groups which I am certain are cut-outs."

This led to a most unexpected admission. "I cut out the genuine spirit figures from my own early prints and pasted them on a sheet of cardboard among the portraits of noted men and women which I had obtained from magazines. They were all real in the first place, but I cut them out and *used them to help me bring others.*"

During all our months of experiment, Mrs. Williams had never opened this book of photographs, and I now called her to my side of the desk and while we both studied the collection page by page, she reported Mrs. Parent's comment. For nearly two hours I questioned, recording on each page her valuation, and at the end we reckoned that she had confessed to faking about twenty out of nearly two hundred. "And even these," she declared, "have spirit forms mixed with them." At times she put in a word of excuse — or stated a favorable fact.

It is important to bear in mind that Mrs. Williams remained

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critical of these photographs, but my wife was so moved by my relentless questioning that she said, "I feel sorry for Mrs. Parent."

"I intend to get to the bottom of this," I said to them all. "I can't use any of these pictures till I know just how they were produced."

Mrs. Parent remained on the witness stand for another hour, answering my questions heroically and submissively, but she appeared to grow weary and forgetful toward the last. Finally she said, "Call up some of my witnesses — call up the men and women who went on my exploring trips and who also witnessed the photographing of my invisible guides."

Accepting her suggestion, I called for Mr. Hutchison, a businessman in Los Angeles, whose name appears frequently in her records. He was the man who picked up the ball of dried mud (on a hillside at San Juan Capistrano) which afterward proved to be a rock shaped like the skull of a calf filled with hardened adobe. Out of this filling, Hutchison and his wife — so Parent records — dug six or eight small metal crosses. These facts, and the further claim that several of the photographs of Indians now in spirit land had been made in his home, made Hutchison a valuable witness.

Putting Mrs. Williams back in her accustomed chair, I took the receiver across the hall to my wife's room *and closed the doors* between. It was quite impossible for the psychic (normally) to hear my questions, and she had no notion which one of the witnesses I would call first to the stand.

Fuller announced himself and said, "Hutchison is present and ready to talk."

I said, "Mr. Hutchison, you discovered the stone animal's head, did you not?"

"I did."

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"Did you see your wife dig some small crosses from the dried mud which filled it?"

"I did."

"You also helped to dig many crosses from the ground in various places?"

"I did. I can tell you that the Parents are okay. They did just what they claimed to do."

(This could not have come from Mrs. Williams. She did not hold that opinion.)

"Now, Mr. Hutchison, I find a photograph of you and Mr. Parent seated behind a table on which are some small rocks. Two Indian heads are before you. Is that a genuine spirit photograph?"

"It is. Her crosses are genuine and so are her spirit photographs."

"Parent records that you had for companion on many of these trips a man named Fox. I'd like to talk with him."

"All right. He is here and will talk with you."

A moment of silence and then another whisper called, "Mr. Garland."

"Is this Mr. Fox?"

"Yep, I'm Fox," he briskly replied. "I saw a lot of Mrs. Parent. She is all right. She discovered those crosses just the way Parent says she did. I helped to dig them out myself."

He was a bit slangy, as Hutchison had been, and occasionally ungrammatical. When I asked, "Did the ground look undisturbed?" he replied, "It sure did. Some of them crosses were buried deep."

My success in reaching these two valuable witnesses led me to ask for Mr. and Mrs. Eustis, who had been even closer in their relationship to the Parents. Mrs. Eustis did not speak, but Eustis did, confirming all that Hutchison and Fox had said about

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the work in the field. In answer to my question about the spirit photographs, he firmly replied, "They are genuine. Mrs. Parent took some of them in my house with my own camera. I put the film in the camera myself."

All this testimony came, I must remind the reader, over sixty feet of one-way wire and could not have been heard by the psychic, who sat reading a book in my study. She could not have known which witness I would call up, and she could not possibly have guessed what questions I intended to ask. Furthermore, her mind was in opposition to all this testimony.

I am quoting it here for its bearing on the problem of identity. These three witnesses impressed me as individuals. They spoke in character, identifying themselves as three friends and neighbors who had accompanied the Parents on their trips. I cannot say that they were not the product of my mind or that of the medium, but I did not (at the time) believe that they came out of her brain or mine. Fox's use of "yep" for yes amused me.

With regard to the identification of the padres, they said, "It was our intention all along to prove to you our survival and our identity by leading you to our buried treasures," and I must grant that no way could be more convincing, provided the guidance could be proven to be theirs.

One of the fullest and most evidential of all the identification tests of the padres will be found in the various explanations given by them concerning Father Velos and his wry neck. Father Serra said, "He was not exactly a hunchback but he had a twist in his spine."

Others of the fathers who identified him gave slightly differing explanations of his deformity — one spoke of him as a hunchback — but it was not until Velos himself spoke to me that I finally got definite explanation of his deformity. "It was

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not a twist in my spine," he said, "but a stiffening in one of the cords of my neck which put my head awry." His whispers did not individualize him, but this explanation of his distorted neck did — and yet, so far as I could find, no official roster of the California priests contains his name.

When we came to the task of identifying the Spanish military explorers of three centuries ago, we had no pictures to help us. No portraits of Oñate, Espejo, Coronado or Alvarado were accessible. Proofs of their identity were abstract in nature. Speaking from their own centers, they corrected and simplified the complicated concepts of certain historians, as, for example, Alvarado, who, when I asked him the cause of the migration of Guatemala tribes, replied with notable simplicity and directness, "When Cortez came, many Indians were driven out. They did not wish to become Christian or to be under the dominance of the white man, so they migrated."

Historians designate his rule in Guatemala as cruel and bloody, but in his talk he gave no hint of savage qualities. He said, "They called me *Tonatiuh* — 'Child of the Sun' — did you know that?"

I did not know this, but some weeks afterward, upon reference to his biography, a rare book, I found it to be the fact. The word was spelled *Donatiuh*, however.

I asked him why the Indians called him by this name, and he replied, "It may be because to them I was like the sun god, a child of the sun, with much strength and power."

Later still, I found that certain historians speak of his blond hair and beard as reasons for calling him "Child of the Sun."

Knowing nothing about the personal life of Engelhardt, the official historian of the missions in California, I one day (August 19) asked for him, and when he came I said, "Are you a native of America?" He replied "No. I was born in Belshau-

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sen, Germany, in 1851, but my parents brought me to America when I was one year old."

"When did you enter the priesthood?"

"In 1886."

"When did you come to California?"

"In 1900. I served in Yuma before that. My first California church was in Banning."

At this point he changed his tone. "Mr. Garland, I served in your state."

"Do you mean Wisconsin?"

"Yes, in West Superior. I have been often in your town — La Crosse."

"How could I prove your service in West Superior?"

"Write to the head of the diocese. He will confirm my statement."

"Did you know Father Chasle, or Father Velos?"

"No — but that does not mean they were not in service here. Many priests came and went. I listed only the more important ones."

This answer was not what I expected. If it had come from the mind of the medium, it would have been decidedly affirmative.

I laid out some of the crosses for him to see and he said, "I have never seen any such objects as these you have on the table, but I have no doubt of their verity. They are undoubtedly old."

In answer to a question, he replied clearly and strongly, "The padres were horrified to find the cross here when they came — crosses decorated with the heads of apes and panthers. As historian, I had no knowledge of these crosses, for the priests all mentioned them as 'idols.' The military explorers could mention them and some of them did."

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He ended by saying, "Your friend Fuller has explained your purpose and I am glad to aid in any way."

It may be that I had sometime and somehow gained this information, but I had no conscious knowledge of it.

Of Próspero Jaco, Asunción, and several others of my invisible visitors, I could find no mention. That such individuals once existed, I have no doubt. Of their continuing existence, I am less sure. Their whispered messages are but a slender base on which to rear so vast a concept. As a matter of fact, I was not greatly interested in the details concerning the life histories of these obscure padres, and I saw no way of definitely proving their identity. Their words may all have come from the same mind — but whose mind? Certainly not mine. If from the psychic's mind, the method of communication was supernatural. She may have imagined the characters, but the words spoken did not come from her lips.

Without question, the most convincing test of Serra's identity would be for me to secure his face on the same photographic film with mine. This I have not yet been able to do.

Chapter 26

Charging the Jury

IN CLOSING this story of the buried crosses, the author now assumes the character of a judge reviewing the evidence for the instruction of a jury.

"Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, I shall ask you to bear in mind, at the outset, the fact that Mrs. Williams, the psychic, was entirely unknown to the author when he began his experiments with her, and that he made no attempt to learn her history. He said, 'I was not concerned with what she had been, but with what she could do.' As a matter of fact, she came to him highly recommended by a group of doctors in Chicago. At a later date, the author met these physicians and confirmed their reports. (See appendix)

"You should also note that the phenomena recorded took place mainly in the author's own study, in the light, most of them in full daylight. The communications, however, were all made in whispers which were often so high in key that the author, during the early sittings, was largely dependent upon a repetition of the words by the medium. Later, by the use of an amplifier, he heard at times very distinctly. The voices were, at first, a mere squeak, like the cry of a mouse or a bat.

"You will recall that the dialogues with the padres were mainly in English (although one or two of them spoke to him in Spanish), whereas historians of the missions state that very few of the missionaries could speak English. The author admits that he cannot explain this discrepancy. The padres said, 'We have but one language over here.'

"Although the psychic declared that she knew little con-

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cerning Father Serra and nothing whatever of Oñate, Coronado. and other explorers of early New Spain, the author admits that she had abundant opportunity between sittings to inform herself in detail concerning these personalities. Her declaration that she had no knowledge of missionary history or the Spanish language is not susceptible of proof.

"Of the supernormal character of her voices, the author offers evidence, but you will recall that his long-wire tests were only partly successful. He got few direct answers to questions when conditions shut the psychic entirely away from hearing any of his enquiries. 'For the most part, the answers over the long wire were inaudible and irrelevant,' he says. 'Nevertheless, I did succeed in getting several direct replies.'

"He admits to many other failures and discrepancies. 'The voices often misled me. They made confused or contradictory statements of historical facts. They led us on fruitless explorations, and their comment, at times, was wholly imaginary, but it may be argued that if the psychic had been using knowledge gained from books, she would naturally have kept close to the text. Her misinformation may be reckoned as proof of her trust in her voices.

"These voices were of chief importance not only as the means of communication between the author and the invisible guides but as incredible physical phenomena. As you reread the testimony of the author, you will find that the voices varied in clarity from day to day. At times, they were almost a tone, at others, when conditions seemed equally favorable, they were so blurred and faint as to be wholly unintelligible. For several weeks during the summer of 1937, they were silent, and the psychic appeared to be in despair of their return. She related their disappearance to a decline in her physical health. With every wish to continue her work with the author, she

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sat day after day without result. You may consider this a pretense on the part of a very clever woman, a device to convince the author of her mediumship but she said, 'I have no control over the voices and no sensation of producing them.'

"During these periods of silence, the search for the buried crosses halted. 'We could do nothing without the minute guidance of these whisperers.'

"As you examine the sixteen crosses which the author and his associates found in widely separated locations, you will find them all small, and the author admitted on cross examination that critics might say that they had been taken from his collection and 'planted.' He said, 'I cannot believe that this was done by Mrs. Williams, for to do so would have required thousands of miles of motoring and the climbing of cactus-covered hills.'

"You will come upon many fruitless expeditions. Notwithstanding the confident predictions of the voices, the author was unable to locate the cache of silver or the khiva. Twice, Mrs. Williams climbed a formidable mountain to locate an underground chamber which the author could not uncover. This and other painful enterprises may be considered devices to prove her sincerity. 'That she believed in her voices was evident,' the author states. 'Under their guidance, she led the way up cañons, through thickets of poison oak and groves of cactus. She not only used the pick and shovel but her bare hands in digging out rocks and sifting gravel. She shrank from no hardship. She not only drove the car, she toiled as few men would have been willing to do.'

"This will lead you to ask, 'What was her motive? What sustained her in these months of effort?'

"This vital question is answered by the author himself. 'After some ten or twelve sittings with Mrs. Williams, I felt

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so deeply obligated to her that I said, 'I cannot go on using your time and your strength without at least the promise of compensation. If you will continue to work with me on this problem, I will agree to pay you from whatever royalties the story of these crosses may earn. I realize that without your aid, I cannot complete my book.' "

"In this agreement you may find sufficient motive for Mrs. Williams' activities, for by it she stood to share not only the money returns of the book, but to win wide recognition as the writer's trusted medium and co-worker. Thereafter, she was, naturally, doubly eager to furnish new and startling features.

"In taking up the affirmative side of the case, you must give due weight to the evidence of witnesses who state that the voice phenomena were not only heard and recorded in the full daylight, but that the writer and his daughter repeatedly tested the supernormal character of the whispers by holding a folded handkerchief against the psychic's lips. 'We did this in the presence of four or five witnesses,' he declares. Realizing that much depended upon the separation of these whispers from Mrs. Williams' normal speech organs, he went so far on a later date as to put in her mouth a flat piece of hard candy, so large that it covered her tongue and protruded from her lips. It was what the children call a 'sucker,' and contained a stick. It could not be chewed or swallowed.

"While the psychic was thus prevented from the use of her tongue, the author received ten direct answers to questions, and his friend Beaman took the evidence down in shorthand. 'We both regarded this, at the time, as conclusive evidence of the supernormal character of the whispers.'

"This drastic test of the psychic's powers should be given full consideration, and, by referring back to the author's de-

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positions, you will find that, according to Mr. Beaman's short-hand report, the answers by the psychic contained sounds impossible of utterance without the use of the tongue.

"In an adjoining room, with a closed door between, one of the witnesses asked of the invisibles, 'Are you going to show us where the crosses are hidden at the buried trees?' and the answer was, 'Yes.'

" 'Will you be able to talk to us?'

"The voice replied, 'Surely.'

" 'Is the medium losing her power?'

"The answer was, 'I am afraid so.'

"Later, the author addressed the invisible called Fuller, saying, 'We had a very good test,' and the voice replied, 'A fine test, a perfectly fine test. Can you hear me?'

"As a further test, the author said, 'If you are with us, Fuller, we will drive up through Hidden Valley as usual, to the place where the old fellow was digging —'

"The whisper interrupted, 'Go beyond that.'

" 'Down beyond the corner of the fenced land?'

" 'Beyond that,' replied the voice.

" 'When we reach that point, we will talk to you from the car.'

"Again the voice interrupted, 'I'll be there.'

"Mr. Garland then said to those who had witnessed this ordeal, 'This test is quite as good as if Mrs. Williams' mouth had been plastered with surgeon's tape.'

"You must admit, ladies and gentlemen of the jury, that if this test of the psychic's supernormal powers had been offered in a court of law, it would have been considered conclusive, but it leaves the problem of the manifesting intelligence unsolved.

"You should now go back over the evidence and follow care-

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fully step by step, the author's persistent attempts to separate the *mind* of the psychic from the content of her communications.

"Beginning by listening to these whispers with a megaphone which Mrs. Williams held against her body, the author at last, by mechanical means, succeeded in separating her from the circle of listeners till, in a distant room with a hall and two closed doors between, he carried on long conversations with the whispering voices.

"You are confronted here by evidence which seems to establish two basic claims — first, that the whispers were supernatural in their production, and second, that the psychic possessed powers clairvoyant and clairaudent.

"By means of his one-way telephone, consisting of a highly sensitive microphone with an amplifying receiver, the author affirms that he was able to discuss with these spectral voices objects held in his hand in a separate room, a distance of more than seventy feet from the psychic. 'On several instances, I secured the reading of a letter in Spanish, a letter which the psychic had never seen.'

"Unless you put these replies and the reading of the letter down to fortunate guessing, you must admit that some sort of supernatural perception is involved.

"But, ladies and gentlemen of the jury, if you discard all this evidence of supernatural utterance and supernatural perception, so carefully adduced by the writer, you must still grapple with the most important problem of all — who made these 'idols' and why were they buried? You must move on to a careful consideration of the evidence which indicates their verity and the verity of the characters who buried them.

"The author states, 'At our very first sitting, Mrs. Williams, who was lately from Chicago and knew nothing of the pur-

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pose of my experiment, produced whispers which announced the presence of the Parents, the original discoverers of these strange artifacts.'

"At this time, the psychic knew nothing of the author's investigation and nothing of the character of Mrs. Parent, but she heard the author ask, 'Are there more of these crosses to be discovered?' and the answer, 'Yes, many of them.'

"The author then announced his purpose to Mrs. Williams. 'If I can find, under your clairvoyant guidance, a single cross of similar character, the entire collection made by the Parents will be validated.' With this design, he called upon Father Serra, who had guided the Parents in their search, and also upon his friend Fuller, who had at other times communicated with him, and with their united guidance, Mrs. Williams was at once able to locate several of the buried 'idols,' as the padres called them.

"The author says, 'After many hundreds of miles of motor-ing, we located and unearthed sixteen artifacts, similar in substance and design to those collected by the Parents. Some were in deep gullies, buried under heavy rocks, others were high on cactus-covered hills. One that I discovered was hidden in a ledge of sandstone behind a wall of cactus plants which I was forced to chop away before I could reach the cleft in which the cross lay, wholly out of reach. To say that Mrs. Williams planted that cross will not do. It was in a spot inaccessible even for a man, without a cutting tool.'

"If you consider that these objects were hidden by a confederate, you must admit supernormal powers of perception in the psychic. Such powers were especially in evidence on the mountainside near San Luis Obispo.

"According to the direct testimony of the author, the psychic said with clear particularity, 'Fuller tells us to go to the

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mission, take a road leading west, and drive one mile. You will come to a flat-topped mountain on the right-hand side. It is in a pasture, but no one will molest you. He says he will be with us and tell us where to dig.'

"This the author did. He drove to the mission, over two hundred miles distant. The whispering voice calling itself Fuller directed him on the right road and told them where to stop. He instructed them to crawl through the fence and walk toward a certain big rock on top of the ridge. 'We did as directed. In less than an hour, we found two crosses, one curiously crumpled, as if to meet the objection that it had been abstracted from my collection.'

This is but one example of the minute directions given by the voices.

"In this connection, you must consider the probabilities as well as the possibilities of the case. It was possible for the psychic to drive four hundred and ten miles, climb that mountain and bury those crosses, but the author finds such an expedition improbable. 'If they were planted by a confederate,' he says, 'the task of locating them without detailed guidance would have been very difficult.'

"If you grant the directing personality calling itself 'Fuller,' you are confronted by the question, 'How could he direct the psychic to this remote spot?' His answer to this involved another mystery. He said, 'I got my information from the Indian who buried the cross.' All this may be born of the medium's subconscious mind. It may be just a part of her supernormal physical endowment, or, if you wish, you may consider Fuller a discarnate intelligence, intent on serving his friend Garland.

"The author says, 'If I could prove that Mrs. Williams knew nothing of early California history, the case for human survival would be strong, but I have no way of proving that she

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did not read lives of Coronado, Espejo and Marcos de Nitza. I can only take her word for it.'

"As a jury, you must grant that the writer, by reason of more than forty-five years of study and experiment, is a competent witness. His experiences with this psychic do not stand alone, they are merely supplemental to many others recorded in his previous volume, *Forty Years of Psychic Research*.

"Now, finally, with the writer's testimony and Mrs. Williams' declaration in mind, you must weigh fairly and justly all the evidence pointing to the psychic's sincerity. Whether her manifestations offer a mixture of the false with the true (as those of many mediums have been proven to be) must be decided by the weight of evidence. It may be that she is — as the writer states — like a clerk in a wireless receiving station, unable to pass upon the character of the messages she receives.

"The author asks you to put aside (so far as you are able) all prejudice, and to return a verdict based on his testimony derived from experiments in the sunlight and in the open air."

A Personal Afterword

As I close the presentation of my evidence at the end of two years of study and exploration, I find myself not very far advanced beyond the point from which I set out. Nevertheless, I make claim to definite progress. I think my readers will agree that by the aid of Sophia Williams and her voices, I have assembled a valuable mass of evidence, testimony which points to a solution of the problem involved, although beneath every mystery a still more insoluble mystery remains.

I have keenly enjoyed the experience of these years of sunlit experiment and open-air exploration, and I trust my readers will find a like pleasure in the reading of my chronicle.

The good old Earth, notwithstanding all its storms, floods, and wars, seems as solid as when I began my study of the Invisible World forty-seven years ago. I still find it difficult to believe in an intangible universe, a fourth-dimensional plane from which these inexplicable voices appear to come, and yet when Henry Fuller and Father Serra speak to me, I am convinced — momentarily — of their reality. When they tell me that I am surrounded by scores of mission padres, eager to prove their possession of continuing life and memory, I reply in good faith, but as I break the connecting current and go out upon the street, swarming with businessmen and pleasure-seekers, I lose that faith. I find myself still the doubter, still the investigator, demanding proof and still more proof. I return to my desk each morning, resolved upon further experiment and exploration.

I close with a word of warning IF this spirit world exists, consideration of it should be left to elderly folk and experi-

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mentalists like myself. After all, the normal man is properly concerned with commerce, sport and mechanical progress. To foster in the young an overwhelming interest in a fourth-dimensional universe will not do. The only life we definitely know is here. As one of my invisible friends said of his life on earth, "I had a hope but no expectancy of life on another plane," and perhaps that is the best that we who are scientifically-minded can achieve.

As I ride among the cactus-covered hills, it is easy for me to visualize the time when primitive men climbed to the mountain tops to worship the sun. The earth is no longer commonplace to me. It suggests the faith of the millions who have dissolved into its dust. "We are not dead, we are not far, we are here," one of the padres said to me.

I do not pretend to have solved the problems involved in the discovery of these barbaric buried amulets; I merely present them. I am nearing my final *entrada*, but I do not expect death to explain life. If it does, I shall certainly attempt to share my wisdom with those I leave on this side of the dark river, just as these heroic priests have tried to do with me.

Psychic mysteries still allure me, as distant mountain ranges allured me in my youth. As a mental pioneer, I am still moved to cultivate unknown valleys and tunnel unnamed ranges.

Unlike the true frontiersman, few of us who seek the borderlands of human life are able to overtake the forms which flee, or touch the hands which beckon. Perhaps it is better so — the never-ending joy of the seeking remains.

APPENDICES



Circles show where crosses and tokens were found.

Appendix § I

The Medium

AFFIRMATION BY SOPHIA WILLIAMS

REALIZING that the value of Hamlin Garland's book *The Mystery of the Buried Crosses* depends very largely on the verity of my psychic powers, I here solemnly affirm that I had nothing to do with the distribution of the artifacts which he and his aides discovered, and that I was led to the places where they lay by voices over which I had no control and which had no connection, so far as I could discern, with my own speech organs. I have no knowledge of how these whispers are produced and I have no sensation of producing them. I believe them to be the voices of discarnate beings.

I further declare and affirm that I had no previous knowledge of the Spanish priests and explorers with whom Mr. Garland conversed. I had never heard of Oñate, Espejo, Lasuén, Palóu or Peyri. I had heard of Father Serra but knew nothing of his mission in California. I had read of Coronado in my school books but I had no recollection of his explorations. I made no effort to inform myself concerning these characters. I did not read Mr. Garland's manuscript then or later and I have only a scattering knowledge of what it contains. For the most part his talks with the padres and explorers took place beyond my range of hearing and vision. In most of the sittings I could not hear a word even at my end of the line.

Early in our sittings Mr. Garland and I went to the library to read something about Guatemala, but thereafter we both studiously refrained from reading *previous* to the communications. We then read only to confirm dates and names. The names Oñate and Espejo meant nothing to me when they first came.

With regard to the supernormal character of my voices I welcomed all tests made by Mr. Garland's friends in their attempts to separate them from my vocal cords, lips and tongue.

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I have no control over these whispers and for weeks at a time I was unable to produce them. I do not know why they come nor why they fail. My sense of mediumship between this world and that which Mr. Garland calls "the Fourth-Dimensional World" is very real and vital to me. I felt it my duty to aid Mr. Garland in his attempt to validate the collection of crosses; for by so doing he would prove the survival of memory and personality after death.

Signed: *Sophia Williams*

SUBSCRIBED AND SWORN TO BEFORE ME THIS 15TH DAY OF
DECEMBER 1938.

Marcus E. Dooley

NOTARY PUBLIC

The following letter from Mrs. Williams is in effect an affidavit.

Chicago, Illinois.

November 15, 1938

Dear Mr. Garland,

Before working with you, I had done nothing in the way of finding treasures nor in psychometry, and when you showed me several of the crosses and a few of the spirit photographs and I heard parts of Mrs. Parent's story, I was quite sure that the whole thing was a hoax and that it would be useless to try to validate these artifacts. I was advised, however, by my spirit teachers that the crosses could be validated, and they at once began to give me information about them.

I have never been particularly interested in the American Indian. I have seen many so-called spirit mediums whose controls were Indians who gave such a ridiculous performance that I hoped never to come in contact with their like.

I have complete confidence in the information I get from the other side, but I was surprised and excited over each cross we found. I still feel that the failures we had were due to some mistakes on our part and possibly lack of memory on the part of those imparting the information at the time.

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I have never at any time desired to commercialize on the psychic power I possess, but rather to develop it as far as possible and to allow others to analyze it from a scientific standpoint, hoping that some worthwhile knowledge may be gained from it. Although I have read many books on diversified subjects, I had read little or nothing on either the Indians or California history, since neither held any particular interest for me.

The past year and a half has held many thrilling experiences, and I have enjoyed the trips and the explorations we have made, though many were not easy or pleasant at the time. I carry a few scars as the result.

I have no desire to profit by the publication of the book, nor do I care for publicity along these lines. It has given me a great satisfaction, however, to prove in this way the continuity of personality and of memory.

Sincerely,

Sophia Williams

Poundstone's original letter with signature.

DR. LEON H. POUNDSTONE

108 N. STATE ST.

CHICAGO, ILL.

Jan., 7, 1938.

Dear Mr. Garland;

At Dr. Rager's request I am writing you regarding a remarkable experience I had this afternoon. At two o'clock I placed a synthetic filling in an upper right bicuspid tooth for Mrs. Sophia Williams.

While I was holding the celluloid matrix in place for the three minutes duration required for the material to set my dead wife's voice came in very distinctly and several questions were asked and answered.

Mrs. William's mouth was wide open, I had one hand in her mouth holding the matrix, her head was tipped back and her throat was full of saliva.

This was most convincing evidence that the voice was not made by the medium or any one else as we were alone in my office at the time.

Very truly yours,

Leon H. Poundstone, D.D.S.

The Mystery of the Buried Crosses

Following up this most valuable report concerning the phenomena witnessed in Dr. Poundstone's office while treating Mrs. Sophia Williams, I wrote to him on January 14, 1938, asking him to note down the answers to the following questions.

Q. You speak of hearing your dead wife's voice — was it a voice or a whisper?

A. It was a clear voice and was audible above the outside street noise.

Q. Did it have a recognizable quality?

A. The quality of tone was the same as I had heard before.

Q. Did it come from Mrs. Williams or from the air?

A. It appeared to come from the three-minute timing sand-glass on the bracket table in front of us.

Q. Were the questions such as would identify your wife?

A. Yes.

A CASE OF CLAIRVOYANT GUIDANCE

A STATEMENT BY SOPHIA WILLIAMS

Early in the summer of 1937, while I was assisting Mr. Hamlin Garland, author of *Forty Years of Psychic Research*, in some experiments for a new book dealing with clairaudience and clairvoyance, I had a very strange experience, one which was entirely new to me. One night after I had been with Mr. Garland on an exploring expedition in search of certain buried Indian relics, a very clear vision of an Indian came to me. He seemed entirely of flesh and blood, entirely natural in form and costume.

He said to me, "Go back over that road which you took when you went for the first time to the bridge a few miles north of the Mission of San Fernando, and when you come to the fork of the road take the one leading to the left — the one which leads to the northwest. Go about four miles from the bridge and you will come to a narrow valley on the west side of the road. In this valley are three of our amulets. They are in the bed of the stream. I will go with you and show you where they are hidden."

Appendices

He seemed to show me this valley. I could see the color of the hills on either side of it. When I spoke of this to Mr. Garland, he did not seem to give it much thought, but a few days later as we were driving along this road on our way to Lebec, I stopped the car and said, "There is the valley I saw in my vision." We looked at our speedometer and found that it had registered just four miles. Mr. Garland said, "We will drive in and verify your vision."

After getting permission to do this, we found our way across a pasture up to a dam in the stream and a wire fence which closed the valley. A narrow gulch or wash came down to this fence. "This is exactly the scene of my vision," I said, "and the Indian told me that we should get into the bed of this stream and look carefully for the idols shaped like a cross, which were buried on these hills but which have been washed down by the rains."

I was wearing high-heeled slippers and silk stockings at the time and could not walk up the wash. A few days later, guided by the Indian, we got down into this ditch and walked carefully up it. A young girl who was acting as driver for our car went with us.

As we worked our way up this winding gulch, its walls rose so that we were hidden from sight by overhanging vines. My invisible guide indicated that we should keep in the stream bed. He seemed to say to me, "Overturn the rocks."

This we all did for nearly an hour. At last, as Mr. Garland and his helper lifted a heavy rock out of its bed in the sand and gravel, they discovered deeply embedded in the mud a barbaric metal amulet shaped like a cross. This was the precise object which my guide had said we would find. My vision or clairvoyant prophecy had been true.

In this connection the following statement has value.

"This is to certify that I, Phyllis Toal, was with Mr. Garland and Mrs. Williams when they were in search of crosses in the bed of a stream in a valley near San Fernando, and that I up-

The Mystery of the Buried Crosses

heaved a rock under the supervision of Mr. Garland, disclosing a cross embedded in a mass of fine white roots. After Mr. Garland picked up the cross, I noticed that its print remained in the roots. The stone showed no evidence of having been recently disturbed and fine white roots were growing across the cross as if it had been there several months."

SIGNED: *Phyllis Toal*

Statement from Professor Arturo B. L. Fallico

Chicago, December 6th, 1938

I have known Mrs. Williams as a friend for nearly four years, and during that time I have had occasion to confirm the personal integrity and high sense of honor which, in the estimation of all who know her, she possesses. I have also carried on a series of psychological tests, both with and without her knowledge, relating to some of the baffling phenomena she produces. These tests have led me to conclude that the usual hypotheses set up to explain manifestations such as these are of little importance in view of the facts. Although, therefore, I would hesitate to offer, at the present moment, any explanation whatsoever, I do not hesitate in the least to say that we have, in her work and especially in certain portions of it, some principle operating which is not included in the orthodox categories of natural facts. I have been especially impressed by Mrs. W.'s psychic visions in which temporal and spatial limitations are or seem to be no barrier whatsoever. I am inclined to think that in these visions is a psychological fact of prime importance in our further understanding of the nature of the psyche.

I shall be more than happy to discuss my observations and studies in this connection with anyone interested in the work of Mrs. Williams.

Arturo B. L. Fallico, M. A.

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Testimony of Mr. A. Gaylord Beaman

I was present when Mr. Garland filled the mouth of the psychic, Mrs. Sophia Williams, with candy, on Sept. 25, 1937, and I took down in shorthand the questions and answers which made up the test.

I made my record while standing almost directly over the psychic and closely observing her.

No sound came from her lips. There was not the slightest movement of the lips or throat.

The voices appeared to come from the air to the left of the psychic's head and somewhat to the rear; and not from her body.

Mr. Garland sat beside the psychic as he questioned the invisible entity calling itself Fuller.

Ten questions were put and answered while the psychic was thus gagged, of which five were asked and answered while Mr. Garland and I were beside her, and five while Mr. Garland and I were in another room with a closed door between, the responses coming from the one-way telephone machine.

The psychic was apparently in an entirely normal state.

A. G. Beaman
BEAMAN INSURANCE
AGENCY LIMITED
SO. SPRING STREET
LOS ANGELES

Los Angeles,
December 5, 1938.

Appendix § 2

Miscellaneous Evidence

AMONG the persons mentioned by Parent as taking part in his explorations were two young people named Hull. In my search for witnesses, I discovered them living near me in Los Angeles. They are intelligent and trustworthy. Hull is a druggist. After I had shown them the collection left by Parent they quite willingly testified to the truth of Mrs. Parent's mysterious faculty.

Mr. Hull said, "I was a drug clerk in Redlands in 1916. I used to sell Mrs. Parent film for her camera. She didn't know how to put the film in, so I did it for her. She had no skill with a camera. Everett, the man who developed her film, was an old man, no longer active in the business of photography. She went to him because she didn't want anyone to know what she was doing. She avoided any use of the photographs she obtained."

Mrs. Hull testified to the amazing particularization with which Mrs. Parent foretold what they would find. "Once she said to me, 'I am going out to locate some money. I don't see as well as you do, so I want you to go with me.' When we reached a certain road, she said, 'Keep watch for a big rock on the right-hand side of the road, and a little farther along look for a tall purple flower standing all by itself. The place where the money is will be marked by a little pile of stones. It will be in the bed of a stream opposite the flower.'

"I located the stone and the purple flower, just as she foretold, and we found the little pile of stones in the water. We removed the stones and found under them an old can containing money.

"I went with her on other trips when she found crosses. Mr. Hull and I both helped to dig crosses from ground which was covered with tall grass, rocks and bushes. We took photographs of the places where they were found. The ground had

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not been disturbed for many years. Toward the end of her life, when she was sick and unable to go any more, Mrs. Parent said, 'There are many more crosses to be discovered.' She never picked up the crosses herself. She was afraid of rattlesnakes and she couldn't climb the steep hills. She seldom pointed out the exact spot. She just indicated a hillside or a canyon. She usually told us all before we started just what we would find. She foretold the number of crosses and she kept us looking till we found them all. She never gave away a cross but she gave away rings, when told to do so by the fathers."

Mrs. Hull spoke of finding one of the "sacred rocks" and of seeing it broken in the field near where it was found. This disposes of the charge that the Parents manipulated the rocks in their home.

Mrs. Hull said, "One morning Violet said to me, 'There is money to be found at Santa Monica, if we hurry. The tide is coming in and the rocks where the money lies will soon be covered.' She pointed at a little group of rocks. 'Hurry!' she said. I went into the edge of the water where the rocks were and began feeling around among them. I could find nothing. The waves came in so fast I had to go back. I took off my shoes and stockings and waded out to the rocks again. I felt something soft among them. It was a purse and in it I found a considerable sum of money. Mrs. Parent did not touch the purse till after I had dug it up and handed it out to her. She found many thousands of dollars in this way — enough to buy a home. No one can say she planted those cans and purses and bottles with hundreds of dollars in them."

Affirmation of A. J. Seamans

In the autumn of 1937, I visited Mr. Seamans in Moor Park and talked with him of the Parents' most amazing trip to Monterey. He was a reputable citizen and, though a man past seventy years of age, his memory was keen. At my request, he wrote me a letter the pertinent parts of which follow:

The Mystery of the Buried Crosses

Dear Sir

In Regards as to my connection with the work with Mrs. G. C. Parent will say that for about eight years I went on the trips in which she found and gathered all the crosses rings as per Mr. Parents Records which are absolutely correct and we dug them from different parts of the country there. Lots of silver crosses and some that the metal I do not know and of many different designs also tablets and I can assure you that they was not planted by Mrs. Parent. . . .

In closing will say the Records of Mr. and Mrs. Parent are absolutely correct and can be corroborated by many now living

Yours Resptt

A. J. Seamans

Signed testimony by Paul Swisher, Redlands, Calif.

The first trip I made with Mr. and Mrs. Gregory Parent, was to a place a little outside of Ventura, California. We made camp, and Mrs. Parent said we would find some crosses and would find some rocks, which we would open and find Indian ring etc.

Skeptical as I was, I proceeded in the search and picked up several crosses, as did the others in the party. I also picked up a rock and brought it to camp, where we opened it and found just what Mrs. Parent said would be in it.

On another trip we made, we went to a place near Fort Tejon on the Ridge Route. There we had to dig at least two feet under a tree that was lying on the ground. At the same place I, alone, went back in the hills and found some crosses hidden in cracks in the rock ledge, which were hard to reach.

Paul L. Swisher

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Statement of Mr. J. B. Kingham, a well-known Manufacturer of Ontario, California, concerning the Dies belonging to the Boy, Adam Smith:

"I am not a spiritualist and when I went with the Parents it was as the owner of a car which they hired. I had only a mild interest in what they were doing. I don't know what induced me to pick up that rock. It looked just like hundreds of others lying about. Mrs. Parent did not indicate the rock. I picked it up myself. I saw it opened. The dies were in a buckskin bag so old and rotten that it fell to pieces. There was a page from a Bible along with the dies and it was so changed by time that it was like ashes. It could not be handled. The dies were less than an inch long. There were more than thirty of them. They were in a hole which had been made in the rock and pasted up with some kind of cement which had a peculiar odor. I went on several other expeditions and found crosses and picked up other rocks without Mrs. Parent pointing them out. We always found what she predicted we would find."

A Letter recently received from Mr. Kingham corroborating and confirming his original Statement:

Jan. 21, 1939

Dear Sir: Replying to yours of the 18th Inst.; will say that I went on six or eight trips with the Parents from Redlands, back in 15, 16 and 17. We always found just what Madam Parent told us we would find before we left home.

I well recall the time I personally picked up the rock which contained the small steel stamps which the Madam told us belonged to Adam Smith and were used in stamping the numerous solid silver crosses Etc. which we found in widely scattered localities of the different counties we visited.

J. B. Kingham

The Mystery of the Buried Crosses

Two of the most valuable witnesses in support of Parent mediumship, are two businessmen in Pasadena, who prefer not to be named in print. In a letter to me, one of these men puts himself on record as follows:

“Based on the information which we have, we know that it would have been both physically and financially impossible for Mrs. Parent or any of her family to have planted these things. . . .”

Witnesses to the Opening of the “Sacred Rocks”

It was the custom of Mr. and Mrs. Parent to call in their friends to witness the opening of the mud balls which they called “sacred rocks.” Below is the original of a statement made on March 23, 1915.

We the undersigned Witnesses were present on Fri. March the 23rd at 330½ Orange Str. Redlands Calif. to witness a most remarkable incident. The incident in question being the opening of a rock found near the Mission of San Juan Capistrano by Mr. G. D. Hutchison of 2129 Norwood Str. Los Angeles. Mr. Hutchison being one of a party investigating the claims of Mrs. G. C. Parent, these claims being that in visions from the dead indians and Padres of the old mission, that there would be rocks found near the mission, and in these rocks, filled with dobe and preserved with a strong smelling oil, we would find the keepsakes and crosses of those that were at the Old Mission at a time of indian uprising and and the strenuous times around 1806-12. According to these visions and the rocks in question, the little Indian- (Rock in question found Sunday March 14 near Capistrano) The undersigned are witnesses to the events set forth from Pages 1 to 9 and also to the opening of the rocks. We all testify that the foregoing is the absolute truth

Appendices

R. A. Higginbotham
715 S. HOPE ST.,
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Emil Suess
525 ORANGE ST.,
REDLANDS

G. D. Hutchison
LOS ANGELES

Frances McCauley
CALIF.

Mrs. C. L. Adams
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Mrs. G. D. Hutchison
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Mrs. C. L. Garver
BARSTOW, CALIF.

Miss Minnie Ohmstede
937 6TH ST.,
REDLANDS

Mrs. Emil Suess
525 ORANGE ST.,
REDLANDS

Miss Gladys Suess
525 ORANGE ST.,
REDLANDS

Lillian B. Tritton
118 EAST CLIVE AVE.
REDLANDS, CALIF.

A. S. Fox
320 W. OLIO AVE.,

Geo. Parent
330½ ORANGE STR.

One morning I laid out on my desk a number of the adobe balls which Mrs. Parent called "sacred rocks" and asked Fuller to discuss them with me. He began by saying, "They were made not to conceal rings and amulets from robbers, but as sacrificial offerings to their gods. They were made of clay with a mixture of oil made from a nut and from the juice of certain grasses. The nuts were heated and the oil pressed from them. This oil hardened the clay, as certain Oriental gums from trees are used to form enamel or lacquer. In some cases, as Mrs. Parent said, snake oil was added. The plain stones with nothing in them were also offerings to the gods by those who had nothing to put in them.

"As for the large, lettered crosses, they were not trail markers but commemorative tablets. They were like totem poles. They have long since vanished from all but obscure trails."

The Mystery of the Buried Crosses

I asked, "What kind of a tree bore the nuts you describe?"

"The tree from which these green-covered nuts came had leaves resembling the holly. The nuts resembled beech nuts. The Indians brought these nuts from the south and planted them. They did not thrive, however. The climate was not warm enough. They used this oil in the south to make bricks for fireplaces."

"Does any white man know of this oil?"

"No, no one now living knows of it."

"What did this oil look like?"

"In its solid state it resembled resin."

Statement by Violet Parent —

Recorded by Gregory Parent and Signed by Witnesses

Here follows another statement made by Violet Parent and read by her husband before the opening of several "sacred rocks." The reader should note the serious nature of Mrs. Parent's affirmation.

"We are assembled here tonight to witness the breaking and the opening to the light of day the contents of six sacred rocks which you see before you. These rocks were sealed principally by the hands of the civilized Indians of the Mission of Capistrano, over a hundred years ago.

"In a most remarkable manner I have had thrust upon me by a most supreme power, the art of conversing in my dreams with these same people who it was sealed these rocks which you see before you and which we are about to open.

"The world may believe the facts and contents of these pages or they may disbelieve them. But *I say they are actual facts — it is the truth — and I will swear to it, resting my hand on the most sacred work of the Lord Jesus.*

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"We are now about to open these six rocks, and before we do so, I want you all, as witnesses, to testify to the following facts: That each rock has a very strong, peculiar odor — similar to others we have found and broken on former occasions. Also that these six rocks are in the same condition as when you found them, and that in order to break them it takes several strong blows of a hammer.

"I shall ask you to testify that this story has been read aloud to you, and that you each and all are conversant with the finding of the rocks on our four different trips. Those who disbelieve or have any doubt of the proceeding, will please not sign their names." (All signed.)

Redlands, Cal.

Sunday, May the 23rd, 1915.

We, the undersigned, do testify and swear that we were witnesses to the above proceedings, and that we saw taken from the rocks the following articles as mentioned below.

WITNESSES' NAMES

<i>Mr. and Mrs. Emil Suess</i>	<i>Robert S. Higginbotham</i>
<i>Mr. E. D. Higginbotham</i>	<i>Mrs. Floda B. Hutchison</i>
<i>Miss Gladys Suess</i>	<i>G. D. Hutchison</i>
<i>Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Garver</i>	<i>Mrs. C. L. Adams</i>
<i>Francis S. McCauley</i>	<i>A. R. Schultz</i>
<i>Lillian B. Tritton</i>	<i>A. S. Fox</i>
<i>A. C. Parent.</i>	<i>Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Gaume</i>
	<i>Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Bowen</i>

The Mystery of the Buried Crosses

The test of the Sealed Sack

A Statement made by G. C. Parent

The sack in which we had sealed certain rocks found at the Capistrano holy ground was examined by the witnesses — some of whom had helped to seal it. These witnesses, when the seals were broken, wrote their names on a paper and compared their signatures, with their signatures which sealed the sack, so as to make sure they were exactly alike. We found in the sack six sacred rocks, just as these strange people from the beyond had told me. After breaking these six sacred rocks, we found their contents to be exactly as these dead souls had told me in my vision — except for in one instance as already related.

During the reading of the above story the following questions were asked of those who were with me on the trip when these sacred articles were found and sealed in the sack. In each case I received an affirmative answer — as the other witnesses will testify.

QUESTION — Did any of you see any other rocks besides those which you picked up?

ANSWER — We saw thousands.

QUESTION — Were any of you told before we found the sacred crosses — just what names and dates there would be found on them?

ANSWER — Some of us were told of this days before we went on the trip.

QUESTION — Those of you who helped to seal the sack at Capistrano — do you feel that the sack has in any way been tampered with?

ANSWER — We positively do not.

Appendix § 3

Analysis of the Material of the Crosses

THE crosses and other artifacts were quite evidently of varying alloys of lead, copper, aluminum and possibly of silver. They were of varying weight and density. Some rang clear as bells, others were unquestionably lead. Seeking expert analysis, I sent four to Dr. Donald Clark, Consulting Physical Metallurgist, Pasadena, California, and two to Dr. Maas. A seventh was analyzed by an assayer. I give here the reports.

June 11, 1937

I have had analyses made of four crosses. None of these showed any trace of silver. A complete test was made so that any other elements would be indicated. Analyses of these are as follows:

Cross from Mint Canyon marked No. 2

— Lead 98%; Tin, trace.

Cross from Lone Pine marked No. 3

— Tin 95%; Antimony 4%; Lead 1%; Copper, trace.

Cross from Palmdale marked No. 4

— Tin 90%; Antimony 5%; Lead 2%; Copper 1%.

Cross from Bishop marked No. 5

— Tin 90%; Antimony 6%; Copper 3%.

I am rather thoroughly convinced that these crosses took on their present appearance, that is, of being coated with oxide or earthy material, from being buried for a long period of time. I think it is practically impossible to definitely determine how long these may have been in the ground. So far as I know, the principal source of tin around this part of the country, is near San Diego, where there have been tin mines for some period of time, although on a small scale. I am sending you the crosses under separate cover.

Sincerely yours,
Donald S. Clark

The Mystery of the Buried Crosses

Report made to Mr. Garland by

ARTHUR R. MAAS CHEMICAL LABORATORIES

Analysis No. 21390

Large Metal Cross

Tin	—	Present (Heavy)
Aluminum	—	Present (Heavy)
Copper	—	Present (Medium)
Lead	—	Present (Light)
Iron	—	Present (Trace)

Small Metal Cross

Tin	—	Present (Heavy)
Aluminum	—	Present (Heavy)
Copper	—	Present (Medium)
Lead	—	Present (Light)
Iron	—	Present (Trace)

ARTHUR R. MAAS LABORATORIES

By: *Arthur R. Maas.*

Other crosses tested by another assayer yielded from 5 to 8 per cent silver.

Appendix § 4

Text and Translation of Spanish Letter

THIS letter from Mexico City, never seen by the psychic, was translated for me by Fuller, Father Serra, Father Martínez, and Espejo — with a closed door between the psychic and myself. In the case of Espejo, *two closed doors and a long hall intervened*.

MUSEO NACIONAL DE ARQUEOLOGIA, HISTORIA Y ETNOGRAFIA

México, D. F., a 5 de Junio de 1937.

Al C. Director de este Museo.
Presente.

Con referencia a la carta del señor Hamlin Garland, que esa Dirección giró a este Departamento, manifiesto a usted lo siguiente:

En toda la Conquista Evangélica de la Nueva España, se procuró ante todo y desde el primer momento dar a conocer la cruz; fué el primer monumento cristiano que fabricaron los conquistadores con tal objeto.

Por lo tanto, es de inferirse que, los franciscanos — nos que hicieran la catequización de las Californias, hacia la mitad del siglo XVII, debieron dar a conocer a los naturales de ellas la cruz y procurar se perpetuase su conocimiento y devoción, a cuyo fin las hicieron y fundieron ellos mismos. Las cruces representadas en las fotografías que acompaña a su carta el Sr. Hamlin Garland y la original que él mismo envió a este Museo. Las cuales fueron seguramente para que las trajesen consigo los catequizados y otras para estar guardadas y consagradas en sus habitaciones y chozas.

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Para su duración las procuraron de plomo que les — era fácil, ya que este metal, es de muy fácil fundición, y por otra parte el que lo tenían a la mano, en el parque (balas de plomo) de los soldados a quienes acompañaban — los frailes en sus conquistas y descubrimientos.

Cruces que en cantidad se han de haber conservado — en las “Misiones” que se establecieron, para distribuirlas entre los indígenas, Pudiendo suceder que al ser aban donados los pueblos en donde tales misiones o primeras — iglesias se fundaron; por esta o aquella causa, como era frecuente en aquellos tiempos, las mas veces violentas, — no fueron recogidas estas cruces y con el tiempo quedaron enterradas.

Cruces de esta naturaleza y especie no las poseé — el Museo en sus colecciones.

Atentamente.

EL JEFE DEL DEPARTAMENTO.

Antonio Cortés.

This translation was not made till more than a year after it had been read to me by Fuller and Father Serra.

DEPARTMENT OF COLONIAL AND
MODERN ETHNOGRAPHY

Mexico City,
June 5, 1937

To the Director of this Museum,

Dear Sir:

With reference to Mr. Hamlin Garland's letter, which your office sent to this department:

In the whole Evangelical conquest of New Spain, they strove above all and from the first moment to make known the cross; it was the first Christian monument made by the conquerors with that object.

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Therefore, one infers that the Franciscans who taught the Christian doctrine in the Californias, toward the middle of the seventeenth century, must have acquainted the natives with the cross and perpetuated the knowledge of and devotion [to the cross], to which end they themselves made and cast the crosses represented in the photographs which Mr. Hamlin Garland sent with his letter and the original one which he himself sent to this Museum. These were undoubtedly for the neophytes to carry with them, and others to be kept and revered in their habitations and huts.

For durability, they made them of lead, which was easy for them, since this metal is very easily cast, and moreover, since they had it always at hand in the armory (lead bullets) of the soldiers whom the friars accompanied in their conquests and discoveries.

In the "Missions" which were established, quantities of crosses must have been kept in order to distribute them among the natives. It frequently happened in those times that the towns where such missions or first churches were founded had to be abandoned for one reason or another, most frequently a violent one, and these crosses were overlooked (not gathered up) and in time became buried.

The Museum had no crosses of this nature and kind in its collection.

Very truly yours,

Antonio Cortés

HEAD OF THE DEPARTMENT

Appendix § 5

List of Mrs. Parent's Discoveries of Crosses and Money

Record of findings by G. C. Parent

IN THE following list, which I found among Parent's records, the reader will note not only a review of the trips taken, the dates of the explorations and the number of pieces found, but also an exact report of the various sums of money found by Mrs. Parent. Surely no one could accuse her of "planting" cans filled with gold pieces.

It should be noticed that in all the entries from April 1923 onwards the sums of money are written in a code, of which I have not the key.

1914 July. Over a transom in our house Ten Dollars gold.
1914 Sept. Beginning of the work for the Fathers and the Indians. First rock found (head rock) near Capistrano, eight pieces.

1915 March. Sun. the 15th. Second rock found near Capistrano containing six pieces.

1915 Sun. April the 18th. Capistrano third trip, four rocks.

1915 Sun. May the 16th. Fourth trip Capistrano, six rocks.

1915 Mon. June the 7th. Ten miles north of Barstow, Calif. Ten rocks, three crosses, two Indian pipes. White Feathers hills.

1915 Sun. June the 20th. Capistrano fifth trip. One ring, 4 crosses.

1915 Thur. July the 8th. Mt. Rubidoux, Riverside, *ten dollars*.

1915 Sun. July the 11th. Mt. Rubidoux, *fourteen dollars silver*.

1915 Sun. July the 18th. San Gabriel hills, six miles from

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Mission, twenty-two sacred rocks and *fifteen dollars gold*.

1915 Sun. July the 25th. Green Spot, Morton Canyon, near Redlands, Calif. Seven sacred rocks.

1915 Sun. Aug. the 15th. Morton Canyon three crosses.

1915 Sun. Aug. the 29th. San Luis Rey hills, so-called, many miles this side of San Luis Rey Mission. *Ten dollars*, 3 crosses, 4 rocks.

1915 Sun. Sept. the 5th. Little Tejunga Canyon, about six miles from San Fernando Mission, 5 crosses, 19 sacred rocks.

1915 Sun. Oct. the 10th. Capistrano, sixth trip. One tablet, one rosary, four crosses, and six sacred rocks.

1915 Sun. Oct. the 10th. San Luis Rey hills, second trip in connection with above trip to Capistrano. Thirteen crosses or rocks?

1915 Sat. Oct. the 16th. Redlands Mission, four rocks.

1915 Dec. the 25th. Morton Canyon, two crosses three rocks. Approximate number of small pieces in each rock are four pieces.

1916 Sun. Feb. the 6th. One sacred rock with one crucifix, found on Bowens Ranch near Crafton, Calif.

1916 Sat. Feb. the 12th. Redlands Mission. 2 small crucifixes.

1916 March the 16th. At home find ten dollars in a secret pocket of an envelop in which was a letter come to us from friend.

1916 Sun. April the 2nd. Yorba, Calif. first trip we find thirteen crosses and four sacred rocks. Chief High Horse hills.

1916 Sun. April the 16th. San Luis Rey hills, for Chief Red Cloud, five sacred rocks. Third trip here.

1916 Sun. April the 16th. Capistrano, seventh trip in connection with above trip. Two crosses, three sacred rocks.

1916 Sun. April the 30th. Little Tejunga canyon, second trip, finding thirteen sacred rocks.

1916 Sun. April the 30th. San Gabriel hills, second trip in connection with above. Five crosses and 24 sacred rocks.

1916 Sun. May the 7th. Colton hills near Colton, Calif. First trip. Five sacred rocks.

1916 Sun. May the 21st. Ventura hills, two miles the other

The Mystery of the Buried Crosses

side of Mission. Nine crosses and four sacred rocks. First trip.
1916 Sun. Aug. the 6th. San Fernando Mission 5.50 money.

1916 Sun. Aug. the 25th. Ventura hills on summer trip of two weeks, first trip of this length. Finding 29 crosses and crucifixes and three sacred rocks in three days' time. 4.95 money at Santa B., where we spent balance of time. Red Eagle hills, second trip.

1916 Sun. Sept. the 24th. Old Fort Tejon forty miles this side of Bakersfield, and near Lebec. This trip of a week's duration. Finding 47 crosses and Crucifixes, three sacred rocks. Finding the last three pieces on the morning that we left. Buck Skin Bear Chief.

1916 Sun. Oct. the 15th. Yorba hills, near Richfield, Calif. Second trip, five sacred rocks all containing rings and crosses.

1916 Sun. Oct. the 29th. Pacoima hills about five miles from San Fernando Mission. First trip, Sugerts hills. Nine crosses and three sacred rocks.

1916 Sun. Nov. the 19th. Pacoima hills second trip. Twenty-two crosses and crucifixes, many of silver.

1916 Sun. Dec. the 10th. Third trip. Twenty crosses and crucifixes.

1916 Mon. Dec. the 18th. Fourth trip. Two crosses.

1917 Sun. Jan. the 7th. Cucamonga hills. This is the first and only trip on which we ever went on which Mrs. Parent could not get her locations, and we did not find a thing, but on further direction during the week following we returned the following Sunday.

1917 Sun. Jan. the 14th. Day Canyon, Cucamonga hills, we find twenty-two crosses and crucifixes, *some buried two feet deep*.

1917 Sun. Jan. the 28th. Cajon Pass, near Devore, first trip we find two crosses only.

1917 Sun. Feb. the 4th. Cajon Pass, second trip but further up the pass than former trip, also two crosses.

1917 Sun. Feb. the 11th. Day Canyon, second trip, 2 crosses.

1917 Sun. March the 18th. San Antonio Canyon, above Up-land, Calif. First trip. We find two tablets.

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1917 Sun. April the 1st. Little Tejunga Canyon, third trip, six miles from San Fernando. Three tablets and a cross.

1917 Sun. April the 22nd. Little Tejunga Canyon, fourth trip. Two tablets and two rocks (in which were three rings) opened on ground.

1917 Sun. May the 27th. Second trip of weeks' duration, ten miles north of Barstow, Calif. three tablets, one ring found in ledge.

1917 Wed. May the 30th. Daggett, Calif. First trip in connection with the above trip to Barstow. Two tablets, mile from Daggett.

1917 Sun. Aug. the 6th. Ventura hills, about a mile from Ventura on state highway. Third trip. Six large crosses, eleven small crosses and two tablets. Summer trip of two weeks' duration.

1917 Sun. Sept. the 2nd. Capistrano hills, eighth trip. We find two sacred rocks. Contents Silver Skins ring, two small crosses and in the other four small crosses. J. B. Kingham given ring. The rocks, crosses and contents of handbag and *forty-five dollars* all lost on way home — but Fathers said they would be returned and they were on June the 23rd, 1919.

1917 Wed. Nov. the 14th. Los Angeles. Old cemetery on North Broadway. Trip made from Redlands. *Twenty dollars* found in tobacco can.

1917 Sun. Dec. the 2nd. Los Feliz hills, Elysian Park, Los Angeles. Twenty-eight dollars, old leather sack. One cross and three tiny crosses.

1917 Sun. Nov. the 18th. Colton hills, second trip. Two sacred rocks in which we find two silver rings.

1918 Sun. Jan. the 13th. Second trip, six crosses, eight crucifixes and two tablets.

1918 Sun. Jan. 27th. Eagle Rock near Pasadena. Twenty-two crosses, one tablet.

1918 Sun. Feb. the 24th. Elsinore, over the ridge. First trip we find ten crosses. One rock, Sitting Bear ring, two small crosses.

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1918 Fri. Mar. the 8th. West Lake Park, Los Angeles. *Twenty-five dollars currency.*

1918 Wed. June the 19th. San Fernando, second trip, one small crucifix, and *ten dollars* found on the road in old handkerchief.

1918 Tue. July the 2nd. Los Angeles. Mrs. Parent alone, woman hands her *ten dollars* on street, by Chief Sugerts' instructions.

1918 Sat. Aug. the 3rd and 4th. Santa Ynez hills, several miles from Santa Ynez Mission. Summer trip of two weeks. Four large crosses and seven small crosses. Sun. 4th. Under instructions while fishing in the Santa Ynez river, hook catches black stocking with *five dollars silver*. This being the last trip made from Redlands. Monday Sept. the 23rd move from Redlands to Los Angeles.

1918 Fri. Nov. the 1st. Ventura hills, fourth trip, six crosses.

1918 Sat. Nov. the 2nd. Happy camp, Simi Valley, Ventura county, four crosses, in connection with above trip, but thirty-five miles apart.

1918 Sat. Nov. the 23rd. Griffith Park entrance *thirty dollars money.*

1918 Thur. Nov. 28th. Pacoima hills, sixth trip, six crosses.

1918 Wed. Dec. the 10th. Moorpark cliff. First trip. *Six dollars* in tin can.

1918 Tue. Dec. the 17th. Elysian Park entrance, instructions of Sugert. One package containing cap, velvet and stamps. And so completes the year of 1918, and many wonderful things taking place besides the making of these very interesting trips under the instruction of the dead, and by their guiding hand.

1919 Wed. Jan. the 22nd. West Washington Street at Junction. *Two dollars.*

1919 Sun. Feb. the 16th. Verdugo Canyon picnic ground. I find folded in small bit of a piece of Redlands paper, *ten-dollar bill.*

1919 Sun. Feb. the 16th. At home I find *five-dollar bill* in

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sack of Gold Medal flour, as told me by Sugert — yet he did not mention flour.

1919 Sun. April the 6th. Placerita Canyon, near Newhall. I find *ten-dollar bill* in road, and a *one-dollar bill* in envelope. I find these as Sugert tells me that I would in his vision to me.

1919 Wed. April the 9th. Pacoima Canyon, *\$1.50 silver*, yet I might state that I was not told of this, nor of the trip, for we were just out for the day's drive in the hills.

1919 Thur. April the 10th. On a visit to Redlands I find a *five-dollar bill* on street corner. Yet again I was not in Redlands on a trip for the dead, nor was I told of the find I made, yet I was told by Sugert on the night before that he would be with me on my trip.

1919 Sun. April the 13th. In the hills near San Feliciano Canyon while on a day's outing, *one dollar silver* found in an old shirt at a cabin. This also I was not told about by the dead Indians, yet seemingly they must be with me in a manner to guide my movements.

1919 Thur. April the 17th. At home I find *five-dollar bill* in a package of Mermaid washing powder. Told of this by Sugert.

1919 Sun. April the 20th. Little Tejunga Canyon, fourth trip, find a small medallion and an early date Spanish half dollar in the crack of a big black rock as told by Sugert.

1919 Sun. April the 27th. One mile from Ontario, Calif. I find a small sack containing \$30 assorted money as told me in a vision during the week, yet I was not told of exact amount nor location.

1919 Thur. May the 8th. Foot Hill Boulevard near Azuza, Calif. According to vision of Chief Black Horse, I find a small sack which contained small purse and others items, \$50 in money.

1919 Sun. May the 11th. Yorba near Richfield, under instruction of Chief High Horse. We find one sacred rock in which we find the ring of Chief High Horse as he had told me in vision.

1919 Sun. July the 27th. State highway beyond Universal

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City. Found in swamp, small sack containing \$45 assorted money.

1919 Tue. Aug. 19th. Casitas Pass on summer trip I find what the Indians told me in my vision to be a coffin. Contents, one quart of whiskey, one pint of the same, box of ten cigars, $\frac{1}{2}$ pound of tobacco, carton of 10 packages of Camel cigarettes, tobacco can full of tobacco and a small pearl-handled revolver.

1919 Wed. Aug. the 20th, and two days following. Facing in all fifteen crosses on Casitas Pass, trip as above.

1919 Sun. Aug. the 24th. Same trip as above, finding under tree near our camp, \$4.25 in money.

1919 Tue. Aug. the 26th. Moorpark hills near clift. Second trip, six crosses, on our return home from above summer trip.

1919 Sun. Aug. the 31st. Hollywood, Orange Drive, ten dollars money.

1919 Sun. Oct. the 5th. Elsinore mountains, old mine, three crosses.

1919 Sun. Nov. the 2nd. Elsinore hills, this side of ridge. Second trip. Sitting Bear, nine small and one large crosses.

1919 Thur. Dec. the 28th. Elsinore, third trip. At the big split rock, *five silver dollars*, thirteen crosses, of which five come out of crack in rock.

1920 for the months of Jan. Feb. and March I do not make any trips in the interests of the dead, yet I had many little things told to me by them of an interesting nature.

1920 Sun. April the 4th. Twenty dollars found in old hat bought at auction.

1920 Sun. April the 4th. Elsinore, fourth trip, this for Big Gray Eagle Acorn. Twelve crosses, one rock containing Big Gray Eagle's ring.

1920 Sun. June the 20th. Moorpark hills at clift, for Red Eagle, seven crosses, and \$10.75 money wrapped in newspaper. Third trip.

1920 Thur. June the 23rd. Return of the bag by mail which I lost on way home from Capistrano on Sun. Sept 2nd, 1917. Contents still intact except small rock and crosses. Forty-five dollars in money still in sack as when I lost it. This the

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Fathers told me all the time would be returned to me. And I had been kept in touch of its return for some time before it arrived but did not know just what it was until I received it.

1920 Sun. June 26th. Laguna cliffs. First trip for Silver Skin for this place, we find six crosses, and on the same day about four miles beyond, near Serra Station, we find \$100 money in little sack along with other items, no identification, but found as told to me in a vision, and later I get its history from beyond.

1920 Sun. July the 4th. Casitas Pass, Ventura county second trip, twelve crosses and a *sum of money*. Red Eagle Gold Eye.

1920 Sun. July the 11th. Placerita Canyon. Second trip. Twenty dollars money.

1920 Sun. July the 18th. Laguna cliffs. Second trip, for Gold Eye we find \$95 in money which he lost there before he died.

1920 Sun. July the 25th. While at Moorpark, *twenty cents* in park.

1920 Sat. Aug. the 21st. Leave Los Angeles for our trip to near Monterey, 400 miles. Tue. 24th, arrive Monterey 3 P.M., drive out mountain road and get in camp at 5.16 P. M. I am told on this night that we will not have to break camp as we are not far from where we will find the sacred crosses. On Thur. Fri. and Sat. Aug. 26, 27 and 28, at these hills we find some 74 crosses, two tablets, three sacred rocks containing six Indian silver rings — 85 pieces in all.

1926 Tue. Sept. the 21st. In a near-by canyon a sum of money which I was sent to get by Chief Black Horse. No identity.

1920 Wed. Sept. the 23rd. The Fathers and their Indians in the world from beyond make it possible for me to buy with money furnished me through their effort the home in which I live, and they tell me that although not paid for in full that they will see to it that it is paid, and all come through them.

1921 Sun. Jan. 6th. Temescal Canyon near Glen Ivy Springs. Two locations. Find at first location, two small tablets and three crosses. At second location, mile further on, we find

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seven crosses and one sacred rock in which were three silver rings — given away on ground.

1921 Thur. Feb. the 10th. Foot Hill Boulevard, eight miles this side of Rialto, Calif. Finding pocketbook containing \$36.50.

1921 Sun. Feb. 20th. Temescal Canyon near Glen Ivy, find one sacred rock with two rings and eight small crosses.

1921 Fri. Feb. 26th. Baseline road few miles west of San Bernardino. Small pocketbook containing \$19.00 money.

1921 Sat. March the 5th. Laguna Beach road in a ravine I find as told me in a vision \$507 in a tin can.

1921 Sun. March the 20th. Temescal Canyon, fourth trip. Near Glen Ivy Springs Road, twenty-two pieces found — twelve silver rings, nine silver bracelets and one small cross.

1921 Tue. March the 29th. Temescal Canyon, fifth trip. Near Glen Ivy Springs Road, find four silver rings in sand of riverbed.

1921 Sun. April the 10th. Temescal Canyon, sixth trip. Near Glen Ivy. Having thirty-seven pieces to find, we find thirty-three pieces up to 5.P.M. Then on account of the late hour we had to give up our search. All crosses.

1921 Sun. April the 17th. Laguna Beach Road, three miles this side of Serra Station, half-mile off highway in canyon, Mrs. Parent finds small can in which we find \$13.75

1921 Sun. May the 8th. Cajon Pass, not far from Devore Station we find four tablets and seven crosses. Also Mrs. Parent finds small can in which we find \$144.40

1921 Sun. May the 15th. Temescal Canyon, seventh trip. Twelve crosses small.

1921 Wed. June the 22nd. Long Beach in sand near Virginia Hotel, \$20.00 currency, also later Coytes Theater, ladies hand purse containing \$45.00 currency. No marks of identification in either.

1921 Thur. July the 28th. Santa Monica ocean road three miles above the Topanga Canyon entrance, I find in the rocks pocketbook containing \$120 currency.

1921 Sun. Aug. the 7th. At a point about nineteen miles

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below San Juan Capistrano, we find three tablets, nine crosses and six rings, all found loose in sand.

1921 Sun. Aug. the 21st. As above nineteen miles below Capistrano, we find thirteen crosses and seven rings, leaving one ring and one cross which we could not find.

1921 Thur. Aug. the 25th. At Clifton by the sea along the ocean shore small package containing \$35 *currency*.

1921 Sun. Aug. the 28th. Found just off Wilshire Boulevard near Mercury and Rodgers flying field, \$70.

1921 Sun. Sept. the 18th. At summit of the Santa Susana grade we find *seven dollars money*.

1921 Sun. Oct. the 9th. In the Epworth hills near Moorpark, Calif., we find one silver ring. Also same day on road to Moorpark, two miles east of Santa Susana in road, small purse \$18 *in currency*.

1921 Wed. Dec. the 14th. We find in Placerita Canyon near Newhall, \$50 *gold money and one dollar currency*.

1922 Wed. Jan the 25th. Placerita Canyon, about four miles from Newhall, Calif., we find in gold money, loose in the sand and the wall of clift, \$90.

1922 Sun. April the 10th. Foot of Hill Boulevard near Arcadia, just off highway in pile of dumped oranges I find purse containing \$65 *currency*.

1922 Sun. April the 16th. Foot of Santa Susana grade, Ventura side, I find purse with \$43.25, with other items. Later I find it advertised and return it but parties give me back purse excepting two lucky pieces — and five dollars besides, making \$48.25

1922 Sun. April the 23rd. In San Francisquito Canyon about eight miles from Saugus, I find tin tobacco box wrapped in gunney, containing \$105 money, along with other small items.

1922 Sun. May the 14th. In the hills near Palmdale, Calif., we find 15 crosses, and also near same place I find, as told me in a vision, a can containing \$125 gold and currency. Also two small pictures, and slips of paper with dates.

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1922 Sun. June the 4th. Near Palmdale we find 39 crosses out of a possible 44 to find.

1922 Sun. July the 2nd. About seven miles or so below San Juan Capistrano, we find 39 crosses.

1922 Sun. July the 9th. I found on a street in Ocean Park a *twenty-dollar gold piece*. Although told of this in a vision, it proved that I was guided to it, and the accounts of this gold piece are very interesting.

1922 Sun. July the 16th. We find in Bouquet Canyon, about seven miles this side of Palmdale, 50 crosses.

1922 Sun. Aug. the 6th. In the hills about seven or eight miles below Capistrano we find 47 crosses, and same day returning we find about a mile and a half north of Capistrano a purse in which is *\$35 in money*.

1922 Sun. Aug. the 27th. About seven miles below Capistrano near same location as Aug. 6th, we find five small tablets and 28 crosses.

1922 Sun. Sept. the 3rd. San Fernando road just a little way south of Tropic, now South or West Glendale Mrs. P. finds *\$35 in currency*.

1922 Mon. Sept. the 4th. Near Playa Del Ray, Mrs. P. finds in a woman's handkerchief tied in knot, gold silver currency to the amount of *\$54*. No identification.

1922 Tue. Sept. the 26th. In dark canyon a few miles from Burbank I find in small envelope *\$40 currency*.

1922 Sun. Oct. the 1st we find at junction point of Mint Canyon and Bouquet Canyon road, a few miles beyond Saugus, thirteen crosses. Also on return trip I find in front of Wm. S. Hart ranch, *\$60 currency*.

1922 Fri. Oct. the 6th. I find in gutter opposite the Ventura Mission, Ventura, Calif., a handkerchief containing *\$40 currency*.

1922 Wed. Oct. the 11th. On San Fernando Road, about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles south of Burbank, at old road house, I find small inside purse containing *\$35 currency*.

1922 Fri. Oct. the 13th. In rear of old San Gabriel Mission I find in long envelope *\$44 currency*.

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1922 Wed. Oct. the 25th. I find near Valley Blvd. but on Del Mar Ave. San Gabriel Valley, \$15 *currency*.

1922 Mon. Nov. the 20th. On ridge road about six miles from Saugus, Calif., I find *currency* to amount of \$25. Returning to Fillmore and Ventura road and about seven miles from Saugus, we find \$60 *currency*. Returning home same road and about a mile out of Saugus, I find *three dollars currency and silver*.

1922 Wed. Nov. the 22nd. I find in the San Gabriel river bed or wash, some miles north of Elmonte, Calif., at end of road called Monrovia Road, a purse containing \$45 *currency*.

1922 Sun. Dec. the 24th. I find in store at San Fernando, Calif., \$15 *currency*, as told me in a vision. Also same day I find under tree about four miles east of Moorpark, a *ten-dollar bill* as was also told me in a vision.

1923 Thur. Feb. the 22nd. Found in the San Francisquito Canyon about nine miles from Saugus sum of *fifteen dollar currency*, as told to me in a vision.

1923 Wed. Feb. the 28th. Found in the San Francisquito Canyon \$32, but not told of this in a vision.

1923 Wed. Mar. the 28th. Found after crossing bridge between Duarte and Azusa, about midway in dump ground, small purse containing *thirteen dollars*. Also same day find at the gates of San Bernard orange show \$12 *currency*.

1923 Sun. April the 15th. Found in Eucalyptus grove about $\frac{3}{4}$ mile out of Camerillo small package holding *AKE.EE*

1923 Mon. April the 16th. Found about three miles east of Glendora in camp ground \$20 *currency*.

1923 Tue. April the 24th. Found in small package tied in Bouquet Canyon sum of *HCE.EE*.

1923 Thur. May the 10th. Not found, but a legacy left to me, but I was told of it in my vision beforehand.

1923 Sun. May the 13th. Found about two miles or so east of Palmdale in low hills, twenty-two sacred crosses and five silver rings loose in sand. Hard hunt and two left not found.

1923 Sun. May the 27th. Found on Ridge Road beyond summit in small canyon, can in which was the sum of *HBK.EE*.

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1923 Sun. June the 10th. Found in San Francisquito Canyon near power house in rather large purse, sum of *AAK.Δ7*.

1923 Sun. July the 1st. Found in hankerchief half mile below Capistrano, sum of *CKE.ΔE*.

1923 Tue. July the 17th. Found in river bed to rear of A. E. Grow's at Redlands, sum of \$40 in silk pocket cloth. Also found package on way home as also told in vision.

1923 Tue. Aug. the 14th. Find in can in Red Rock Canyon as per vision, a sum of money, *LOX.EE*.

1923 Sat. Aug. the 18th. We find 39 crosses in sandhills four and a half miles northwest of Bishop, Calif. And also Tue. Aug. 21st, return and find two more, making 41 in all.

1923 Sun. Aug. the 19th. Bishop trip as above. While picnicing on banks of Owens river, Mrs. Parent finds \$1.50 or \$2.25, but not told of this in a vision.

1923 Thur. Aug. the 23rd. Bishop trip as above. Find on chalk bluff road under big tree on banks of Owens river, \$60 in currency as per vision. Money found loose.

1923 Sat. Aug. the 25th. On way home from Bishop, find in purse near our camp near Lone Pine as per vision of the night, \$120.

1923 Sun. Aug. the 26th. On way home from Bishop trip, while in Red Rock Canyon, find as per vision of night before, *BKE.XX*, also *LE.XX* and 50 cents. All found loose.

1923 Mon. Sept. the 17th. Find in sand hills 4½ miles northwest of Bishop, second trip, three silver rings as per vision.

1923 Wed. Sept. the 19th. As above, second trip to Bishop, find as per vision, eight or nine miles north and east of Bishop in purse, the sum of *HLX.EE* in old apple orchard.

1923 Fri. Sept. the 21st. At Lone Pine on return from Bishop, second trip, find in bill fold near Lovers' Lane, sum of *CEK.XX* as per vision days before.

1923 Sat. Sept. the 22nd. Find in Red Rock Canyon on way home from Lone Pine and Bishop, two *five-dollar Indian* face bills.

1923 Tue. Oct. the 23rd. Find in canyon near Lone Pine, third trip, 19 sacred crosses.

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1923 Wed. Oct. the 24th. Find at fair grounds at Bishop, third trip, in purse, sum of *KEX:EE*.

1923 Fri. Oct. the 26th. In Red Rock Canyon on way home from Bishop, third trip, find one *five-dollar* Indian head bill as per vision long since.

1923 Mon. Nov. the 12th. We find on Foot Hill Blvd. near Upland desert, small purse in crack of rock. Contents *BRK:EE*.

1924 Mon. June the 16th. Find in sand at Long Beach pier, bill fold, contents *BC:KE*.

1924 Fri. Aug. the 22nd. Placerita Canyon, in dump, we find *C:EE* loose.

1924 Thur. Aug. the 28th. We find loose, *LE:XX* in Bouquet Canyon near big rocks twelve miles from Saugus.

1924 Mon. Sept. the 1st. Find at fruitstand somewhere near Bassett, loose on ground, *BK:XX*.

1924 Mon. Sept. the 8th. Ventura Blvd. near Canejo ranch, in two places we find loose *LS:E*.

1924 Thur. Sept. the 18th. We find loose on Capistrano road eight miles this side Capistrano. *H:XX*.

1924 Sun. Sept. the 21st. We find at grounds of Flint Ridge Country Club, loose, one *K:EE* bill.

1924 Sun. Sept. the 28th. We find in bean straw, side of road near El Rio, Ventura Blvd., small cigarette case, contents *RE:XX*. Also road home on Santa Susana grade *LE:XX*.

1924 Sun. Oct. the 12th. We find at bridge near Simi, Calif., in wood lowlands, loose *AE:XX*.

1924 Mon. Nov. the 10th. Find on floor at 5th Street store, loose, one *BE:XX*.

1924 Wed. Nov. the 19th. We find near Flint Ridge Country Club in small comb case *LR:EX* at ranch gate.

1924 Thur. Nov. the 27th. We find at John Barrett's ranch two silver rings, also one he lost year ago.

1924 Thur. Dec. the 4th. We find on Whittier Blvd. near Santa Fe Bldg., rolled in paper at camp ground, sum of *RE:XX*. Also road home *one dollar*.

Parent with unflinching courage lists an almost equal number of failures.

Appendix § 6

List of Witnesses

Mrs. Louise Stack (and her niece)	Moor Park, Cal.
Mr. A. J. Seaman	Moor Park, Cal.
Mrs. G. D. Hutchison	Los Angeles, Cal.
Mr. Emil Suess	Redlands, Cal.
Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Grow	Pasadena, Cal.
Mr. Paul Grow	Pasadena, Cal.
Mr. Paul Swisher	Redlands, Cal.
Mr. J. B. Kingham	Ontario, Cal.
Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Hull	Los Angeles, Cal.
Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Bowen	Redlands, Cal.
Mr. C. Clemm	

The author personally met and interviewed all of the above named men and women. All told the same story:

“We made many trips with the Parents and had the pleasure of discovering rings, crosses, tablets and ‘sacred rocks.’ We saw them dug out of the ground and opened on the spot. We dug many out of the earth ourselves.”

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